
GERALD FITZGERALD.

GERALD FITZGERALD;

An Irish Tale.

BY ANN OF SWANSEA,

AUTHOR OF

UNCLE PEREGRINE'S HEIRESS; CONVICTION: GONZALO DE BALDIVIA;
DEEDS OF THE OLDEN TIME; SECRETS IN EVERY MANSION
WOMAN'S A RIDDLE; GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY, &c. &c.

The man who harbours enmity in his bosom, cherishes a serpent to sting himself."

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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GERALD FITZGERALD.

CHAP. I.

"Marry in haste, repent at leisure,"
Is an old saw, but well worth heeding;
For wedlock may prove any thing but pleasure,
And then, plague on it, there is no seceding.
So, fair ones, if you would not sorrow reap,
Pray be advised, do look before you leap.

The gamester is a wretch most vile,
Who doth unwarly youth beguile,
To drain the wine-cup, and doth lead
Them to the midnight haunts of vice,
Sly tempting them with rattling dice,
And painted cards, to do a deed,
That first brings shame and beggary,
And then u g'd on by misery,
Self-murder at which angels weep,
For 'tis a sin so black and deep,
That men on earth, and saints in heaven,
Have said, will never be forgiven.

MADAME Belvoir was highly offended
by the coldness and dereliction of the earl
of Vandeleur, not that she cared a single
straw for his fidelity, for *la belle veuve*

was not in love with his lordship ; but he was profuse, and she was vain and avaricious. She was pleased to find she had charms of that superior sort and power, which could attract a person of his fastidious taste ; it was a great triumph also, that he should prefer her petit figure, and brunette skin, to the Juno form and blonde complexion of her *chere amie, la comtesse* : but this was not all, the earl of Vandeleur had presented madame Belvoir with those very diamond ear-rings which had so much excited the envy of Mrs. Percy ; and the wily Frenchwoman had intended, when his lordship entered the box, to point out the beauty of that lady's necklace, and by observing how well it would match with her ear-rings, to bring him to promise her one equally as splendid ; but the strangely cold and altered behaviour of the earl entirely defeated her artful scheme. She perceived her influence over him was gone, and foresaw it would soon be expedient for her to return to Paris, if, as the countess seriously asserted, the earl of Vandeleur was in love with his cousin Miss Lambart ; it was

evident to madame Belvoir, that, in her absence, to keep off *ennui*, merely *pour s'amuser*, he had pretended a passion for her; and now Miss Lambart was in Dublin, it was time for her to depart, or look out for a new lover.

Nor in reality was the countess of Vandeleur in a much pleasanter frame of mind than the Frenchwoman; she had always been envious of Miss Lambart; her noble birth, her genius, accomplishments, and beauty, were each and all of them sufficient cause to create dislike in a mind vain and arrogant as hers; nor could she forget, that for the sake of uniting her son with her niece, the dowager countess had done her utmost to persuade the old earl to pronounce the marriage, contracted in lord Conway's minority, illegal, and to set it aside; this remembrance heightened her enmity to Miss Lambart; and now the only man for whom she had ever felt an emotion, approximating to regard, and whose addresses she had rejected only because he was poor, the elegant, interesting lord Monheghan, was of the Wundesford

party at the theatre, all attention to Miss Lambart; this was a severe wound to her pride, a mortification it cost her much to conceal; for on looking over the last week's cards, she could not find that he had called, though it was evident he must have been some time in Dublin; and what had become of Wilmot Dare? had he also been led away captive by Miss Lambart's beauty? for though he had received several invitations to private parties and to routs, both from the earl and herself, he had only made two or three hurried morning calls since their arrival in town.

But though the mind of the countess Vandeleur was any thing but serene, she had sufficient command over her looks and words, to wear an appearance of composure, and even gaiety. Madame Belvoir had not learned to govern her temper, and she gave vent to her vexation, in illiberal and spiteful remarks—"Le théâtre est obscur et mal construit; les loges ressemblent à des pigeoniers; la scène est étroite, et les acteurs exécrationnels: quel contraste avec les théâtres splendides de Paris! Et l'auditoire n'est composée

que de personnes qui paraissent, par leurs ajustements, n'appartenir qu'au plus bas rang de la société. Je vous en citerai une entre mille; c'est mademoiselle Lambart dont j'avais entendu parler, et dont chacun vante la beauté."

"Sa beauté m'a toujours paru peu de chose," said the countess.

"Il faudrait, en vérité, avoir peu de pretensions au gout, pour faire chorus; qu'ant à moi je n'ai jamais vu rien de plus insignifiant que cette demoiselle; enfin, pour tout dire, si une statue pouvait parler, elle serait beaucoup plus animée qu'elle: mais elle est riche, c'est là; la pierre de touche qui polit tout; la richesse donne à la plus laide les graces et les attrails de Venus."

The countess understood what had piqued madame Belvoir; but affecting ignorance, she asked—"In what way has this insignificant, inanimate Miss Lambart offended you, *ma chère amie*, that you speak so contemptuously of her?"

"Ma foi!" replied madame Belvoir, pettishly; "vat she do' to give offence to me? noting in de vorld; I never set mine eyes

on dis charmeuse before, and I vish, vid all ma cœur, dat I not see dis nuit."

"But why?" asked the countess, merely to vex her dear friend.

"Vy? eh bien! if you vill know, vy you must; dis mademoiselle Lambart, she seduce de affection of milor Vandeleur."

"That is of no consequence; he will soon be tired of her."

"And return to you?" said madame Belvoir.

"Oh no; the earl and me can never love or care for each other again; our indifference will last for ever."

"And dat is de bon sense," replied madame Belvoir; "but it vil enrage de temper of de saint before de resolve is make for de indifference."

"You see," said the countess, significantly, "my resolve is made."

The unexpected sight of Miss Lambart, of whom he had not been able to obtain a glimpse since she quitted Doneraile Castle, had indeed surprised the earl of Vandeleur out of his politeness and gallantry. Solely occupied in watching her, his lordship entirely forgot the presence of the

pretty widow; in fact, he had neither eyes nor thoughts for any one except her, whom, not being able to obtain, he believed was the only female in existence worthy of his love. Mentally cursing his own rash folly, that had placed an insurmountable bar between them, he sat absolutely deaf to all the lively sallies and witty observations of madame Belvoir. She then changed her tone, and became tender and sentimental; she even forced tears into her sparkling black eyes; but all would not do—she could not rouse his sensibility.—“He is un bête—un sauvage,” said she, mentally, “for neither smiles, sighs, nor even tears, can make him attentive.”

But though not melting with love, the earl of Vandeleur was burning with jealousy. As he sat with his eyes fixed on the opposite box, where he beheld Miss Lambart, listening to lord Monheghan with smiles of complacency, such as she had never bestowed upon him, his thoughts were all envy, rage, and regret; and the moment the curtain fell, he rushed from the box into the street, to ascertain whether lord Monheghan went home with

the Wandesford party. To his great relief, he heard lord Monheghan bid the ladies good night, after handing the baroness and Miss Lambart to their carriage. The honourable colonel Lismore and lord Monheghan departed together. This allayed the earl's fury a little, and as he stood irresolute, whether to sup at home or not, he was accosted by Percy, who, with very little difficulty, persuaded him to go with him to supper, to a house where, *sub rosa*, gambling was pursued to a great extent. The earl of Vandeleur's mind was already in a state of excitement; his throat felt parched, and he drank freely, to which he was not addicted. Under the influence of wine, with his brain fevered and confused, he was easily led to make bets upon his own play, and that of others, till he had lost a sum amounting to five thousand pounds; this was sufficient for the present, and Percy gave his associates the secret sign to proceed no farther, for he saw the policy of not suffering him at this time to be plucked to greater extent. But the mania was on him, and calling for

more wine, the earl nearly emptied a bottle at a draught, and offered to play for double the sum he had already lost. But this Percy, with an affectation of friendship, would not allow, and took much seeming trouble to persuade him to postpone his determination to win back his money till another time, when he was more collected. But the earl remained obstinate, till he discovered he could not convey his glass to his mouth without spilling the wine. He then gave a check on his banker for the money he had lost, and departed to sleep off the fumes of wine, and to prepare himself, as he said, to have his revenge.

Percy laid claim to the largest share of the five thousand pounds lost by the earl of Vandeleur; and not chusing to be recognised as a party in the gambling transaction, in which his friend the earl was so great a loser, he talked his companions into giving him his share in notes and cash, on pretence of its being against the interest of the concern for him to run the risk of being known to have any share in

the spoil, which must be the case, if he were to present the check at the bank.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy did not meet till late the following day, when, talking over the occurrences of the theatre, Mrs. Percy said, she was not much pleased with the conduct of the countess Vandeleur, or that of her French friend, madame Belvoir.

"And what did your prudery find out to be displeased with?" asked Percy; "what did you disapprove?"

"I certainly must have neither feeling nor delicacy, Mr. Percy, if I could approve lady Vandeleur's flirtation with you; her behaviour, I must say, was highly improper."

"Her behaviour to me!" replied Percy; "do not be censorious, child; for my part, I observed nothing particular in her behaviour."

"Perhaps not, because it may be nothing new to you; but, in my opinion, her conduct was extremely improper in looking at you in the way she did, and conversing only with you, without paying the least attention to any one else, or to what was going forward on the stage."

"Persons of fashion," replied Percy, "do not go to the theatre for the sake of attending to the performance."

"What then do they go for?" asked Mrs. Percy.

"To see and be seen: you must be a novice indeed, child, not to know ladies go to the theatre to display their finery—to gain lovers—to make assignations."

"Not married women," interrupted Isabella.

"Ay, and married men too," said Percy; "did you not observe the earl of Vandeleur? he was making love to the little Frenchwoman."

"You are much mistaken," Cyril; the earl, I assure you, never spoke to madame Belvoir, nor indeed to any one else; and as to his looks, I declare he frowned and knit his brows, and stared as if he was mad; and madame Belvoir—I never did like that woman—she was quite snappish, and more disagreeable than ever."

"The earl and her have had a little quarrel, I suppose," said Percy; "but they will make it up, and be as good friends as ever."

“ I do not think it proper that any woman should flirt with married men.”

“ Upon my life,” said Percy, laughing, “ I believe you are jealous.”

“ No, Cyril, I am not jealous; but I must be blind not to see the glaring imprudence of madame Belvoir’s conduct.”

“ Pshaw! ridiculous prudery! But what the devil have I to do with madame Belvoir’s conduct? you cannot accuse me of——”

“ No, Mr. Percy, I do not accuse you, for I believe madame Belvoir is not exactly your taste; it is to your conduct with lady Vandeleur I object; she is a vain, artful, unfeeling woman; and I am now convinced that Emily was correct in censuring her behaviour with Mr. Wilmot Darel.”

“ Emily is a little prude,” replied Percy, “ and is herself in love with Darel, which made her so quick-sighted with respect to the countess.”

“ Perhaps so; but at any rate, Emily had discretion enough not to let the young men perceive her folly. But as much cannot be said for the countess of Vandeleur,

who though married to one of the handsomest men in the country, took all pains to persuade Mr. Darel, and convince every body else, she was in love with him—fie upon her!”

“This is downright scandal,” said Percy.

“And is it scandal that her ladyship winks at the intrigue between her husband and madame Belvoir?” asked Mrs. Percy.

“Scandal—nothing but scandal,” replied Percy, laughing; “when at Paris, madame Belvoir was the intimate friend of the countess, the confidant of her secret marriage; and did not she leave a bevy of adoring lovers behind her at Paris, to be present at the public union of her friend? depend upon it, between madame Belvoir and the earl of Vandeleur, there is only a little harmless flirtation.”

“I suppose the countess will call her flirtation with Wilmot Darel and you harmless; but I do not, and I most sincerely wish my acquaintance with so dangerous a person had never been renewed.”

“Womens’ heads are always full of idle suspicions and ridiculous fancies,” said Percy; “you really do me too much ho-

nour by this jealous display of attachment. But pray, child, avoid all demonstrations of regard, for I absolutely sicken at the idea of a fond wife."

"You need not apprehend any such absurdity from me," replied Isabella, colouring deeply from pride and wounded feeling, "for whatever silly affection I might once have been inclined to indulge, you took pains to nip in the bud; but when people are married, they should, for the sake of public opinion, act with propriety; and I hope, Cyril, you will see the necessity——"

"All my grandmother's widdle waddle," interrupted Percy; "I never did—I never will trouble myself about public opinion. In my vocabulary, I explain the word propriety, *pleasure*—discretion, *inclination*; and to these, *malgre* the opinions of all the hypocrites in the world, I will adhere as long as I have the power."

"Which will not be long, I believe," thought Isabella, while she said—"If such is your determination, I cannot hope any weak arguments I may be able to offer

will effect a change; so we will dismiss the subject."

"It has been a devilish tiresome one," replied Percy, ringing for his hat; "I leave you to select a more agreeable one against our next meeting. Good morning, Mrs. Percy."

"I beg your attention for a moment or two longer: Mahon has sent up to say the poulterer insists upon being paid his bill, before he supplies another article for the table, and wishes to know where game is to be procured for the dinner you are to give to-morrow."

Percy drew a chair to the table, and sat down.—"How much is the scoundrel's demand?" said he, taking out his pocket-book, from whence he drew bank notes to the amount of several thousand pounds.

Isabella was so astonished, that he was obliged to repeat his question, before she became sufficiently collected to say, that Mahon had the bill, for whom she was going to ring, when saying it was no matter, he looked over the notes before him, selected one, and tossing it into her lap, bade her send and pay the shabby sneak-

ing rascal's demand, and order a handsome supply of game for the following day; he then gathered up the notes from the table, and telling her to replenish her card-purse with the cash that remained from the poulterer's bill, left the room singing—

“ Time with youth is swiftly flying,
Life has paths with roses spread;
Pleasure, ere their bloom is dying,
Twine the flowers around my head.”

Isabella sat for some minutes wondering at what she had seen. Mr. Percy had told her the day before, that he had only a few hundred pounds of her fortune left; where then had the money come from she had seen lying on the table? had her eyes deceived her? was it merely a vision of her disturbed imagination? On opening the note, that lay folded on her lap, she found its amount was five hundred pounds. If Mr. Percy was not the ruined man he represented himself, why had he compelled her to the mean act of extorting money from her sister, to pay his debt to captain Langrish?

Amid the perplexity of her thoughts, Isabella recollected that her maid had told

her Saunders had sat ~~up~~ till four o'clock, at which hour of the morning his master returned home elevated, but in perfect good humour, which was not always the case when he was inebriated. Mrs. Percy felt sick at heart, and her hand trembled as she held the note, for she too well remembered the dreadful infatuation that had kept him out night after night during their stay in England; and she feared he had again returned to the gaming-table, and the money he now possessed had been won from some unwary wretch, whom its loss might plunge into poverty and irretrievable disgrace. Thoughtless as she had ever been in all that concerned pecuniary matters, Mrs. Percy felt repugnant to appropriate the money that lay before her; but she had no alternative; the poulterer's demand was imperious; and she was compelled to send Mahon to settle his account, and order what was proper for the next day's entertainment.

A call from Miss Desmond, who came to engage her to a rout at Mrs. Rochfort's, did not much relieve Isabella's unpleasant reflections, nor could she meet

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the mild inquiring-eye of her sister, without blushing, and feeling a painful sense of the duplicity of her conduct, to that ingenuous and affectionate being, who had always shewn a tender solicitude for her happiness.

Miss Desmond spoke of Mrs. Rochfort, and the society she met at her house, in the highest terms of respect and esteem—"You will meet at Mrs. Rochfort's," said Emily, "the venerable baroness Wandesford, the dowager countess of Vandeleur, and the beautiful Miss Lambart."

"Is she beautiful?" asked Mrs. Percy, "for I have heard the young countess Vandeleur say she is quite the contrary."

"The gentlemen call her beautiful," replied Emily, "and I think deservedly; but come and judge for yourself."

"If I consent to make one of Mrs. Rochfort's sober party, will you promise to dine here to-morrow? You will meet many of your old acquaintances; and as a farther inducement, we shall have music."

"I am unfortunately engaged," said Emily.

"That is, you do not wish to meet Wil-

not Darel," resumed Mrs. Percy ; " but you need not apprehend that, for he no longer makes one of the countess Vandeleur's train ; that affair seems to be entirely at an end ; I never see him at her entertainments now—he has had sense enough to withdraw."

" I rejoice to hear it," said Emily ; " I most sincerely hope he has seen the wickedness and folly of such a pursuit. But why, dear Isabella, should you suppose I wish to avoid Mr. Darel?—What is he to me?" But the crimson blush that suffused her pale cheek while she spoke, told a tale of unsubdued love—" It is not on Mr. Darel's account I refuse your invitation, but because Mrs. Rochfort and myself are engaged to-morrow to dine at the earl of Drogheda's."

" The East India nabob, as he is called, whose lady possesses the diamond peacock, that is so much the envy of the countess Vandeleur. Oh," continued Mrs. Percy, " what a thrice happy creature that fairy his daughter is, the only child of a man who has more wealth than he can calculate! Report says lady Indiana Corry will have

her weight in diamonds when she marries the honourable colonel Lismore, and he is heir to a dukedom; riches and titles seem to rain upon some people; if they are not happy, I know not where we are to look for happiness."

"In a quiet, contented, well-regulated mind," replied Emily; "these, dear Isabella, are treasures more to be valued than all the riches of the east; for what are titles and wealth? mere transitory enjoyments, from which we may be snatched in the full glow of youth: the only happy persons in this life, are those who practise self-denial, and consider their wealth as entrusted to them for the good of others, as well as themselves, and use, not abuse the gifts of Providence."

"Bravo, my pretty preacher!" exclaimed Mr. Percy, who had, unobserved, entered the room. "What conventicle has the merit of rendering you so pious and humble? Nay, nay, do not withdraw your hand, unless you intend to box my ears for the impertinence I have been guilty of in interrupting your exordium. But seriously, my love, though you will

find many converts to the truth of your statement, you will see but very few followers of what they profess to believe: self-denial requires fortitude; and where will you find, especially with females, strength of nerve sufficient to mortify the flesh, and resist the pleasures of life for the sole benefit of their fellow-creatures?"

"I trust there are many to be found," replied Emily, "who would cheerfully resign their own gratifications for the good of others."

"The young and romantic," continued Percy, "form expectations, and believe what they never see realized—they picture to themselves a world, from those delightful and enchanted countries they read of in the fairy tales of the nursery, inhabited by good and benevolent genii, who entertain and bestow all sorts of rich and valuable gifts upon strangers; but time, and a very short trial of mankind, proves the folly of such childish belief, and points out the wisdom of every one caring for himself, and enjoying life as long as the means are to be found."

"On these points, sir," replied Emily,

" we always did, and I sincerely trust always shall differ; your hopes of happiness are placed on this life,—mine rest on a life to come : but you mistake if you believe me *an enemy to pleasure; on the contrary, I delight in music; while my health permitted, I enjoyed dancing; I am a friend to all rational amusements; I only object to excesses, which, in whatever form indulged, my reason tells me must be criminal.*"

Percy frowned, and bit his lip; his conscience, though he arrogantly denied the existence of such a monitor, at that moment accused him of those excesses the youthful Emily pronounced criminal; he was almost ready to quarrel with her, but recollecting his ruined finances, and the occasion he might have for her assistance, he suppressed his displeasure, and with a deceitful smile, said, he would reflect on what he had then heard from her lips, and endeavour to become a convert to her opinions, which, had she resided with them, he should have had more frequent opportunities of benefiting by.

Mrs. Rochfort's invitation included Mr.

Percy, who feared a prior engagement would deprive him of the honour of attending, though nothing would afford him greater pleasure than visiting Mrs. Rochfort; *but if he could by any means get off, he would most certainly accompany Mrs. Percy.*

Miss Desmond hoped he would be held to his engagement, for she was certain his character was understood by Mrs. Rochfort's friends, and that they would have no pleasure in meeting him; she had discernment enough to see that his sentiments and principles were unaltered; and she shuddered to think of the possibility of his making the weak vacillating Isabella a proselyte to his pernicious and soul-destroying belief. Fearful of provoking him to say something that would prevent her future visits to her sister, Emily spoke of the gaiety of Dublin, and of the splendid preparations making for the marriage of lord Neagle and Miss Belmont—
“Which will go near to drive sir Harry Ogle mad; for report says he was seriously in love with her.”

“Men without brains never go mad,”

replied Mr. Percy; "and every one that knows sir Harry Ogle is certain his is an empty skull; besides, he has renewed his suit to his old flame, the honourable Mrs. Chatterton, who makes it her particular request that none of her friends will address her by the title of lady Desmond."

"I rejoice to hear it," said Mrs. Percy; "for it would seriously grieve me to be obliged to address that unworthy woman by the title which the virtues of our amiable mother had rendered so respected and revered. I shall avoid meeting her, if possible; and while she remains in St. Stephen's Green, I shall decline all invitations; she is the countess Vandeleur's relation, and——"

"She hates the old fool even worse than you do," said Percy; "sir Harry Ogle talks perpetually of her green eyes, and ugly nails; but his creditors will compel him to marry her, for she has an abundance of money, and that is the article he wants."

Emily was about to say such a mercenary marriage could only be productive of

misery, but the announcement of her carriage put a stop to the conversation:

Mrs. Percy accepted Mrs. Rochfort's invitation, though she suspected it was given out of compliment to her sister.

As Mr. Percy handed Emily into her carriage, he expressed a hope to be able to accompany Mrs. Percy, as he was particularly anxious for an introduction to the *elite* who composed Mrs. Rochfort's assemblies.

Miss Desmond by no means wished him to be introduced to Mrs. Rochfort's friends: he was a man of elegant exterior and imposing manners, witty and plausible in conversation, and on that account a dangerous companion for the young and inexperienced; but since his introduction seemed inevitable, she prayed that his mingling with virtuous society might wean him from the evil courses to which he was addicted, and that were assuredly leading him to destruction.

The following day, a large and fashionable party dined in Merion-square, among whom were the earl and countess of Van-

deleur, and 'madame' Belvoir, all life and gaiety, without a trace of discontent clouding her brow, or dimming the lustre of her eyes, which were shooting, or trying to shoot, bright arrows into the heart of an officer in the German service, who was on the eve of quitting Ireland, and had, with much gallantry, offered to escort her to Paris. This proposal she had without hesitation accepted, to the great content of the earl of Vandeleur, who had grown weary of her *persiflage*, and whose thoughts were taken up anew with Miss Lambart.

The countess of Vandeleur would, at that time, have wished her to prolong her stay, because she had been apprized of the intended visit of the honourable Mrs. Chatterton; and she would have been glad had madame Belvoir remained to help to entertain her, and to have furnished her with matter for observation, in which she knew her aunt delighted. Nothing could be more unpleasant to the countess of Vandeleur, than to have Mrs. Chatterton an inmate of her house, but she knew it would be against her interest to offend her.

When dinner was announced, Mrs.

Percy never felt less capable to do the honours of her table: she was out of spirits; but Mr. Percy assumed all his powers of pleasing; he was gay, witty, and polite, and rendered himself so particularly agreeable to the countess, that her very condescending manner, the smiles and looks she lavished on him, made Mrs. Percy's cheeks glow, and her bosom palpitate with uneasy sensations; for though she had not that love for her husband that most wives feel, she had a virtuous sense of the sacred and awful engagement entered into at the altar, and the very idea of violating the duties it imposed, gave her horror; but this was no moment for expressing her disgust; and she consoled herself with remembering that her engagement with Mrs. Rochfort would introduce her to a far different set of acquaintance, and, among other desirable objects, afford her an opportunity to avoid lady Desmond, or Mrs. Chatterton, as she chose to be called, whom she disliked nearly as much as she did her niece.

The gentlemen of the party were all in high spirits, except lord Vandeleur, who

said little, and seldom laughed, though the wife of Mr. Percy was brilliant, and the blunders of a colonel Boyne extremely entertaining. Soon after dinner, on the plea of another engagement, the earl of Vandeleur took his leave, to the secret satisfaction of Percy, who, though assured that his lordship had not a particle of love for his wife, yet was sensible of a sort of restraint from his presence.

Mrs. Percy was glad to retire with the ladies to the drawing-room, for her mind, though it delighted in frivolous pursuits, was not sufficiently vitiated by her fashionable acquaintance, to make her think lightly of the conduct that had been passing under her eye.

Mrs. Percy, knowing that lady Vandeleur was proud at all times to display her musical-science, proposed her trying the grand pianoforte, that Mr. Percy had lately presented her with; but this, with an air of languor, the countess refused, protesting she was excessively fatigued; then reclining at full length on a sofa, she begged the ladies would have the goodness to excuse her, if she should happen to close

her eyes, for she had *been* very unwell all the morning, and would not have ventured out, had not her wish not to disappoint dear Mrs. Percy overcome her indisposition.

“Vell, vat vill ve do to ourselves till de gentilhommes have done yid dere vin; fi done! dat is custume ver much bad, to send away de ladi, and sit boire, boire, till dere brain grow stupide, like to de post; de gentilhomme of France, he have more politesse, dan to prefer de vin to de ladi.”

Madame Belvoir, having vented her chagrin at being deprived of the company of the gentlemen, started up, and began pirouetting and capering about the room, requesting Mrs. Percy to seat herself at the piano, and play a lively air. Some of the younger ladies, liking the frolic, joined madame Belvoir, while the elder ones pulled their absent friends to pieces; and others, less disposed to be ill-natured, spoke of the entertainments to be given at lord Neagle's marriage, and of the return of lord Monheghan, after his two years' absence.

“He is not rich enough to be of much service to his country now he is returned,” said lady Boyle.

“ Unless he marries Miss Lambart,” replied Mrs. Goran; “ and it is among the *on dits* of the day, that he has proposed, and is accepted.”

“ They will be a very handsome couple,” observed the honourable Mrs. Maclin, “ and I like to see handsome people go together.”

“ She is reported to be an immense fortune,” said lady Boyle.

“ And he is well known to be extremely poor,” replied lady Jonston; “ they say he went abroad to save the expence of house-keeping.”

“ Well, if he marries Miss Lambart,” said Mrs. Goran, “ he will be able to keep open house, and provide for all his poor relations.”

The entrance of the gentlemen did not put an end to madame Belvoir’s capering and vaulting, in which she was now joined by two or three other ladies, who, not having the strength or spirits of the little Frenchwoman, had reserved themselves till they could display their graces and agility to more advantage than among themselves.

“ Did you ever see so beautiful an ankle

as madame Belvoir's?" asked major St. John, the officer she was exerting all her possible to captivate.

"Only one," replied Percy, as the pale blue slipper of the countess Vandeleur became fully displayed, with the silver embroidered clock of her silk stocking.

"What are you all about?" asked the countess, affecting to awake; "dancing, as I live! how very kind of dear Mrs. Percy to play country-dances! I wonder how she recollects them."

"Will your ladyship join the dancers? we can easily form another set for a cotillion," asked Mr. Percy.

"On no account," replied the countess; "I am much better pleased to see others dance than undergo the fatigue myself."

"I thought," said Percy, "I had heard you say you were fond of dancing."

"Perhaps you might; yes, I believe I was, at one time, fond of the amusement; but not now; the eternal capering, pirouetting, and waltzing of madame Belvoir, has wearied and sickened me; one cannot always like the same thing; I prefer conversation."

On this hint Percy spoke, and so eloquently, in praise of her irresistible beauty, that the countess thought him a most agreeable flatterer; and without any sort of compunction, on the score of his being a married man, or the pain she might occasion his wife, she gave his libertine professions a pleased and smiling hearing. In the course of their conversation, Percy mentioned the name of Wilmot Darel, and wondered he never met him at her ladyship's parties—"What has become of his adoration—his devoted love!—has he turned eremite? I never meet him any where."

"Poor silly boy!" replied the countess; "he betrayed his folly to every body; his particular attention to me became so very sickening and tiresome, that I was constrained to let him know, had I been free to accept his addresses, I should have declined them, not having the least taste for the romantic sentiment which he had imbibed, from his narrow education and ignorance of the world, in which I was at some pains to convince him there were no god-

desses or heroines, such as his inflated imagination is filled with."

"Yet," said Percy, gazing on her with affected adoration in his eyes, "the beautiful all-perfect form before me might well confirm the youth's delusion."

"You are a deluder," replied the countess; "and for fear I should have my head turned by your flattery, and fancy myself Venus, or one of her graces, I think we had better join the ladies, who have seated themselves."

"Surely you will not be so cruel?"

"I do it to be kind to your reputation and my own," said the countess; "for I perceive the cat eyes of Mrs. Goran are glaring malignantly upon us, and I must positively give her ideas a different turn, or she will be whispering her ill-natured remarks and surmises in the ear of Mrs. Percy."

This was sufficient encouragement for the present; and mentally congratulating himself on his future success, Percy led the countess across the room to the party who had given up dancing.

"Is your dream at an end, countess?" asked the honourable Mrs. Maclin, sarcastically.

"I hope it was an agreeable one, and that our noise did not disturb your ladyship," said Mrs. Goran.

"I am infinitely obliged to you for that kind hope, Mrs. Goran," replied the countess: "but you are so good—so extremely amiable, that I am always certain of your kind wishes; but really my memory is so bad, that whatever I might chance to dream, I have already forgotten; and indeed no wonder! for Mr. Percy has been reminding me of the concert I promised to patronize, for the benefit of Weiland and his starving family; and I hope, Mrs. Goran, with your usual benevolence, you will subscribe, and aid with your interest the—"

"I am not particularly fond of concerts," said Mrs. Goran; "and know nothing at all of this Weiland."

"The man is a strolling musician from Germany," observed Mrs. Maclin, "and I do not see what claim he can have for a benefit concert."

"Very properly recollected," resumed

Mrs. Goran; "and really there are poor Irish enough who are in a state of starvation, and ought to be relieved, before we think of being charitable to strangers and foreigners."

"All this is very true," said the countess; "but Weiland's is a case of peculiar distress, and it will be a disgrace to our national character, if we let a man of his science and genius perish for want of assistance."

"As to science, I know nothing about it," replied Mrs. Goran, "and am happy to say, I never heard of a genius in the family of Goran."

"This concert," rejoined Percy, "is to enable Weiland and his family to return to their own country."

"I do not like to encourage foreigners," said Mrs. Goran, "neither do I wish to be thought unfeeling and uncharitable."

The honourable Mrs. Maclin was moving away; but determined she should not escape, Mrs. Goran observed—"You are much richer than I am, Mrs. Maclin, and have no one to provide for but yourself—

come, let me see you set me an example of charity."

"I certainly do not approve the affair, and have no money about me," grumbled Mrs. Maclin; "but if it is a general thing this subscription, why, my name may be set down for half-a-guinea."

"Half-a-guinea!" repeated Mrs. Goran; "only half-a-guinea! Well, I am sure I have no right to be more generous than you are; and all things considered, if I give half-a-crown, it will be quite equal to your half-guinea."

"I do not accept silver," said the countess.

"Well, if it must be so, I will be extravagant for once, and subscribe my half-guinea," resumed Mrs. Goran, "though, at the same time, I must say, I do not think it at all right to rob our own poor, to bestow upon strangers; they ought to stay in their own country."

"Charity for the poor of our own country is on the lips of many, who never contribute a single mite to their relief," said lady Shatford. "But I recollect having heard, 'charity covereth a multitude of offences;' so, countess, you will have

the goodness to let me be set down for five guineas. I leave it to Mrs. Maclin and Mrs. Goran to comment upon my generosity."

"I thank your ladyship," said the countess, marking the sum on her tablets; "this looks well for my subscription; and now I must try whether I can open the purse-strings of yon fair demoiselles."

"If you had less beauty," whispered Percy, "you would have a far better chance of success with your own sex; for envy of your loveliness will steel their hearts against your petition."

The countess was prevented the trial, by seeing the young ladies crowd round the pianoforte. Overcome by fatigue and vexation, Mrs. Percy had suddenly ceased playing, and had fainted; and it was now the dancers recollected, how long and rudely they had kept her employed for their amusement; but while some attributed her indisposition to over-exertion, others looked significantly, and ventured a half-uttered belief, that there was a deeper cause than fatigue. The married ladies thought Mrs. Percy's illness arose from jealousy; for her husband had all day been

most shamefully, hanging over the countess of Vandeleur, whose conduct was abominable, being herself a married woman. One lady said, if her husband presumed to conduct himself in such a scandalous way, she would resent it so as to make him repent as long as he lived.

Mrs. Goran shook her head, and remarked—“Very few men are saints, though most of them have decency enough to conceal their infidelity from their wives.”

Mrs. Maclin, casting a glance of contempt on the countess Vandeleur, expressed compassion for husbands who had profligate wives.

In the mean time, by the aid of volatiles, Mrs. Percy had recovered, from what lady Vandeleur suspected was only a sham faint, to get rid of the wearying task of playing to such a set of indefatigable dancers. With very little persuasion she suffered Mr. Percy to seat her at the piano-forte, and after a few preliminary excuses, such as—she feared her singing would affect Mrs. Percy’s head, and she was really not in voice, having caught cold at the theatre, she sung the following canzonet :—

" Ah, why has love, the ^{traitor}waitor, wings—
 Why is he constant never?
 Since he such ^{witching}pleasure brings,
 Why stays he not for ever?
 His smile can banish thought of care ;
 We wish no greater treasure ;
 Ullan'd by him, earth, sea, and air,
 All wear a glow of pleasure.
 And well the ingrate knows his power :
 He joys with hearts to trifle ;
 To give us bliss a little hour,
 Of peace our lives to rife.
 Ah, why has love the ^{traitor}wings,
 Why is he constant never,
 Since he such ^{witching}pleasure brings,
 Why stays he not for ever?"

" And so he would," said Percy, " if all females were captivating as the countess of Vandeleur."

Major St. John explained to madame Belvoir the purport of the song, who laughed and said—" Cela est très bien dans une chanson, mais nous savons bien que les hommes font seulement leur ~~cour~~ pour rire, et les femmes sont assez sottes pour les écouter, et croire qu'ils seront constants. L'amour est habile à cajoler les femmes, mais si elles avaient un peu de raison elles se moqueraient de lui, car elles peuvent être certaine que cette fidélité éternelle qu'il leur promettait ne tiendra pas plus que

quelques semaines, ou tout au plus quelques mois."

Major St. John acknowledged the justice of madame Belvoir's remarks, and said, if all females had her correct idea of love, there would be no cause for accusation, complaint, or reproaches, on either side.

"If de lover be perfide," resumed madame Belvoir, "I make de resolve not to be desolé, but, toujours gai. I vill not have de cheek pale, or be qui a un mal de cœur."

The major approved her resolve, pressed her hand, and satisfied that they should part as pleasantly as they met, determined on making love to *la belle veuve*, as long as it was agreeable and convenient to himself.

Mrs. Percy was glad when her guests departed, ~~for~~ she had a severe headach, in addition to the oppressive uneasiness the careless indifference of her husband towards her health excited. During the day, Mr. Percy had seemed to have neither eyes nor ears for any one but the countess of Vandeleur, who engrossed his attention, and received his homage, as unblush-

ingly as if there had existed no ties on either side to suggest or impose restraint.

Mrs. Percy, though well aware how little impression any thing she could say would have on the heart of her husband, was determined to let him understand she was not blind to his behaviour, and to remonstrate on the duplicity and baseness of his conduct to the earl of Vandeleur, whom he pretended to call his friend, by seeking to obtain an improper influence over his wife, and the disgrace he would eventually bring upon her and himself; but on inquiring for Mr. Percy, she was informed he had gone out.

Isabella looked at her watch—it was near two—"What an hour to go out!" said she, sighing, as she ascended to her chamber. "I am weary, sick, and want repose; and he whose affection should soothe and console me, he——" Drops of agonizing sorrow wet her cheek, as, wringing her hands, she continued—"Oh, what a fearful, infatuating vice, is gambling! to which health, sleep, reputation, all are sacrificed."

Isabella hastened to lay her throbbing

head on her pillow; she slept, but when she awoke in the morning, she felt feverish and unrefreshed.

It was past noon when Mr. Percy made his appearance; he looked pale, and his eyes seemed sunk in his head; but he said he was well, and merely wanted an hour or two's sleep, having been up all night. Having ordered a basin of soup to be sent to his chamber, he was retiring, but stopped to ask Isabella, at what hour she intended going to Mrs. Rochfort's? bidding her remember the old woman's visitants were received and dismissed at sober regular hours.

"I intend to send an apology," said Isabella; "I do not feel well enough to go out."

"You may as well be candid, and speak the truth—you are not ill, but sulky."

"I have a bad headach."

"You are more ill-tempered than sick," said Percy; "the truth is, you do not wish me to go with you; but you need not be afraid; I will conduct myself with all due decorum—I will neither make love to Mrs. Rochfort's gooseberry eyes, or

press the baroness Warfdesford's shrivelled hand."

"I assure you, Mr. Percy——"

"And I assure you, Mrs. Percy, you may as well throw aside the affectation of illness, for I shall go to the old woman's rout, whether you do or not. I have reasons of my own for wishing an introduction to the dowager countess of Vandeleur; and having made up my mind to sacrifice an hour or two to sobriety, go I will, even at the hazard of introducing myself."

"You have an intention perhaps to make love to the dowager, as well as her son's wife," said Mrs. Percy: "but I would have you beware—the dowager countess of Vandeleur is——"

"A woman," replied Percy, with a sneer, "and has her weak side; as well as the rest of her sex; but to set your jealous apprehensions at rest——"

"You mistake, Mr. Percy, I am not jealous."

"I am glad of it, with all my soul; a wife is always torment sufficient, but a jealous wife is the——but I will not shock

your delicacy, my love, by uttering a name we are forbidden to mention to ears polite. Adieu ! we shall meet at dinner."

Mrs. Percy was certain that her husband had been invited to Mrs. Rochfort's rout, merely out of compliment to herself; she was aware how extremely unpleasant his company would prove to her sister; but he was bent upon going, whether out of a malicious determination to vex Emily, or from some deeper motive, she could not guess; but as she had no alternative, she gave her maid orders respecting her dress, for she had been informed she was to meet Miss Lambart, and some other young ladies celebrated for personal charms; and though a wife, and in the way to be a mother, Mrs. Percy was not yet so subdued by affliction, as to be without the desire to look ~~well~~ among a bevy of beauties.

It was not till the carriage was announced to convey them to Mrs. Rochfort's, that Mr. Percy entered his wife's dressing-room, who had just completed her toilet.

Sleep had restored his good looks; he was handsomely dressed; and Mrs. Percy, as her eye glanced over him, could not

help sighing, and remembering that just as he then looked, an elegant man of fashion, he had prevailed on her to commit her person and her fortune to his care; the former, her toilet-glass assured her, was not much altered for the worse; but the latter—alas! it was squandered, dissipated, gone for ever: but this was no time to indulge melancholy retrospections; Mr. Percy, with something like his former gallantry, handed her into the carriage: he was in high spirits—the distance was short—and they soon found themselves in the magnificent drawing room of Mrs. Rochfort, who received them with much graceful urbanity, and introduced them to her assembled guests.

The baroness Wandesford was not present; but Mr. Percy had the honour of an introduction to the dowager Countess of Vandeleur; and from the stately bearing, and consciousness of patrician descent, evinced even in her affability and condescension, he did not wonder at the aversion so openly avowed between the young countess and herself; for though both vain and haughty women, there was an air of

superiority, a stamp of high birth in the dowager, that kept familiarity at an awful distance; while with her foreign manners, her graces, "*nods, becks, and wreathed smiles,*" with all her beauty and allurements, the young countess was beheld with every sentiment but that of respect.

Mr. Percy thought the honourable Miss Lambart even more beautiful than report represented her, but too much in the reserved style of Emily Desmond to please him. Miss Belmont, the affianced bride of lord Neagle, he had met before; some other young ladies of rank that were present, he considered barely passable, with the exception of Miss Ponsonby, whose Hebe complexion acquired a brighter glow and superior charms, from her being the acknowledged heiress of a rich uncle, and already in possession of a large fortune. Percy looked at his wife, and would have been pleased to see her drooping and ill; but she had caught animation from the smiling faces round her, and had seldom appeared to more advantage. Percy wished her dead, that he might endeavour to gain the hand of the rich Miss Ponsonby,

who seemed lively and good-tempered, and likely enough to be won by a determined lover. But while Percy contemplated the possibility that his wife might not survive her accouchement, and what a joyful widower he should be, captain Latouche, a young handsome man, approached Miss Ponsonby, and entered into conversation with her. Percy, without seeming to observe, narrowly watched their looks, and perceived, by her blushes and smiles, and the captain's glances of admiration, that whether Mrs. Percy lived or died, he had no chance of succeeding with the young lady, for the gallant captain, it was evident, was already possessed of her approbation.

This was the pleasantest evening by far that Isabella had spent since her ill starred marriage, for here she saw fashion without folly, heard conversation rational and amusing, and the absent spoken of without scandal—cards were introduced, but there was no betting on the game, or large sums played for—there was music and singing, but no attempts at display, no envious remarks or ill-natured observations—no improper flirtations; and many times Mrs.

Percy mentally rejoiced that her gentle sister had preferred the sober well-conducted mansion of Mrs. Rochfort, to a residence with her; the chief of whose society was composed of persons who seemed to hold prudence and morality in contempt.

Mr. Percy's visit to Mrs. Rochfort was not paid out of any respect to that lady; to meet, and get introduced to lord Monaghan, was his object; and he was disappointed in not seeing his lordship in attendance on Miss Lambart; for, being just come of age, he supposed, poor as he was reported, he must have a few thousands at his disposal. But Percy's basilisk eye had fastened on a sir George Butler, who had played at whist, with such entire ignorance of the game, that Percy set him down as a pigeon easy to be plucked, from the fondness and eagerness with which he played, and the unconcern with which he paid for his mistakes.

There was nothing wanting at this rout to render it in all points splendid, elegant, and worthy the refined taste of Mrs. Rochfort, whose guests departed at an early

hour, mutually pleased with each other; even those who had heard reports unfavourable to the morals of Mr. Percy were won by his handsome person, his gentlemanly manners, and the charm of his conversation, to believe that much more evil was said of him than he deserved.

But while Percy had made a much more favourable impression on her guests than his real character merited, Mrs. Rochfort felt the liveliest compassion for his deceived and unhappy wife, who, in the confidence of inexperienced youth, had bestowed herself on a consummate hypocrite, who could mask his enormous vices under an appearance of captivating frankness and liberality of sentiment. While feelingly lamenting the unhappy fate of Isabella, Mrs. Rochfort rejoiced to think she had been the means of preserving Emily from becoming the dupe and victim of such a profligate; but the benevolent-hearted old lady had yet to learn that he had already drawn three thousand pounds from her, on false pretences, and was, at that present moment, planning to

extort from her generous credulity a much larger sum.

As the carriage of the countess dowager of Vandeleur rolled through the iron gates that led to the habitation of the baroness Wandesford, Miss Lambart saw, by the imperfect light of a clouded moon, Janet, her maid, part from a person whom she fancied was Lemain, the French valet of the earl of Vandeleur. Not choosing to irritate and discompose the dowager by mentioning the circumstance, Miss Lambart let it pass till she retired to undress, when she asked Janet what man she was talking with under the portico, when the carriage stopped.

"Me, ma'am, talking with a man at this time of night, when I can hardly keep my eyes open, I am so sleepy!"

"No equivocation, Janet," replied Miss Lambart, looking grave; "I asked you a plain question, and I expect a plain answer; who was the man I saw you talking with, and who ran off when the carriage stopped?"

"Dear me, ma'am! how can I tell, in this great world of Dublin, who walks or

who runs? and as to men folks, there are so many of all sorts; how can I pretend to know who they are, or any thing about them, when they are every mother's son of them strangers to me?"

"Imprudent and thoughtless as I know you are," replied Miss Lambart, "I do not suspect or believe you were talking with a stranger."

"No, upon my word and honour, ma'am, I never talk to strange people; I have heard of such wicked doings, I am afraid of my life."

"Who was the person then, if he was not a stranger?" asked Miss Lambart. Finding Janet continue silent, she resumed—"As you do not choose to answer me, I shall request the countess to question you."

"No, pray, dear, good Miss Lambart," said Janet, falling on her knees, and weeping bitterly, "no, pray, do not tell the countess, for she will send me home to my mother, and then it may be many months. if ever I see mounseer Lemain again."

“ So then, it is as I suspected ; and you are again suffering that worthless man to delude you with idle professions of love, that have no other intention than to bring you to disgrace and sorrow. Did you not solemnly promise your mother, in my presence, that you would never listen to him again ?”

— “ Why, I did not intend ever to speak to him, or think at all about the promises he made me, because he seemed to take more notice of another person than he did of me at that time, and slighted me, and did not seem a bit sorry when I left Doneraile Castle ; but every body says that hanging and marrying go by destiny, and if I am ordained to have mounseer Lemain, why how can I help it you know, ma’am ?”

“ When silly people commit errors, they endeavour to excuse their imprudent actions, by laying the blame on destiny ; but be assured, Janet——”

“ Yes, ma’am,” interrupted she, wiping her eyes, “ mounseer Lemain has assured me many times, and swore to it over and over again, that he will marry me as soon

as ever he has saved money, enough to take a grand inn at Paris."

Miss Lambart shook her head—"Janet," said she, "were the man sincere in this declaration, which I very much doubt, do you not perceive that you are totally unfit for such an undertaking, who cannot speak or understand a sentence of French?"

"Oh, mounseer Lemain will teach me in no time to parlour-vows; and he says I learn monstrous quick, and get on surprisingly, for I can say cummins vows, porters vows, mamerse, already."

Miss Lambart could not help smiling at Janet's French, though she felt seriously vexed at the renewal of an acquaintance between the foolish girl, and a man whom she was convinced had no good design in filling her head with hopes and expectations that he had no intention to fulfil.

"I am sure I had almost forgot mounseer Lemain," resumed Janet, "and was beginning to have a sort of a kind of liking for lord Monheghan's valet, Mr. Malone, who to be sure is a smart-looking young man, when the Sunday before last, as we were taking a turn in the park to

get a mouthful of fresh air, who should we meet but, mounseer Lemain; and I assure you, ma'am, he was dressed to the full as grand as the earl of Vandeleur himself; such a beautiful pin in the frill of his shirt, and such fine rings on his fingers, they quite dazzled my eyes; to be sure, poor Mr. Malone looked like nobody beside him."

"I am sorry for your weakness, Janet; so then it was the fine rings that dazzled your understanding," said Miss Lambart.

"No, indeed, ma'am, I turned up my nose at Mr. Lemain, and would have passed him by, but he caught hold of my hand, and called me a cruel creature, and said I had a heart like a flint stone, without a bit of feeling; and I am sure that was not true, for I could not help crying to hear him speak in that affected manner."

"Affected, indeed!" said Miss Lambart; "you must have been weak-headed, as well as weak-hearted, to listen to such nonsense."

"If ever you should be in love, ma'am," continued Janet, "you will know how cutting it is to hear what I was obligated

to hear; for he held me fast by both hands, and purtested that my eyes had made a big hole in his heart; I assure you, ma'am, he talked in such a moving manner, that Mr. Malone was so civil as to say, that he saw his company was not wanted, and he did not wish to intrude, as he perceived mounseer Lemain was an old beau of mine; and so he left us, and I was rather sorry about him; but what could I do, for mounseer insisted that he would see me home; and so as we walked along, ma'am, he told me he should not have behaved in such a slighting way to me before I left Doneraile Castle, only for that good-for-nothing Mrs. Blandy, who reported I was promised to lord Drogheda's groom, a man old enough to be my father; and must not she be a wicked woman, to tell such a story, though when I asked her about it, she said it was nothing more nor less than a lie—I beg your pardon, ma'am—falsehood I mean, that mounseer Lemain had invented himself, for she never heard nor thought of speaking about lord Drogheda's groom, who is a married man, and has five children; and besides this, Mrs. Blandy had

the impertinence to tell me not to make a fool of myself, for she had no good opinion of the Frenchman's designs."

"Neither have I," replied Miss Lambart; "and you must either resolve to break entirely off with Lemain, or quit my service: restrain your tears, Janet, for they will not alter my determination; you will make up your mind, and let me know to-morrow; at present I am too sleepy to say more, than that you shall solemnly engage to give up Lemain, or return home to your mother, who will be much grieved at your imprudence."

Janet did not like the idea of giving up her place, which she had wisdom enough to acknowledge was altogether agreeable and lucrative; excellent wages, lots of cast-off clothes, and in the course of the year, many valuable presents, very little work, plenty of time to gossip with friends, and walk about with beaus. Dublin too was a gay city, something lively always going forward; then she often went to the theatre, and to dances, and tea parties; but as to the country and home, it was dreadful to think of returning, to lead a life so

dull and dismal; and then her mother was so cross, and so particular, there was no such thing as pleasing her; and she kept such early hours, rising at daybreak, and going to bed with the birds, instead of having a little merriment at night, when the business of the day was over. Janet very sincerely loved Miss Lambart, and was desirous to please her; but to give up mounseer Lemain, who had sworn to dress her in silks and satins, and give her gold ear-drops, and make a lady of her, was quite impossible.

Janet cried all the while she prepared for bed, and came at last to the resolve of telling mounseer Lemain all her difficulties; and who could tell, rather than part from her, he would perhaps marry her directly; this was a charming and consoling thought; Janet smiled, dried her eyes, and fell asleep.

Lord Monheghan was a fine-looking good-tempered young man: at Paris he had been in the train of the Irish beauty, as Miss Obrien was called, but not so deeply enamoured of her charms as to resent, or

very much regret, her preference of lord Conway; for he had penetrated into her character, and discovered that she was destitute of those virtues necessary to ensure connubial happiness; nor was he at all disposed, on his return to Ireland, to renew his acquaintance with the countess Vandeleur.

Lord Monheghan's father was the dupe of impostors, and the prey of sharpers: his constant boast was, that he had lived all the days of his life; and without being addicted to drinking, or to any particular vice, he actually contrived to squander away so large a portion of his property, that when he came to die, he left his son very little to maintain the title; but that little his amiable and exemplary widow, with the strictest economy, and by leading a life of seclusion, contrived to improve, till before she was called away to enjoy the reward of her virtues, in a better world, she saw her beloved son possessed of a sufficiency to support his rank in society, and preserve the house of Monheghan from being degraded by positive poverty.

The education of lord Monheghan had been good, and his manners were so plea-

sing, that he was considered an acquisition in the very first society. Sir Philip Egerton had been his intimate friend from boyhood, and at his house his lordship had first met Miss Lambart, for whom he shortly felt a passion, founded more on her estimable qualities of mind, than on the loveliness of her person; but while all his friends perceived his devotion, Miss Lambart remained unconscious of her conquest over his heart, and that she was adding to his affection by the affability of her behaviour to him. There was much in the conversation and conduct of lord Monheghan to give him a decided superiority over the young men of rank with whom she was acquainted; and Miss Lambart had more than once expressed a wish to lady Stella Egerton, that lord Monheghan had been her brother, or some near relation; at the same time observing, that she had never met a young man who appeared more worthy of female confidence and friendship.

The favourable opinion Miss Lambart entertained of lord Monheghan was so consonant with the wishes of lady Stella, that

she lost no time in communicating it to her husband, and through him, in the fervency of friendship, it soon reached lord Monheghan, who at first felt delighted with the prospect of having the passion returned he had concealed in respectful silence; but on reflection, he became doubtful of the sentiment she had expressed for him; love has a thousand doubts and apprehensions: he remembered her behaviour had at all times been calm and collected; she had always appeared glad to see him, but there was no blush on her cheek, no flutter or emotion in her manner; and he concluded, and justly, that though honoured with the esteem of Miss Lambart, the exquisite felicity of inspiring her with love was not for him.

When sir Philip Egerton laughed at his doubts, and urged him to declare himself to Miss Lambart, he replied, in a tone of conviction—"No; she treats me with the kind and easy confidence of a sister, but there is nothing in her look or manner that partakes of a warmer sentiment."

It was in vain that sir Philip and lady Stella urged him to offer himself to Miss

Lambart; he continued steadfast in the resolve to continue her friend, rather than be banished from her presence, for the ambition of aspiring to be her lover.

But while the humility of lord Monheghan, who considered the immense possessions of Miss Lambart entitled her to match with one of prouder fortunes than himself, kept him from expressing the adoration he felt, lady Stella, persuaded that he was actually approved by Miss Lambart, took an opportunity of informing the baroness Wandesford of the reciprocal regard of her young friends.

The baroness listened with attention, while lady Stella repeated what Miss Lambart had said in favour of lord Monheghan; but she was not convinced that Ada's words expressed any thing more than a sisterly friendship for a worthy young man.

The dowager countess of Vandeleur, who happened to be present, said—"There certainly was no objection, as far as related to the family of lord Monheghan, though, for her own part, she did not exactly approve of the wealth being all on the female side; yet, if Miss Lambart made

choice of his lordship, no one could prevent her giving her large property to build up the ruined house of Monheghan; but she must be allowed to suggest, that some respect ought to be paid to the proposals of sir Horace Clare, whose character was perfectly exonerated from blame, by the marriage of Miss Ogle.

"Miss Lambart has assured me, madam," replied lady Stella, "that she had determined on rejecting sir Horace Clare, before any suspicion attached to him respecting Miss Ogle."

"Lady Stella Egerton, is perfectly correct in her statement," rejoined the baroness; "for the dear child assured me, that not being able to approve sir Horace Clare, she could not in conscience receive his proposals."

The dowager's face crimsoned with indignation, as she remarked—"That among persons of rank, young ladies seldom arrogated to themselves a right to approve or disapprove in matrimonial affairs. She had always objected to Miss Lambart being so early made acquainted with certain clauses in her mother's will; which clauses had

certainly placed too much in the power of the ward, and far too little in that of her guardians; neither had Miss Lambart's education been such as she altogether approved; for without intending to offend the baroness, she must take the liberty to observe, that the young lady's course of reading, aided by the secluded life she led at Lisburn Abbey, had made her romantic and sentimental, and taught her to expect some all-perfect hero—some faultless monster for a husband.

The baroness placidly replied—"Your ladyship cannot offend me by expressing an opinion different to my own. During the six months of every year, that, by the will of her mother, Miss Lambart passed with me at Lisburn Abbey, I endeavoured to store her mind with that belief, and those principles that would guide and support her through life, in which her rank, her wealth, and beauty, were sure to expose her to trials and temptations; but I beg to observe, the course of reading Miss Lambart pursued, was more likely to dispel than create romantic expectations. She was taught to look upon the world as

it really is, abounding with good and evil, not as a permanent abiding-place, but merely as a passage to an eternal home; neither was she taught to expect perfection in any creature of earth, but to believe that the very best of men are subject to error; she was instructed to listen to the still small voice of conscience, that faithful monitor planted in our bosoms by Infinite Wisdom, to warn us against sinful, and encourage us in the performance of virtuous actions; and I am proud to say, my pupil has hitherto evinced a careful observance of the precepts laid down for her instruction; and I trust she will find, as long as she lives, the efficacy of a religious education."

The dowager countess of Vandeleur was morally good, but of religion, farther than paying respectful observance to the forms and ceremonies of her church, she knew little: her ladyship looked weary; and the baroness ended her self-vindication, by saying—"If lord Monheghan had the good fortune to render himself agreeable to Miss Lambart, his poverty would be no objection, but would prove to the

sceptics of the world, that there was one female heart won by merit alone."

Lady Stella Egerton faithfully reported the approbation and good wishes of the baroness Wandesford to lord Monheghan; and, with all the zeal of friendship, persuaded him to come to an immediate explanation with Miss Lambart.

"Had she been poor, and myself the favourite of fortune," replied his lordship, "the case would have been different, and I could then have boldly told my love, and offered to share my possessions with her; but I cannot, dare not, hazard a refusal." But though silent respecting the wishes of his heart, lord Monheghan neglected no opportunity of paying Miss Lambart respectful attention; while she, unconscious of having inspired a sentiment warmer than friendship, suffered him to place her shawl on her shoulders, to hand her to her carriage, and thus confirmed the report, that she was positively engaged to lord Monheghan.

The countess of Vandeleur read from a newspaper, in the presence of the earl—
"The star of Monheghan, so long shorn

of its beams, is¹ likely to rise more brilliant than ever on the horizon of fashion; for it is expected that his lordship, the heir to an acreless title, will shortly lead to the altar of Hymen, the wealthy and beautiful Miss L——t.”

“Is that one of your witty inventions?” asked the earl, rudely snatching the paper from her hands, and upsetting an elegant inlaid ivory box, out of which flew a quantity of highly-perfumed rose-coloured billets.

“I suppose you did that mischief on purpose,” said the countess. “You know I set great value on that box, because it was given me by the duc de Clairmont; you have often, in your jealous fits at Paris, wanted to read his charming little *billet-doux*; if you have any curiosity left respecting them, you have now an opportunity to gratify it.”

“I would not be at the trouble to read a single line; the nonsense of such a brainless ape does not interest me in the least,” replied the earl, spurning the papers with his foot: “collect your treasures, madam:

billets to excite my curiosity must bear a later date."

"Poor dear duc, how it would mortify your vanity, to see your brilliant effusions trodden under foot!" Directing a footman to replace them in the box, her ladyship asked the earl, "if it was really true, that Miss Lambart was to be married to lord Monheghan?"

"No," replied he, in a voice that made the countess start, though accustomed to his gusts of fury; "but how the devil should I know? you are more likely to be acquainted with lord Monheghan's intentions than I am; he was once a follower of yours; are you displeased that he should marry?"

"It is nothing to me whether the man marries or remains single," said the countess, affecting indifference; "but I beg your lordship's pardon for introducing a subject that so much discomposes you. What a pity that madame Belvoir should have proved so fickle, as to prefer that ugly vulgar major! you have never been in a good temper since she left us."

"Confound madame Belvoir and the

major! she has my free permission to go with him to——”

Where, the earl of Vandeleur did not say; for a party of morning visitors cut short the permission he was so liberally bestowing on madame Belvoir, and her *compagnon du voyage*.

The newspaper *on dit* had so filled the mind of the earl with fury and jealousy, that he could scarce command his temper to reply with politeness to the morning salutation of the visitors, whom he soon after left, to make their comments on his strange looks and abrupt departure.

Among other topics of conversation, Mrs. Macliv wondered if it was true, that Mr. Percy used his wife extremely ill, and kept such abominable hours, that she had insisted on having separate apartments.

“I dare say it is perfectly true,” said Mrs. Goran, looking the countess of Vandeleur full in the face, “for he seems to prefer other men’s wives to his own.”

“He is not singular in that propensity,” replied the countess, quite unabashed; “most men seem to despise the jewel they

possess, and to covet what belongs to another, though of inferior value."

"If men are such unsatisfied creatures," observed a little lisping Miss, just introduced into company, "I am very glad I am not married; for I am sure such conduct in my husband would make me feel quite uncomfortable."

"You will be better able to speak upon that subject, Eliza, when you are married," replied her mamma; "and Heaven knows when that may happen, for there never was a more plentiful scarcity of marrying men than at this present time."

"We are all too sensible of the truth of that observation who have grown-up daughters," said lady Boyle. "Pray, countess, is it true that your aunt is going to marry sir Harry Ogle?"

"Really," replied the countess, "I can scarcely answer for my own intentions, and would on no account pretend to vouch for another person's: but here is lady Desmond—let her reply for herself."

"How many times, countess, must I entreat you not to speak of me by that de-

tested name—Mrs. Chatterton, if you please.”

“Well, my dear madam,” said Mrs. Goran, “we understand that you are soon to be known to your friends as the bride of sir Harry Ogler. When is the happy event to take place?”

“You must not listen to every idle report,” replied lady Desmond, smiling, and trying to blush. “To be sure the man is *very solicitous, and teazes me out of my life to have pity on him.*”

“What a vain old fool!” whispered Miss Boyle.

“But I have not decided whether I will marry him or not,” resumed lady Desmond; “and as to when (*As soon as sir Harry pleases,*” thought Mrs. Goran), requires some serious consideration, for lovers and husbands are very different characters, as I have unhappily proved.”

Lady Desmond would have expatiated on the subject, but Mr. Percy, Mr. Darel, and Mr. Wilmot Darel, were announced.

Miss Boyle and the Misses Cashem put on their most agreeable looks, and glanced at the mirrors, to ascertain whether their

ringlets were arranged in a becoming style.

The manners of the elder Darel, a heavy florid-faced man, were easy; and though not at all refined, spoke an intimate acquaintance with the world, by whom he was considered *un bon vivant*.—Mr. Darel had a great deal to say for himself, and was so profuse in his compliments, that the young ladies simpered, and thought him an extremely pleasant man.—Poor Wilmot looked paler and more dejected than ever; his thoughts were entirely engrossed by the one overwhelming passion; he had neither eyes nor ears but for the countess Vandeleur, who, better pleased with the wit and vivacity of Percy, took little notice of him, till the voluble Miss Boyle asked him if he was sick, in debt, or in love?

“You have struck the right note,” lisped Miss Blisset. “Poor young man! I am certain, by his look, he is in love, and his mistress is cruelly indifferent to his passion.”

Irritated at the total disregard of the countess, more mortifying to his feelings than even an open expression of scorn

would have been, Wilmot replied, a bright hectic rushing over his pale face—
“Happy would it be for many young men, if those who have not hearts to bestow were to take pains to repress love in their adorers, rather than unfeelingly encourage it.”

“And it would be well for silly young men also,” said the countess, “if they would suppress their excessive vanity, and not construe the polite usages of kindness and hospitality into an encouragement of their presumptuous and romantic love.”

Wilmot coloured more deeply than before; but rallying his spirits, he replied—
“If all who are weak enough to nourish a hopeless passion had the advantage of hearing your ladyship’s reproof, I think it would go far towards effecting their cure.”

The countess looked scornful—Percy indulged in a triumphant laugh.

Lady Desmond, who had often observed and condemned the conduct of the countess towards Wilmot Darel, when at Doneraile Castle, observed it was wrong, very wrong indeed, for ladies to shew any sort of attention beyond civility to young

men, particularly when there could be no possibility of mutual happiness arising from their condescension.

Wilmot Darel reminded his brother of an engagement, for he was anxious to be gone; his feelings almost suffocated him, and he wished to breathe the fresh air, where the spells of the sorceress had no power.

When the brothers were gone, Miss Boyle remarked that the elder Darel was a fine tall man, but she liked Wilmot best, he was so pale and interesting.—“I hate a man with a high colour,” continued she; “and then Wilmot, though not quite as tall as his brother, is just the thing for an officer, he looks so remarkably well in regimentals.”

“But I beg you will remember, Miss Boyle,” said her prudent mamma, “that Mr. Wilmot Darel carries his whole fortune in his epaulettes and sword.”

“What a pity he is not rich!” replied Miss Boyle. “But his brother does not wear regimentals?”

“No,” resumed lady Boyle; “but he

is too poor to marry; for he has so involved the estate to which he is heir, that when his father dies, it will be seized by his creditors: so I charge you, Miss Boyle, never let your thoughts glance upon either of the Darels."

The ladies soon after spoke of the various calls they had to make, and hurried away, to report, at their next visit, the conduct of the countess of Vandeleur, who was said to have flirted in a most scandalous way with Wilmot Darel, who was pining himself into a consumption, and breaking his heart, because she had discarded him for Mr. Percy, a wicked wretch, who was killing by inches his own amiable wife.

Monsieur Lemain had been instructed by the earl of Vandeleur to renew his courtship to the weak-headed Janet, from whom he had no difficulty in obtaining a report of every movement or intention of the Wandesford family with which she happened to be acquainted. Among the rest, he was informed that lord Monheghan was a constant visitor, and a great favourite with the baroness Wandesford, who seemed to encourage his addresses to

Miss Lambart; but he was not at all liked by the dowager countess of Vandeleur, who often said she should not invite him to her entertainments, but from the scarcity of single gentlemen; for she favoured the suit of sir Horace Clare, who was every day expected with his mother, when the dowager hoped they should between them persuade Miss Lambart to marry sir Horace, who was young, rich, and handsome, and in every way a suitable match: but Miss Lambart, Janet said she was certain, cared nothing for lord Monheghan or sir Horace Clare, and would not marry either of them; but for all that, if ever any body was in love, she was, though Janet protested she could not find out with whom; but she sighed and wept often when she was alone; and once she heard her say, as she walked about the dressing-room—“This sorrow is sinful; I ought not to think of him; he is lost to me for ever.”

Lemain artfully pumped all he could out of Janet, and then carried, with what additions he thought proper, her communications to the earl of Vandeleur, whose

jealousy of lord Monheghan gave way to the revived hope that himself was the secretly-beloved of Miss Lambart—him, who being married, she considered lost to her for ever: but she was surrounded by admirers, and he had no belief in the eternity of female affection; some one of his rivals might supersede him in her heart, and triumphantly carry off the prize he so ardently wished to obtain.

The earl of Vandeleur, though he thought lightly of female virtue, did not presume to believe that while he was a married man, Miss Lambart would listen to, or encourage his passion; but could he once obtain a divorce from his hated wife, he had no doubt she would accept him. For *Wilmot Darel*, he had some human feeling, a sort of languid friendship, that made him unwilling that he should be the victim of an artful woman, and he was not sorry to see him withdraw from her seductions: but Percy, with whose sentiments and principles respecting women he was well acquainted, and certain that he would stick at nothing to accomplish his purposes, for him he had no wish but that

he should reduce the countess to the level of his own vile thoughts; he was glad to see him assume the position Darel had abdicated; for if any man had sophistry enough to overcome a proud mind, and tempt and seduce it to weakness, Percy possessed that dangerous power.—“She is a woman,” soliloquized the earl, “and may yield, supposing herself secure from detection; but Lemain shall watch her narrowly; Millefleur shall be bribed, while I, seemingly careless and unobserving, I will have an eye on her and Percy; and may that fiend, whose peculiar province it is to delude woman, inspire Percy with all his own eloquence, to tempt, persuade, and overcome.”

The dowager countess of Vandeleur's balls and routs, the dinners given at her mansion, excelled in magnificence every thing that had been heard of in Dublin, and maintained in public opinion a decided superiority over the countess her daughter-in-law's proudest efforts. This occasioned much envy and resentment, for the young countess had more than once the mortification to find the guests she in-

vited to a *conversazione* or fancy ball, had a prior engagement at Phoenix House, the name of the dowager countess of Vandeleur's mansion.

Having heard that a ball was to be given at Phoenix House, on the very evening she was planning a very sumptuous entertainment, to celebrate her birthday, the young countess gave way to a storm of rage, and burst into such invectives against the baroness Wandesford, Miss Lambart, and the dowager, as provoked the earl to bid her speak with more respect of her superiors. This produced high words, and a bitter wish from the earl that he had never beheld her; for she had been to him a blight and pestilence, that had withered his brightest hopes, and swept from him the affections of his mother.

"And worse than this," said the countess, with a provoking sneer, "separated you from your beautiful, accomplished, all-perfect cousin; why did not you finish the sentence, for this I know was in your thoughts?"

"Most true," replied the earl, "sepa-

rated me from an angel, and linked me to a devil."

"Bless my soul," said lady Desmond, entering from an inner apartment, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing of any consequence, only his lordship is amusing himself and me, with an exhibition of his delightful temper. I hope your lawyer is not disturbed, and that he will not make a mistake in your marriage-articles, that may allow sir Harry Ogle to play the tyrant."

"When a husband is entirely dependant on a wife, he will know his own interest better than to behave improperly," said lady Desmond.

"And how ought a wife to behave?" asked lord Vandeleur, "when raised from the middle ranks to claim a place among the noblest of the land? ought she to give free licence to her speech, and rail against those, whom ancient name and high birth elevate far above her, who owes her state solely——"

"To her own discretion and good management," interrupted the countess, "and nothing to your generosity or honour; for

having grown weary of the plaything you were at so much trouble to obtain, you would have cast me aside with your other toys; you would have left me disgraced and despised, without compunction; but my better genius triumphed, and I am, and will remain, a countess. Your haughty mother may consider me with insolent contempt; your all-perfect cousin may think me her inferior; you may withdraw from me your solemnly-protested love, but you cannot deprive me of rank; no, it must be my own act alone, that can hurl me from the eminence it cost me so much anxiety to attain; and spite of my plebeian origin, believe me, I estimate rank as highly as the proudest patrician of you all, and shall be particularly careful to indulge in no weak folly that may deprive me of caste."

The earl looked as if he wished her cast into the Liffey, but contented himself with saying—"All the plagues and evils under the sun are concentrated in the name of wife."

"What say you to that very liberal opinion, *mon ami*?" asked the countess of sir

Harry Ogle, who then entered the room.

"There is nothing I hear can lessen my respect for the fair sex," replied the little baronet, smirking and bowing.

"Wait till you are married," said the earl; "you will then be betterable to judge how far they are entitled to your respect."

"The opinions of the malevolent and the disappointed are not worth regarding," replied the countess, as she left the apartment.

Sir Harry Ogle saw the temper of the countess was discomposed, and he looked from the earl to lady Desmond, expecting an explanation; but nothing was said by either party. Lord Vandeleur took up a newspaper, pretending to read; and lady Desmond invited the baronet to a hearing of their marriage-contract. To many points and restrictions, sir Harry would have objected; but his trip to Paris, and various expences since his return, had involved him so deeply in debt, that he was necessitated to take the green eyes, ugly nails, and the small portion of her income she chose to place at his command, or submit

to be incarcerated among a set of beings, unaccustomed to the luxuries of razors and clean linen.

Mr. Percy, by invitation of lord Vandeleur, was present at the celebration of the nuptial ceremony that gave the widow Desmond the title of lady Ogle. During the time a house was preparing for them, the new-married pair remained the guests of the earl and countess, where, under the appearance of friendship, Percy continually advised the bridegroom against submitting to petticoat government, and represented the disgrace of allowing himself to be henpecked, till lady Ogle began to discover, that, instead of being directed and instructed by her, as she expected, the little baronet stoutly asserted a will of his own, and would not allow her to interrogate him as to where, or with whom, he spent his evenings, or how he expended his money, though it shortly appeared, in spite of all his lady's cautions and admonitions, he had been seduced to become a subscriber to a club, of which Percy was perpetual president, where he had been enticed to gamble, and had lost four hundred pounds.

But though Mr. Percy had occasioned much bickering and ill-will between sir Harry Ogle and his lady, it made not the slightest alteration in the conduct of the earl and countess towards him, which at last provoked lady Ogle to observe, that a notorious gambler as Percy was known to be, ought to be excluded from respectable society; that the vile wretch had persuaded sir Harry Ogle to play at hazard, when he was not sober, and that he had been pillaged of four hundred pounds.

"And no doubt Percy shared the plunder," said lady Ogle, "for every body says his wife's fortune is all spent, and that he lives entirely by gambling."

"Perhaps so," replied the countess; "but Mr. Percy visits in families of the first distinction, and as they do not question his respectability, I do not consider myself authorized to inquire into the state of his finances, or his means of life; nor do I see, because Mr. Percy happened to be present, when a half-witted man lost more money than his wife approves, why he is to be blamed. Gambling is, unfortunately, too much practised by gentlemen; but

where there is an equal chance of winning and losing, I do not understand why the winner should be stigmatized as a plunderer. The wisest plan sir Harry Ogle can pursue is, to let his first loss be his last; but if he will play, let him keep sober; for of late I think his head is seldom clear."

"What a shocking insinuation!" exclaimed lady Ogle; "but if you are capable of vindicating such a profligate as Percy, you will not stick at defaming an innocent person. Charlotte, Charlotte! I blush to perceive the ascendancy that vile wretch, Percy, has gained over you."

"Pray, madam, blush for yourself," said the countess, "who, after having had two husbands, could not be content without a third, and, for lack of a better, have married a little baboon."

Lady Ogle's resentment was vented on her husband, whom she found quite unmanageable: having taken possession of their own house, their quarrels were renewed daily, till at last, regret that he had thrown away his person and title upon a woman old enough to be his mother, who had green eyes and ugly nails, preyed

upon his spirits. To drown care, he took to drinking; and from a beau, a fop of the first order, sir Harry Ogle became a sloven and a tobacco-smoker.

The time had arrived when the dowager countess of Vandeleur expected the arrival of sir Horace Clare and his mother; but while in the bustle of preparing for such distinguished guests, a most vexatious disappointment occurred: the visit was postponed, and the marriage announced of sir Horace Clare, with a young lady whom he had met in Scotland two years before, and whom he had then greatly admired.

Lady Clare's letter to the baroness Wandesford said—"The time of wooing, between my son and his bride, has indeed been short, but their characters are well known to each other, for they spent a whole summer together at lord Irvin's, and probably would have been lovers at that time, but from a belief of his that she was attached to sir Robert Blair, who is since married to her sister. Present us, dear madam, most kindly and respectfully to Miss Lambart, whose friendship I solicit for the bride."

The baroness Wandesford and Miss Lambart both wrote to lady Clare, and assured her it would afford them much pleasure to see sir Horace and his bride at Dublin, to whom they offered every kind and friendly wish on their marriage.

The dowager wrote also, but her congratulations were more complimentary than sincere, for she had determined that sir Horace Clare should marry Miss Lambart, and in the height of her anger, she called him a wavering fool, and hoped he would repent his hasty marriage.

Mrs. Percy's frequent indisposition presented an excuse for not accepting the young countess of Vandeleur's invitations to her routs; but the real cause of her absenting herself was, the increasing familiarity of lady Vandeleur with Mr. Percy. She was now constantly seen leaning on his arm, and attended by him to every public place. The intimate friends of the countess reprobated her conduct so openly and incautiously, that Mrs. Percy was no stranger to the reports that were in circulation, of the *liaison* between the countess of Vandeleur and her husband.

Mrs. Rochfort and many of her friends often accompanied Miss Desmond when she called on her sister; and though they never hinted at the scandalous reports that were afloat, Mrs. Percy could perceive, by their going away as soon as her husband entered the room, that he had rendered his character detestable to the virtuous and respectable, and that by a marriage with him, she had disgraced and ruined herself. Self-condemnation, the certainty that she had rejected the warnings that might have saved her from the unavailing misery of repentance, affected the health and spirits of Isabella so much, that Emily thought change of air might be of service to her.

Mrs. Rochfort had a cottage *ornée* at about three miles distance from Dublin, beautifully situated on the banks of the Liffey; at this cottage she frequently passed a few days, when not disposed to receive, or go into company; and observing Emily's uneasiness respecting her sister, she deputed her to invite Isabella to spend a few days at Longfort, the name she gave her elegant retirement. Mrs. Percy gratefully accepted the kind invitation, for a

distressing report had reached her, that at the club of which her husband was president, Mr. Darel had lost all the money he had been able to raise on the reversion of his estate; and that the continual success that had attended the play, and bets of certain members of the club, including the president, had raised suspicions that there must be unfair practices resorted to, which were carried on by confederacy. Isabella felt horror and shame at being so closely allied to a character whom the public believed capable of such fraudulent and dishonourable actions. To remonstrate with, or admonish him, she knew would be useless. As yet she had not known more than a temporary want of money, but she saw the dreaded hour of poverty was fast approaching; for when she had handed to Mr. Percy the bills sent in by their butcher and baker, he had tossed them aside, and said—"The infernal rascals must wait my convenience."

"Wait till he has fleeced some unwary victim," thought Isabella, and shuddered. "How little," said she, "did my dear aunt believe, when she bequeathed nearly two

hundred thousand pounds between Emily and myself, that my portion would be bestowed on a gamester—a man deaf to the voice of religion and callous to the feelings of humanity! that in less than one year I should be reduced to exist on means dishonestly obtained, and rendered accursed by the execrations, groans, and despair of wretches reduced to beggary.

Just as Mrs. Percy's carriage was drawing up to Mrs. Rochfort's door, a crowd rushed by, in the midst of which was borne the corpse of a man, and she heard a soldier, who followed the crowd, say to another—"Why sure now, and it's the dead corpse of his honour Mr. Darel, the brother himself of our lieutenant; and did not he dine at the mess on Monday? and was not it himself then, that drank as much claret, and was as merry as the best of them? and now, bad manners to such folly! he has blown his brains out with one of his brother's pistols, that I was after putting a bit of a polish on only yesterday."

Mrs. Percy gasped and listened; she caught a view of the blood-stained corpse, and the thought that her husband had

been the means of driving the unhappy man to self-murder brought on a fainting fit. She was borne insensible to the parlour, where Mrs. Rochfort and Emily sat, prepared for their country excursion. When recovered, Mrs. Percy suffered her sister and friend to believe that the crowd had alarmed her; for knowing how much Emily was interested in all that concerned Wilmot Darcl, and that the dreadful suicide of his brother would add to her concern on his account, she remained silent on the subject, though her soul was harrowed with the horrible idea that Percy had caused the unhappy man to commit the desperate act, which might lead to consequences that would prove fatal, not only to the guilty accessory, but to the innocent bewailers of the crime.

CHAP. II.

Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath,
 In this lone spot let my grave be made.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 Oh, prepare it;
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.
 Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet,
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown;
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, oh, where,
 Sad true lover never may find my grave,
 To weep there. SHAKESPEARE.

Oh, what a ——— his mind is here o'erthrown!
 ——— his reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,
 That unmatched form and feature of fair youth,
 Blighted with ecstasy. *Ibid.*

RELIGION, aided by the sensible advice,
 and almost maternal affection of Mrs.
 Rochfort, in whose bosom she had reposed
 all her sorrows, had brought the suffering
 Emily Desmond to be resigned and sub-
 missive to the heavy misfortunes by which

an inscrutable Providence, in its wisdom, had seen fit to prove her faith, and try her patience. The marriage of her beloved and only sister with an avowed Atheist, had occasioned her unceasing affliction; her father's union, with a woman much disliked by her sister and herself, which was soon followed by the awful event of his sudden and terrible death, shocked her nerves, and brought on a slow fever, that greatly reduced her; while her unhappy passion for Wilmot Darel contributed its deleterious influence to depress her spirits, and weaken her constitution, always so delicate, that from childhood her friends had thought her of a consumptive habit; but, contrary even to medical opinion, and to her own expectation, she had, by the judicious management of Mrs. Rochfort, astonishingly recovered health, and in some degree cheerfulness; in which most desirable change Wilmot Darel had, though unconsciously, assisted; for the report had reached her, that he had voluntarily withdrawn himself from the siren, whose spells had been cast over him, to the endangering of his honour and eternal peace.

Young as Miss Desmond was, and, happily, unacquainted with the strong hold that sin, once admitted, takes on the human heart, she was, by reading and reflection, taught, that breaking from an enthrallment, such as had entangled Wilmot Darel, must have been effected, by conscience, by fortitude, and virtuous self-denial: the onward road of vice she knew was flowery and alluring, but to tread back its mazy paths was only to be effected by perseverance, by painful efforts, humiliation, and resolute virtue; and that Wilmot Darel should so have suffered, and triumphed, was joy to the heart of Emily, still impressed with his graceful image; but she no longer courted solitude, that she might indulge in undisturbed recollections of him; she no longer blushed, wept, or lamented her hopeless passion; she was certain they never should be any thing to each other; and while she rejoiced at his return to virtue, and wished him happiness, she endeavoured to think of him only as an esteemed friend, from whom she was divided for ever.

At Longfort Cottage all was friendship,

hospitality, elegance, and tranquillity ; yet Mrs. Percy felt neither the beauties of its situation, the charm of friendship, nor the blessing of content : her mind was haunted by the image of the devoted self-murdered Darel ; alone and in company, by day and night, the ghastly shattered face, the blood-clotted hair of the suicide, was before her, of whom she did not dare to speak, though she thought, if she could by any means learn whether Percy was implicated in the horrible affair, the intolerable weight would be removed from her heart : but though the intelligence had reached Mrs. Rochfort of Darel's dreadful end, and of suspicions being entertained that Percy had assisted to fleece the unfortunate man out of the whole of his possessions, and been the means of driving him to despair and death, she not only never spoke of the circumstance herself, but strictly warned her domestics to put a seal upon their lips, that not a whisper might reach the sisters, both of whom she was certain would be deeply concerned at the horrible catastrophe.

Mrs. Percy had been more than a week at Longfort, but its pure air had produced

no change in her health or spirits; she appeared to be every day getting worse; and, to the great alarm of Mrs. Rochfort, her languor appeared to be sinking into lethargy; for though not sleeping, she would sit for hours together with her eyes closed, silent and motionless.

"I will get her to walk," said Emily; "she is unwilling to stir out of doors, but I am persuaded gentle exercise will do much towards her recovery."

The united persuasions of Mrs. Rochfort and her sister at length prevailed on the melancholy Isabella to accompany them to make a few charitable visits in the neighbourhood; fearful of fatiguing her, Mrs. Rochfort considerably stopped at a pleasant cabin, kept in better order than those of the Irish peasantry in general are, where, having seated Mrs. Percy, who seemed to take no interest in what was passing, Mrs. Rochfort inquired of a young girl, who was teasing coarse wool, where her mother was?

"Mother is it you want? Sure I am sorry she is not here to spake to your honor's ladship, but she is gist stepped on to

the smithery to call father, where he works with George the smiter, who can break a bar of iron as thick as himself, with a single blow of his hammer. George proffered his company to me sure, and father said I was a fool not to take him; but I was after thinking of his strong arm, and little luck it would be to me any how, if it was myself that was to be mistress of the smithery, if he was to be smiting me when he got a drop of the poteen. Saint Patrick save us!" exclaimed the girl, crossing herself; "sure that noise I see is not the mad officer come back."

Mrs. Rochfort listened, and Emily went to the door and looked out; but all being quiet, and no person in sight, Mrs. Rochfort asked—"What officer she was speaking of?"

"Why the mad cratur that mother takes care of," replied the girl; "he has broke the cord that he was tied down with, and is run off to Dublin. Bad manners to him, he frightened me out of a year's growth, and mother wants father and George to go after him, and bring him back; but good luck to his legs, I hope

they will never catch him, for it is myself that is afraid of him."

"How long has the poor man been deranged?"

"Ranged!" repeated the girl, at a loss to comprehend the question.

"Mad I mean," said Mrs. Rochfort.

"Oh, mad is it; well then, I never asked him, but the doctor can tell, I suppose; and sure and sure, when he comes in the evening, he will be in a rampaging temper, for he pays mother a power of money to keep the watch over the mad cratur; and only while she was looking up a few small praties to give to the pig, why then it was himself that was after getting the rope loose, and away he scampered, gist as our Darindy does when the flies bite her."

"And what is the name of the officer?" asked Emily; "has he no friends or relations to take care of him?"

"Name! sure then I never heard a word out of his name at all; but the priest, father Haggerty, has been here two or three times, and he may tell his name, if it is not a secret; and if he is in the humour

to talk, for he is cross enough to me, and bad manners to his gentility, bids me to be after giving my tongue a holiday, and not to be meddling with questions that do not consarn me, when it is myself that never was given to ask questions, nor to be fond of talking."

The unwearied tongue of the girl convinced Mrs. Rochfort that she merited father Haggerty's reproof; bidding her tell her mother to come up to Longfort in the evening, she turned from her, and asked Mrs. Percy if she was sufficiently rested?

Opening her half-closed eyes at this question, she faintly answered—"Yes;" and taking the offered arm of Emily, they pursued their walk through a little wood, to an opening that commanded a fine view of the Liffey. Mrs. Rochfort endeavoured to engage the attention of Isabella, by speaking of the calmness of the water, the clearness of the sky, and the bracing air, when she observed her point to a man within a few paces of them, who was so busily employed in removing a cord that was fastened round his ankle, that he did not observe their approach.

"Defend us!" ejaculated Emily, "the madman."

Mrs. Rochfort wished to turn back; but as he lifted up his head, Mrs. Percy discovered the woe-worn features of Wilmot Darel; and fearfully convinced that he was the unfortunate maniac, Emily, with uncontrollable sorrow, shrieked out his name.

"Yes, I was Wilmot Darel," said he, starting up, "I think I was, and that I had a brother."

Mrs. Percy grew faint, and clung to a leafless tree for support.

"But perhaps," resumed Darel, "it was not so, for I have had such troubled dreams lately, such strange confused thoughts."—As he spoke, he put his hand to his head, then suddenly snatching it away, he shuddered, and said—"There is blood on my hand; it is my poor brother's blood, because the villain Percy decoyed him to ruin; he shot himself, and I promised him, as he sat by me last night, that I would blow my brains out with the same pistol; but not because Percy defrauded

me of money ; no, no, not for money, but for her, the smiling, treacherous——No, I will not endure her scorn—Percy shall not triumph over me—he has loaded the pistol ready for me—he has murdered my poor brother; and when both the Darel's are gone, he may be happy with her. But not so—lady Vandeleur will laugh at him, scoff at him, and despise him, as she does me.”

Mrs. Percy fainted, and Emily, nearly in the same situation, could render Mrs. Rochfort no assistance to raise her from the earth, but weak and trembling, gazed piteously on Darel and her sister, while Mrs. Rochfort, greatly agitated and affected, eagerly looked towards the wood-path, in the hope of seeing some of the peasants who lived near, and frequently came to the wood to gather dry and broken branches.

In the mean time, Wilmot had forced the cord from his ankle.—“ Now,” said he, “ I will away for Dublin ; if Percy kills me, it will be best, for then I shall not die with my own blood upon my head ; but if the villain falls by my hand, the same pistol with which my poor brother de-

stroyed himself, that shall quiet the beating of my temples!—that shall conclude——”

Emily held up her hands in supplication as she stood before him, but her ashy lips could utter no sound; and unable to support herself, she fell senseless at his feet.

Stooping down, and surveying her features, Darel seemed to ponder and try to recollect her.—“What brings her here? does she come to plead for Percy? Away, away. No, it is not her—it is—they say I am mad; if it is so, woman, false, smiling, deceitful woman, has fevered my brain: what if I kill this creature for revenge!”

Mrs. Rochfort caught his arm, shrieking aloud with terror; and on the instant, several men and women, who were in pursuit of Darel, appeared in sight; but no sooner did the eye of the maniac glance upon them, than he shook off the hold of Mrs. Rochfort, and bursting into a horrible laugh, ran with superhuman speed down the slope that conducted to the river. The men followed, while the women remained with Mrs. Rochfort, to assist in recover-

ing, and conducting back to Longfort, the unhappy sisters.

In a short time, the sensibility of Mrs. Rochfort received another shock, from learning that Wilmot Darel had precipitated himself into the Liffey; and that there was no hope entertained of recovering his body, no boat being at hand.

Three days after this, while Mrs. Percy and Emily Desmond were lying delirious with fever, the corpse of Wilmot Darel was cast on shore, frightfully swollen and disfigured; and through the influence of the benevolent Mrs. Rochfort, received Christian burial, for father Haggerty had opposed, and made strong objection to the remains of the unfortunate young man being laid in consecrated earth.

Mr. Percy, on being informed of the illness of his wife, came over to Longfort, where he was received by Mrs. Rochfort's physician. Unable to bear the sight of a man whose vices had caused such terrible calamities, she ordered her housekeeper to send in refreshments, while she remained in her dressing-room during his stay, a course she constantly pursued whenever

an affectation of concern for his wife induced him to ride over from Dublin, which was more frequent after the doctor had given an opinion that Mrs. Percy would recover; but he had little hope of Miss Desmond. If Emily died, her fortune would be her sister's; and never before had the life of Isabella been so precious to her husband—never before had he treated her with such tender attention, or seemed so anxious for her recovery; nor had he ever expressed a wish to be a father; but now that hope was at an end, he lamented the loss of his child; but the mother was spared, and that, he said, in some measure reconciled him to his loss.

Mrs. Rochfort was not deceived by the artful conduct of Percy; she dived into his inmost thoughts, and gave particular charge that he might, on no account, be permitted to enter Miss Desmond's apartment, for she knew not to what lengths his rapacious desire to inherit her fortune might carry him. But while Percy expected the death of Emily, her youth had baffled the disorder, and her recovery was more rapid than that of her sister. She

expressed satisfaction, and thanked Heaven fervently, when she heard that Wilmot Darel was dead; though she shed many tears, she was glad that his miseries were ended; and she trusted that Infinite Mercy would pardon the rash act of suicide, committed under the influence of frenzy.

Miss Desmond most truly lamented the fate of the elder Darel, and wished that his remains should share the grave of Wilmot; but every argument she could use, even the offer of a heavy purse, was rejected by the bigotted Haggerty; and it was ceded as a particular indulgence, for which he was to make a handsome donation to the church, the permission to place a marble cenotaph over his grave, simply recording his name and age.

Mr. Percy had been extremely urgent with his wife to return home, which, without the presence of its mistress, he said, was gloomy and uncomfortable; the physician had declared she might remove without danger of relapse, and there was no longer an excuse for remaining at Longfort.

Mrs. Percy regretted the tranquillity and the kindness she was about to quit; she had no wish to return to Dublin, where she feared new troubles awaited her; but she had detained Mrs. Rochfort in the country, from friends who anxiously expected her return to their society, from which she had been so long absent; and feeling it was her duty to comply with the wishes and reasonable commands of her husband, Isabella prepared, with a sinking heart, to go back to Merion-square.

The morning after their return to Dublin, as Mrs. Rochfort and Emily were conversing on the late melancholy events, lord Monheghan was announced. Mrs. Rochfort had not seen him since his arrival at Dublin; but her friends were his, and she was glad to have an opportunity of introducing him to Miss Desmond, who was much pleased with his good sense and unassuming manners, so different to many men of fashion she had seen, who had brought, from a tour on the Continent, only frothy compliments and extravagant foppery.

Mrs. Percy had determined, be the consequences what they might, never again to receive or visit the countess of Vandeleur, of whom she never thought but with horror and detestation; and she was much gratified to find her husband had decency enough not to urge her to accept invitations to her house, or to go where she was likely to meet her; nor did Mr. Percy ever obtrude himself at Mrs. Rochfort's, where he could not help discovering he was only tolerated on account of his wife, who was universally pitied.

One evening, at a coffee-house, Percy contrived to get introduced to lord Monaghan, whom he had for some time marked as a prey; but aware of his character, and detesting gaming, his lordship evaded all further attempts at intimacy; happily preserving those thousands which Percy had appropriated, by a miscalculated anticipation, to his own use.

Gifted with less understanding, sir George Butler had sought the acquaintance of Percy; and in his eagerness to comprehend the calculations, and become what he called a crack whist-player, and

dive into the mysteries of hazard, vingt-un, and rouge et noir, he paid a sum so enormous, that it cooled his rage for play ; and his family wisely taking advantage of his repentance, prevailed on him to visit a relation in a distant part of the country, thus preventing the wily Percy from luring the weak-headed young man to hazard his estate, and reduce himself to beggary.

Lord Monheghan was a constant visitor at Mrs. Rochfort's ; he had heard of Miss Desmond's attachment to the unfortunate Darel, and his heart felt sincere pity for the disappointed hope that had given anguish to so young and amiable a girl ; the plaintive voice, the interesting countenance, the gentle feminine manners of Miss Desmond, were exactly suited to the taste of lord Monheghan, who, though he did not think her so beautiful as Miss Lambart, yet found so much similarity in their tastes, opinions, and behaviour, as to interest him greatly for the happiness of both : nor was Emily Desmond blind to the merits of lord Monheghan. She thought as many other young persons have, that the heart can know no second love,

yet while she heaved a regretful sigh to the memory of Wilmot Darel, she was sensible the weight of anguish that during his life had oppressed her heart, was removed, and that she could esteem, and feel pleasure in considering lord Monheghan as a friend."

Sitting one morning with lady Stella Egerton, who was arranging antique and curious *bijouterie* in a cabinet, Miss Lambart greatly admired an onyx ring, which bore a beautiful head of Alcibiades. —“ That ring,” said lady Stella, “ was presented to my lord and master, as a friendly remembrance, by Mr. Dorrington when he left Ireland ; it is wonderful what a striking resemblance the head bears to the donor ; the fine-formed nose, the curve of the lip, are so extremely like, that were I not convinced of the antiquity of the gem, I should be inclined to think it actually was——”

“ Bless me, my dear Ada, what is the matter ?” observing her hand tremble, and her cheek pale as marble.

“ Nothing,” replied Miss Lambart,

making an effort to look cheerful—"nothing is the matter."

"I was afraid you were taken ill," resumed lady Stella, pursuing her occupation. "I suppose colonel Wingfield is married, or shortly will be, to lady Mary Woodville, for she must now be of age; I suppose the earl, her father, will be in a fine rage, when she rejects her cousin."

"And Mr. Dorrington," asked Miss Lambart, tremulously—"is he not thinking of matrimony?"

"It is some time since sir Philip heard from him," said lady Stella: "in his last letter he did not allude to an intention of the sort: but I should not be surprised to hear the young stoic had found the phoenix he was seeking; for I recollect colonel Wingfield's last letter mentioned a Miss Mortimer, who was on a visit at the earl of Woodville's, a very amiable and highly-accomplished young lady, to whom Mr. Dorrington paid more attention than he had ever before been observed to bestow on any female."

"I most sincerely hope they will be happy," said Miss Lambart, in a voice so

sorrowful, that lady Stella raised her eyes from the cabinet to the face of her friend.

The look of lady Stella seemed to penetrate the secret hidden in her heart's closest recesses.

Ada blushed deeply, and burst into tears.

"Ada, my friend, my dearest Ada," said lady Stella, affectionately pressing her cold trembling hand, "what is the meaning of these tears—this emotion? I remember a few days ago, when sir Philip mentioned Mr. Dorrington, you appeared agitated: nay, do not weep, but tell me, I entreat you, why should that name occasion such distress? Speak to me I beseech you—confide in me."

"Do not ask me," replied Miss Lambart, "to speak my own condemnation, to convince you that I am more weak than any of my sex—than you could possibly believe."

"Ada," asked lady Stella, "are you aware that lord Monheghan, though he has never spoken to you of his passion, seeks your love?"

"No, on my honour," said Miss Lambart. "I have considered lord Monhe-

ghan as my friend, but I never wished, or suspected him to be my lover."

"And should he make you an offer, would you not accept his hand?"

"Not his, nor any other," replied Miss Lambart. "lord Monheghan has my esteem; but never shall my lips pronounce vows my heart refuses to ratify: lord Monheghan is worthy to be beloved; but I have resolved never to accept or listen to——"

"I must have been blind not to have seen this before," said lady Stella; "I now understand you clearly, my friend; that blush, those tears, confirm my belief, that Mr. Dorrington has made an impression on your heart; but it is strange, almost incredible—you never saw him but once, and then in a situation I should have believed little likely to inspire any sentiment, save that of commiseration."

"Spare me, I beseech you," replied Miss Lambart; "I know, I feel all my weakness—my folly—my madness; I have censured myself more severely than you will think I merit: I have endeavoured to forget, but it is impossible—neither time nor absence have power to remove the infla-

tuation, and it is my determination never to marry: I have said this in the presence of all my friends; the baroness Wandesford, my more than parent, smiles incredulously, the dowager countess of Vandeleur chides, and you, dearest Stella, you have condemnation in your look, and opposition on your lips; but I am the best judge of my own feelings, and I repeat I will never marry."

"Not lord Monheghan, I perceive," said lady Stella, "and I truly regret his disappointment, because he would have been just the sort of husband I wish you to have; his understanding so superior, his principles so just and honourable; and I am sure he loves you with sincere and fervent affection."

"I am sorry for it," replied Miss Lambart, "for I cannot return his passion: I admire the character of lord Monheghan, and wish to retain him as a friend, though I cannot accept him as a lover."

"Then there is sir Sidney O'Hara; he declares he is ^{fit}dying for you, and makes odes and sonnets to your beauty."

"Most woeful ones," resumed Ada:

"do not name him ; he estimates his own abilities more than he does my favour ; he is vain and conceited : no woman in her senses would refuse lord Monheghan, and accept sir Sidney O'Hara, a person so every way inferior, except in fortune ; but it matters not to me, whether wise or foolish, rich or poor, it will be my destiny to remain single all my life ; and I entreat you, my dear friend, if you know that lord Monheghan has an intention to offer me his hand, dissuade him from the proposal, which, in truth, will greatly distress me ; for religion and honour will oblige me to reject him ; and this perhaps will render it necessary I should withdraw from the intimacy, which, I confess, gives me much pleasure, and will, as long as I shall be allowed to consider him solely as a friend."

Sir Philip Egerton communicated to lord Monheghan Miss Lambart's sentiments respecting him, together with her ange resolve never to marry ; to which added his own suspicion, not speaking certainty ; for lady Stella had not informed her husband of her friend's unaccountable passion for Mr. Dorrington,

whom she had never seen but once, and that when he appeared in a dying state; that the young lady's affections were secretly engaged to some person, at variance with, or not, from some cause, approved by her guardians, whose will she was too dutiful or too timid to oppose.

Lord Monheghan met this disappointment with firmness and equanimity, proving his strong sense, and the mastery he held over the passions of his nature; he uttered no weak regrets, but pressing sir Philip's hand, said—"I never thought myself fated to obtain such happiness, and now felicitate myself on the prudence that has saved me from the mortification of a refusal. May Miss Lambart be blessed with the person she honours with her choice, while I earnestly set about the task of teaching my heart to resign its presumptuous wishes—to become her friend, not her lover."

Lord Monheghan left Dublin to inspect some improvements making at his ancient seat, which he had determined, being beautifully situated, should be his constant residence. A month's absence from town,

during which he had been fully occupied in the arrangement of his affairs, had done wonders in effecting his cure; and when he again saw Miss Lambart, it was with that calm, yet perfect, esteem a brother might feel for a lovely and amiable sister.

Miss Desmond, though unconscious of her growing regard, had thought the mornings very dull, and the evenings extremely long, without the presence of lord Monbeghan; and she had blushed, she knew not why, when Mrs. Rochfort smiled at her, wondering what could detain him so long in the country; and she had felt an uneasy sort of disappointment, when told he was repairing and new furnishing his house, against he brought home his bride. —“What is this to me?” thought Emily; yet a tear stood in her eye, as she wished him happiness in the wedded state.

When lord Monbeghan called at Mrs. Rochfort's, he found the beauty of Miss Desmond astonishingly improved; a rosy tint had mingled with the alabaster whiteness of her cheek, and her deep blue eye was no longer heavy and languid, but sparkled with animation, as she allowed

him to press her hand, while replying to his inquiries, and receiving his congratulations on her renovated health.

There was now not a day that lord Monheghan allowed to pass without paying his respects at Mrs. Rochfort's, who was well aware that she was not the attractive object of his visits; nor was she slow to discover that Miss Desmond's morning dress was more studied than formerly, and her evening toilet more attended to; but she remained a silent, though pleased, observer of the increasing regard between her young friends, whom she thought were of dispositions so congenial, they could not fail to render each other happy through life. Nor was any one of Miss Desmond's friends more pleased to behold lord Monheghan's attentions to her, than Miss Lambart. Certain that she could never constitute his felicity, or accord him more than respect and esteem, she rejoiced to think she had not decreed so good and estimable a heart to misery.

Even lady Stella Egerton confessed, since her favourite lord Monheghan could not succeed with Miss Lambart, there was no

one of her acquaintance she considered so worthy of his hand, as the mild, gentle Emily Desmond.

Libertine and unfeeling as was the character of the earl of Vandeleur, he did not hear the horrible account of the elder Darel shooting himself, without feeling greatly shocked; though such was the plausibility of Mr. Percy, that his mind perfectly exonerated him from any share or blame in the wretched man's suicide, whom he called a rash, hot-headed fool, for having risked his slender possessions on the turn of a die. But when the untimely death of Wilmot Darel was reported to him, his heart was really affected, and he felt a pang of sorrow, such as he had never before experienced on any occasion; and this regret for the fate of Wilmot Darel increased his contempt for, and dislike of, the woman the law obliged him to consider his wife. Many of the frenzied expressions of Wilmot had been treasured by his brother officers, and had, through them, reached the ears of lord Vandeleur, bringing the terrible confirmation, that Percy having become his rival, and robbing him

of the smiles of lady Vandeleur, had driven him mad; and eventually deprived him of life.

For Percy, the earl had neither friendship nor esteem; he beheld him exactly as he was—an atheist, and libertine *selon l'occasion*; he knew he gambled, and believed he played skilfully; but he had no suspicion of unfair practices, or that he won the money of the ignorant and unwary, with "prepared cards and loaded dice; therefore, when Percy's continual success was adduced as confirmation of his criminality, his lordship denied his being capable of fraud and dishonesty, though he believed that Percy would consider no means unfair, that enabled him to seduce and contaminate the purity of woman.

The earl of Vandeleur sneered at his wife's ostentatious boast of virtue, which he knew her levity of manner invited every man to assail; and she would, he believed, be as vulnerable as the weakest and frailest of her sex, but for the watchful guard of the Cerberus—ambition. To obtain a divorce from a person he so utterly detested, was constantly the employ-

ment of the earl's **thoughts**, and to aid this scheme, he kept up an intimacy with Percy, in the **very** teeth of opposition; for since the death of the Dares, many had refused to dine with, or join, a party where so suspicious a character was invited. But public opinion weighed lightly against the earl's impatient longings to break the chain that bound him to a worthless, despicable woman, who took no pains to disguise her partiality for the husband of the woman she called her dear friend. Percy he knew could "*wheel with the devil*," and was most likely, of all that buzzed their licentious wishes in the ears of the countess, to succeed. Report was already busy with scandalous tales of their improper intimacy, but report was nothing—a puff of wind; the proof of guilt was wanting—the positive evidence, that no evasion, no subterfuge, could put aside; and to obtain this, whenever the earl knew his lady was alone with Percy, an almost daily occurrence, he contrived to send Lemain, or one of the footmen, into the room, on some pretence or other, but without the least advancement of his hopes.

One morning, having learned that Percy had been admitted to her ladyship's dressing-room, though she had been denied to other visitors, on the plea of indisposition, and that Millefleur had been seen going towards the nursery, the earl felt a glow of exultation rush over his face.—“The hour is arrived at last,” said he, “and I shall burst my disgraceful fetters.” With this thought, he threw open the dressing-room door, and beheld Mr. Percy kneeling beside the ottoman on which her ladyship was reclining, in all the graceful negligence of *dishabille*, with her hand clasped in his.

Percy started up, and stammered some unintelligible words, of which the earl took no notice, but coldly said, “I really am concerned to have interrupted so interesting a *tête-à-tête*.”

“Your lordship is mistaken in supposing it a *tête-à-tête*,” replied the countess, pointing to a recess, where, shaded by the drapery of a window, sat Millefleur, smiling at the disconcerted look of the earl, who exclaimed, “You infernal little witch! how long have you been hid behind that curtain?”

"Hid!" repeated she; "I have been not 'hid; I vas all de morning sit in dis place, dat miladi may give de order, de direction for how I trim de dress. Litteel vitch now! eh bien! n'importe."

"Silence your prate!" said the earl, biting his lip, and stamping with disappointment and vexation.

In spite of his self-possession and consummate effrontery, Percy was somewhat confused, as he said, "I assure you, upon my honour, my lord, I was only pleading with the countess for——"

"I ask no explanation," interrupted the earl; "some husbands might feel jealous and resentful, to behold a wife's hand clasped in that of a kneeling lover; but for my part, I so thoroughly despise—but this is useless repetition, for that woman——"

"Has the honour to be countess of Vandeleur," said she haughtily.

"Ay," replied the earl, "to my eternal regret."

"I beg to say," rejoined Percy, "the conduct of lady Vandeleur, with respect to me, reflects——"

"No honour on herself, on you, or me," interrupted the earl; "perhaps her idol, ambition, may hitherto have prevented the actual commission of guilt; but it will be thrown down—her idol will yield."

"Never," said the countess, scornfully; "however I may despise your lordship, I shall never forget to respect myself."

"Your ambition will be trampled in the dust," resumed the earl; "a mind so impure as yours—so vain—so eager for admiration, that indelicately admits such a succession of lovers, must yield at last. If you, Percy, are to be this Circe's victim—the dupe of her arts——"

"Of that," replied Percy, "I have no fear; and pardon me, my lord, if I say I think you do the countess much wrong, in accusing her of vanity and——"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! admirable!" exclaimed the earl, laughing, look and tone appropriate to the occasion; "pursue that strain, Percy; flatter, no matter how grossly and extravagantly; she has an appetite that will swallow all, and receive it as homage due to her beauty."

"Which is yet," replied the countess,

turning to the splendid mirror on her toilet, "I thank my good stars, in tolerable preservation; and *helas!*" affecting to sigh, "if it was not for the freshness of my complexion, and certain other trifling graces of person, what would become of *la pauvre* countess Vandeleur, who has so little intellect, so few acquirements to boast!"

The earl surveyed her with contempt, while Percy, with a look of devoted admiration, said, "The pre-eminent beauty of the countess Vandeleur is her least charm; who ever had the honour of conversing with her, that did not acknowledge her graceful and brilliant wit? who that has ever heard her sing has not been enchanted with the sweetness, richness, and melody of her voice?"

"Bravo! bravissimo!" exclaimed the earl, applauding with his hands; "but while your ladyship drinks in this delicious honeyed flattery, have you no compunctious recollection that poor Wilmot Darel, after adoring, became a victim to your wit—that you smiled, and sung, and danced, and practised all your spells upon

him, till you deprived him of his senses, and drove him finally to death?"

"If Wilmot Darel encouraged presumptuous hopes to the turning of his brain, it was no fault of mine," said the countess.

"Did you not feed those presumptuous hopes," asked the earl, "by cruelly allowing him to believe you returned the passion you had inspired?"

"I really never was vain enough to suppose Wilmot Darel was seriously in love with me," said the countess, arranging her glossy ringlets at the mirror; "but if the romantic boy was really so foolish, so extremely silly, I certainly am not to blame; I positively cannot look as doleful as a nun, for fear men should run mad if I smile; but perhaps your lordship thinks I ought to shut myself up in a convent, since my beauty is so fatal."

The earl wished he had the power to confine her for life.

Percy took up his hat, that lay at the foot of the ottoman on which the countess had reclined; but before he could pronounce "Good morning," the earl proposed his

taking a drive with him, to try a pair of horses he was about to purchase.

The vain heartless countess of Vandeleur, who had not at that time an admirer who flattered so agreeably as Percy, was glad to find the earl had no intention to quarrel with him; and Percy, who began to entertain sanguine hopes that he had made considerable progress in the haughty bosom of the countess, and that all-powerful love would shortly trample down the defences raised by pride and ambition, was pleased to discover no alteration in the earl's behaviour, which was friendly as ever towards him, whatever suspicions he might secretly cherish respecting his honour, and the chastity of his wife.

Percy was aware the earl wished nothing so ardently as to be able to divorce the countess; and though at all times averse to be made the tool of other men's purposes, he had no objection to be aiding and assisting in this business; first, because, with all her acknowledged charms, he, in the depths of his heart, despised lady Vandeleur; and, in the next place, greatly desired to obtain the eclat of hav-

ing conquered the obduracy and coldness that had foiled the attempts of others, and to have the power to scorn and abandon her, at the very moment she confessed, "*Fame, wealth, and honour, yield to powerful love.*"

Mr. and Mrs. Percy now seldom met but at dinner, and then the presence of visitors, or servants, prevented her expostulating with him, as she thought it her duty to do, on the conduct he was pursuing with the countess of Vandeleur, and on the urgent demands of his creditors, who not having received the stated payments they had been promised, had become extremely troublesome, and even insolent; for some had said they placed no reliance on the promises of Mr. Percy, who, it was well known to the public at large, had no funds but what he drew from the purses of other people.

Such was the state of his affairs, when returning home one morning, not master of a single guinea, he found his house in possession of bailiffs, sent in by the upholsterer who had supplied its splendid furniture and adornments; and besides the

bailiffs, two men, who were busily employed taking inventories of or-molu clocks, China vases, pictures, and Japan cabinets. Percy raved and swore, but the men, with imperturbable perseverance, went on with numbering and setting down the articles collected before them.

"What a gentleman has not the means to cure, he is bound to endure," said one of the bailiffs; "and sure now it is gist altogether as well to take things asy, as to be making a hollo-bullew."

Percy acknowledged the wisdom of the man's observation; he had not the money to discharge this unexpected demand, for he had played unsuccessfully for several nights together. Having paced a few times from one apartment to another, he told the men were who taking inventories, that they might spare themselves the trouble, for in three or four hours their sneaking, pitiful employer's demands should be paid.

The men immediately dispatched this welcome intelligence to the upholsterer, who quickly informed Mr. Percy's other creditors; and in less than an hour the hall

was crowded with claimants, demanding payment of their several bills.

Percy found his terrified wife shut up in the drawing-room, weeping, and looking the image of despair, to whom he rudely and abruptly said—"This, madam, is no time to give way to childish tears and weakness; if you wish to preserve me and yourself from absolute ruin, you must be firm, leave whining and complaint, and exert yourself."

"How—in what way—what is it you wish me to do?" asked Isabella, looking mournfully in his face.

"You must instantly apply to your sister," replied Percy; "she is rich, and can very well afford to give, what in justice ought to be yours. It is useless to sit wringing your hands like an idiot—that will not send the bailiffs out of the house."

"No," said Isabella, with a convulsive sob, "I am but too sensible of that, or they would have been gone before this. Emily, my dear Emily, how you will grieve to see me a wanderer, without food or shelter!"

"She will do what is wiser than grieving," replied Percy—"Emily will supply

the means, and enable you to keep your home."

Mrs. Percy stood a moment, silent and musing; suddenly her countenance brightened, and exclaiming—"Oh, thank Heaven! yes, that will be the proper means," she left the room.

Percy supposed his wife had retired to throw on her bonnet and mantle, that she might instantly apply to her sister, whose assistance on this pressing occasion he felt certain she would obtain. Throwing himself on a sofa with much *sang froid*, he whistled a tune, to beguile the time, till Mrs. Percy came to ask him for how large a sum she must apply to her sister; but in a few moments, to his infinite surprise, she returned to the drawing-room, attired exactly as she had left it, bearing in her hand the casket of diamonds he had presented her with.—"Take these, Cyril," said she; "go instantly, dispose of the glittering baubles, and dismiss this distressing demand; clear the house of those horrible bailiffs—they have terrified me almost to death. Why do you hesitate?—I give you

the trinkets with all my heart—indeed I do—I can do without diamonds.”

“ I know you can do without what you never possessed,” replied Percy, dashing the casket to the ground.

“ What do you mean ?” asked Isabella, astonished at this repulsive action.

“ I mean,” replied he, furiously, “ that those,” spurning the casket with his foot. “ are false stones, and will not fetch twenty pounds.”

“ Can this be possible ?” said his wife, with a look of mingled grief and shame.

“ Truth—the actual, absolute truth. You longed to be tricked out like a puppet, and I purchased a few glittering toys to please your childish fancy.”

“ And I,” said Isabella—“ I have worn, at public amusements and private entertainments, false jewels—I have incurred the censure of my friends, and the contempt of my enemies ; and this through the means of my husband, by whose cruel artifice I have been led to——”

“ Silence, woman !” interrupted Percy, fiercely ; “ I am in no humour to attend to your idle upbraidings. Go instantly to

your sister—tell her she must advance you——”

“Must!” repeated *Isabella*.

“Ay, must,” reiterated *Percy*; “she must immediately supply you with seven thousand pounds.”

“Can you suppose, *Cyril*, that I have the effrontery, the heart to make such a request?”

“I insist,” resumed *Percy*—“I command you to go, without farther delay or parley on the subject; I am equally as impatient as you are to rid my house of the rapacious scoundrels that——”

“If they never go hence till I obtain the money from my sister,” said *Mrs. Percy*, calmly seating herself, “they will never go hence.”

Percy was astonished.—“You cannot mean what you say?”

“On my soul I do,” replied *Isabella*; “I once became your agent, *Mr. Percy*, in an infamous imposition, to extort five thousand pounds from my generous, unsuspecting sister; but never again—no, *Cyril*, I will perish for want, rather than again ask *Emily* for money.”

“ Write to her then,” urged Percy, “ if you are averse to make an application in person ; it may, after all, be as well done by letter. Here is your desk ; come, be quick ; recollect it is a case of emergency, and concerns your comfort and peace quite as much as it does mine.”

“ My peace, my comfort, and my fortune, have already been sacrificed to your vices and your excesses,” replied Isabella : “ I am content to be your victim, because I am sensible I owe my wretchedness to my own rash and wilful folly ; but nothing shall induce me to injure my sister ; I will not involve her in my misfortunes. No, my dear Emily shall not be a farther sufferer by my imprudence.”

Percy again urged, pleaded, and menaced ; but finding she remained firm in refusal, he fiercely grasped her arm, and said—“ I have heard your resolve ; now, obstinate fool, listen to mine ; bitterly will you repent this refusal.”

“ I can never repent a just and honourable perseverance in a right cause : you may torture me,” continued she, struggling in his grasp, “ but no bodily suffering

shall induce me to apply to my sister for money, which I am now well convinced would only be temporary relief."

Percy let go her arm, which retained the impression of his fingers, on which, perceiving her look, he laughed, with the brutality of a savage.—"That impression," said he, "will wear out in a few days, but the remembrance of your refusal to remove the embarrassments of your husband will survive in your brain, and press on your heart for ever." He then hastily flung open the door, and left his distressed and afflicted wife to pray for fortitude and resignation, to support her in this her most trying situation.

This prayer had scarcely passed her lips, when Percy returned, and stood before her, brandishing the very pistols that had before terrified her into compliance with his wishes.—"Cyril," said she, surveying him with a severe and steady look—"this is unmanly, this is cruel conduct; but I will not be again driven by terror to commit an act my conscience disapproves."

"Then may my blood rest on your

head, unfeeling woman!", replied Percy, pointing the pistol to his temple.

"Rash, wicked man! think of your evil courses—of your misapplied talents; with all your sins unrepented, will you dare rush into eternity?"

"Into oblivion, annihilation!" exclaimed Percy; "it is probable I might have enjoyed life a few years longer, but you, my kind, affectionate wife, are anxious to procure me a home, that none but bailiff worms will seize upon; you refuse to procure me a longer stay on earth, though you might, with a few words, obtain all I wish."

"At the price of feeling, honour, and sisterly affection," replied Isabella.

"A wife's affection for her husband ought to be paramount to every other."

"Can you assert that you have merited affection?" asked Isabella; "have you not treated me with neglect? have you not —"

"I shall injure you no more—this," said Percy, elevating the pistol, "this shall settle all our differences."

"Have you reflected, Cyril, that after

death there can be no repentance, and that it will assuredly be your fate.—”

“ To perish, rot, corrupt, and fatten the earth, of which I shall become a part.”

“ But your soul, Cyril,” urged Isabella, with a look of horror,—“ your undying, immortal soul——”

“ Soul!” interrupted Percy; “ I never yet found one of your priests, and I have questioned many on the subject, who could tell me in what part of the body it exists. The soul! all fable and invention; if it is blood, it must die when that is shed; if it is breath, it assuredly expires when that is stopped. If I have a soul, you doom it to perdition, by denying me the means to live; and thus I put to proof whether there is another world or not.” He raised the pistol to his head.

Isabella, shrieking in agony, forced down his arm.

“ Off,” said he—“ begone; I do not wish to shoot you; leave me to my fate—let go your hold—if you cling thus to me, I cannot answer for the consequences.”

As he spoke he endeavoured to shake her off; but terror gave her strength, and

she clung to his arm, while her shrieks, loud and appalling, echoed through the suit of apartments. But this effort was too much for Isabella's weak frame, and she was near fainting, when a more powerful arm than hers struck the pistol from the hand of Percy; and Isabella gratefully thanked Heaven when she beheld Mr. Kinsale, Mrs. Rochfort, and her sister Emily, on whose bosom she wept and sobbed convulsively; while Mr. Kinsale sternly demanded of Percy what could induce him to attempt the murder of his wife.

"No, not me—not me," said Isabella; "do not accuse him wrongfully. Alas! alas! it was himself he would have destroyed."

"A most noble and courageous act," resumed Mr. Kinsale; "after having gambled and squandered away his wife's fortune, near a hundred thousand pounds, in less than a-year, and reducing her to poverty, by way of climax he tries to frighten her out of her senses, by pretending to shoot himself."

"Pretending! yes," observed Mrs. Roch-

fort, "for his own sake, I am glad to find it was only pretending; the wretched man was not so wicked as to intend suicide. No, infidel as he is, he did not meditate so horrible a crime. Look, my dear children," said she, as Mr. Kinsale drew the charge, "there is no ball in the pistol."

"Madam, I must take the liberty to remind you that this is my house," said Percy, haughtily; "and I beg to be spared any farther remarks you may be inclined to make upon my conduct."

"Which I shall take upon me to say, is truly infamous," rejoined Mr. Kinsale. "I am not to be awed by frowns or bluster, Mr. Percy; you have brought disgrace and poverty upon the daughter of my esteemed and lamented friend, who is happy in not having lived to see this day; but do not suppose you will pass uncensured, for every friend of the Desmond family will, to your face, as I do, reprobate your conduct; and I beg to inform you, unless you mean to inhabit the bare walls, you have no house, for by my direction the furniture is being removed."

"By your direction; and pray what

right have you," asked Percy "to meddle or command in my affairs?"

"I act as guardian to Miss Desmond, under the will of her father, the late sir Hector Desmond," replied Mr. Kinsale; "and in her name put in a claim among your creditors, Mr. Percy, a pretty numerous company, considering how short a time you have been in Dublin."

"Scdath, sir, will you discharge them? if not, spare your impertinent comments, and proceed to Miss Desmond's claim."

"For the sum of five thousand pounds," resumed Mr. Kinsale, consulting a memorandum-book he drew from his pocket, "fraudulently obtained, on pretence of paying an English jeweller for diamonds, which never were, nor ever were intended to be purchased."

"Do not wrong Mr. Percy by that supposition," rejoined Miss Desmond; "for see, Mr. Kinsale, here are the very diamonds," as she spoke, she raised the casket from the floor.

"It grieves me to undeceive you, my dear Emily," said Mrs. Rochfort; "but Watson, the jeweller, is the nephew of

my housekeeper, and through her I am informed these jewels were designed to glitter among the paraphernalia of a celebrated actress ; but Mr. Percy purchased the mock diamonds, as it appears, to deceive his wife, for I cannot suppose she would have worn them, knowing they were false."

" Oh, no, no," said Isabella, " not for the world would I have worn them ; I blush to think how contemptible I must have appeared."

" Eternal curses light on that babbler, Watson !" exclaimed Percy : " but spare your blushes, madam," addressing his wife ; " your superiors in rank frequently wear false jewels, as substitutes for the diamonds they have been necessitated to raise money upon, to supply their pressing occasions : but you, sir," turning to Kinsale, " you, who have so unceremoniously thrust yourself into my concerns, what may your business be with me ? what is your demand ?"

" Payment of five thousand pounds, borrowed, or more properly extorted, from Miss Desmond, who, being a minor, has no right to draw upon her guardian, with-

out his permission ; I did not approve my ward giving away so large a sum of money, on what I suspected to be a false pretence, and I returned the draft unhonoured. Having, at your desire, Mr. Percy, explained my demand, I will bestow a little unasked information upon you ; unless the money is immediately paid into the bank, where you got the draft cashed, your person will be incarcerated for the debt."

" I contributed—I was the agent in that fraud," said Mrs. Percy ; " had I but possessed the fortitude, had I but resisted, as I did this day, I should have been spared the shame of this exposure."

" Be comforted, my dear Isabella ; no blame can, or is imputed to you ; Mrs. Rochfort and myself are no strangers to the trials you have undergone ; but I trust," said Emily, " your sorrows are now at an end."

" Yes," rejoined Mr. Kinsale, " the town talks of nothing else but the ill-usage and neglect she endures from her profligate husband, and it is time to release her from a worse than Egyptian bondage. Do not

afflict yourself, Mrs. Percy; legal means shall be immediately resorted to; you shall be separated from this bad man."

"And I trust," said Mrs. Rochfort, "to see you restored to peace and happiness."

"While her husband is starving in jail," observed Percy; "how tender, humane, and compassionate!"

"Not for the money obtained from me, Mr. Percy," replied Emily; "for the sake of my dear unfortunate sister, be assured my name shall not appear in the list of your creditors."

"You are vastly too obliging, Miss Desmond," said Percy, bowing with affected humility, "and I certainly ought to be infinitely grateful for your generous consideration. The law undoubtedly makes a husband amenable for debts contracted by his wife; but as you have no proof, more than her bare word, that I had any knowledge of the borrowing, or, if you like the word better, extorting, from you five thousand pounds, or had any share in its expenditure, I think you would find it difficult to make me answerable for the money, if you were so inclined."

“Cyril, Cyril,” exclaimed Mrs. Percy, “do not wish to poison the mind of my sister, my truest, dearest friend, against me; you well know the ‘money you menaced and terrified me into extorting from her, was to pay your debt to captain Langrish, and to——”

“The devil!” interrupted Percy, impatiently.

“It will be well if you can settle your accounts with his infernal majesty, as easily as this fraud upon Miss Desmond,” said Mr. Kinsale; “but I am apt to believe you will find him a more severe and exacting creditor.—Come, ladies, the men will speedily be here to remove the furniture; permit me to see you to your carriage.”

“With your permission, Mr. Percy,” said Mrs. Rochfort, “I shall request the company of Mrs. Percy for a few days.”

“For ever,” returned Percy; “believe me, madam, I shall offer no opposition to an eternal separation.”

Isabella wept bitterly, as she entered Mrs. Rochfort’s carriage; not that she lamented her separation from a man so lost

to honourable feeling—not from wounded affection, but from outraged pride—from the painful certainty, that Percy's sole object in marrying her, was to gain possession of her fortune; that being gone, and finding her determined never to countenance his designs upon her sister's property, he considered her only as an incumbrance, and was content to separate from her, without affecting regret for the ruin he had brought upon her, or even bidding her farewell. But while satisfied that her husband was perfectly indifferent to her fate, Isabella unceasingly prayed for his reformation, and was most anxious that some means of life should be procured for him, that might remove him from the dreadful fascination of gambling. Through the interest of Mr. Kinsale, who saw the expediency of sending Percy abroad, an honourable and lucrative employment was offered him in South America, which he rejected with the utmost contempt, because it would confine him for six hours in the day to a counting-house, in the examination of bills of lading.—“I was born, bred, and educated a gentleman,” said

Percy, indignantly; "and I will live, in the very teeth of misfortune, like one, without drudgery and dirty trade; and those who are so eager to transport me to South America, and nail me to a desk, in the office of a vulgar, plodding exporter of rice and tobacco, who have so little delicacy in their natures, as to pay no respect to the feelings of a gentleman, shall find their plans disappointed."

This ungracious rejection of Mr. Kinsale's kind and friendly proposal grieved Isabella to the heart, for it seemed as if he was abandoned to evil; and every day she feared she should hear he had fallen in some midnight brawl, or had put an end to his existence with his own hand.

Percy's insolent refusal to accept a share in a lucrative mercantile concern, greatly disappointed Mrs. Rochfort and Miss Desmond, who had hoped to send him abroad, where, in the house of a sober merchant, he might have been kept from the temptation of vice, and by the influence of good example, might have been won over to the side of virtue; and, forsaking his er-

rors, have become a Christian and an honest man.

The kind and generous conduct of Miss Desmond to her afflicted sister, was not lost on the feeling heart and observing eye of lord Monheghan, who having consulted with, and asked the good offices of Mrs. Rochfort, made an offer of his hand to Miss Desmond, who, while she gave his lordship no reason to believe she disapproved his suit, ingenuously informed him of her intention to secure to her sister the one half of sir Hector Desmond's estates.

This generous disposal of so large a part of her fortune did not lessen her value in lord Monheghan's eyes; he approved and applauded her intention to make Mrs. Percy independent; and while, enjoying the countenance of Mrs. Rochfort, and considered by their mutual friends as the accepted lover of Miss Desmond, his lordship joined most cordially in all her kind and affectionate plans to console and raise the depressed spirits of Mrs. Percy, to whom, on all occasions, he behaved as a brother, solicitous to remove melancholy

reflections on past troubles and disappointments, and to encourage cheerful expectations and hopes of future happiness.

The honourable Miss Lambart was one of Emily Desmond's most attached friends, and she congratulated her, with warmth and sincerity, on her future prospects; for Miss Lambart knew that lord Monheghan and Emily Desmond had congenial hearts; she was certain they would make their home Paradise, and enrich their domestic circle with bright examples of virtue, elegance, and philanthropy.

Janet had given her solemn promise to Miss Lambart, that she would resign the company, and give up all thoughts of the flattering promises of monsieur Lemain. Yes—she protested, with tears in her eyes, rather than be sent away from her dear young lady in disgrace, she gave up all expectation of being mistress of the very first hotel in the grandest city in the whole world.

Miss Lambart was satisfied with this promise; and, having heard, through lady Stella Egerton, that the marriage of colo-

nel Wingfield and lady Mary Woodville had taken place, and that her accomplished friend, Miss Mortimer, had, at the same time, bestowed her fair hand on an officer belonging to colonel Wingfield's regiment, and that, accompanied by Mr. Dorrington, the colonel and his lady proposed visiting Ireland the ensuing year, her mind began to regain the blessing of tranquillity, and to encourage a hope that she should gain a friend in Mr. Dorrington, even if his heart should have made its election, and his love was vowed to another.

A succession of gay entertainments, given by the rival countesses of Vandeleur, had kept Dublin alive during a severe winter: the dinner-parties of the dowager were numerously attended; at all her routs, her rooms were crowded, while it was evident that the presence of Mr. Percy, a man held by the public in abhorrence, kept away many of those invited by the young countess; some of those who had reputations to lose, hinted the injury she was doing her good name, by her intimacy with a man of dissolute character,

whose bad conduct and shocking morals had separated him from his wife.

The earl of Vandeleur had his admonishers also; but neither himself nor his lady noticed the remarks made on their intimacy with Percy; the countess had indeed highly resented what she termed the impertinent advice of her aunt, lady Ogle, whom she sneeringly upbraided with want of power to govern her own inclinations, plainly evinced by her two last marriages treading so closely on the heels of each other, and for which glaring indiscretion she was justly punished by sir Harry Ogle, a notorious fop, degenerating into a sloven and a drunkard.

Lady Ogle was stung to the quick; for the pleasure of being styled lady, she had sacrificed comfort, and much money; when she was the honourable Mrs. Chatterton, she was respected, and received into the first society; her second marriage had been a severe disappointment to her avaricious hopes; and her third she found was likely to deprive her of all her friends, and exclude her from every fashionable circle; but while conscious that she had acted

very imprudently, she felt indignant at the sneers and observations of her niece, whom she left vowing she would endow a hospital with her fortune, rather than any portion of it should help to pamper her in pride and insolence.

Sir Harry Ogle's love of the bottle was increased by indulgence, till at last he was often intoxicated by breakfast-time; and the quarrels between him and his lady became so irreconcilable, that they separated by mutual agreement.

Sir Harry Ogle was persuaded by his mother to reside with her, to whom the yearly income settled on him by his wife was extremely useful. Sir Harry forgave his sister for having married a wine-merchant, because he supplied him with claret from his well-stocked cellars, and never was so mean and shabby as to send him in a bill.

Detested by her husband, and cut by her acquaintance, lady Ogle began to discover that the air of Dublin did not agree with her health; she therefore disposed of her house, and retired to her estate in Limerick, where she vainly railed against the sot her husband, and threw out inuen-

does which placed the intimacy of the countess of Vandeleur with Mr. Percy in a very suspicious light.

Stepping into her carriage, after a heavy fall of snow, that dazzled her eyes, lady Stella Egerton got a fall, by which she was slightly hurt, and much frightened; this fall, considered only as a trifling accident, brought on a severe illness, and deprived her adoring husband of an expected heir.

During the confinement of lady Stella, the baroness Ormsby was seized, after eating voraciously of stewed carp, with an apoplectic fit; medical assistance being instantly called in, she was bled, and recovered sufficiently to make her will, in favour of lady Stella Egerton, and to express a particular desire to see her; but lady Stella being at the time unable to quit her bed, could not attend the summons of the baroness; always unreasonable, she became fretful, and giving way to that violent temper which opposition increased, she grew black in the face, fell back on her pillow, and never spoke again.

Though the death of the baroness Ormsby was cautiously disclosed to lady Stella,

the shock retarded her recovery, and brought on a nervous fever, that failing to cure, her physician recommended her speedy removal to a warmer climate.

Lady Stella Egerton was beloved by a numerous circle of friends, among whom none was so dear to her heart as Miss Lambart, who would gladly have given up admirers and amusements, to go abroad with, and attend her sick friend; but the advanced age, and increasing infirmities of the baroness Wandlesford, who seemed to live but for her, forbade the indulgence of this wish.

Lady Stella Egerton had been advised to try the salubrious bracing air of Montpellier; and her alarmed husband was affectionately preparing for their departure, believing that every hour she remained in Ireland increased the disorder that was destroying her health.

The only consolation lady Stella and Miss Lambart felt on their approaching separation, was derived from a promise made by the dowager countess of Vandeleur, that she would herself visit Montpellier the ensuing summer, the waters of

that celebrated city having been prescribed her for a complaint in her side, which had latterly become very troublesome; the air too of Montpelier, celebrated for its purity and mildness, she had no doubt would be greatly serviceable in removing the rheumatic pains of the baroness Wandesford.—

“ And added to these inducements, the pleasure of meeting sir Philip and lady Stella Egerton,” said the dowager, with all that graceful politeness for which she was so justly admired, “ would strongly recommend, and make us prefer Montpelier to any other part of France.”

The morning was fine, the sea calm, and the wind fair, when the yacht which sir Philip Egerton had engaged to convey his beloved wife to France, sailed away from the shores of Erin. Miss Lambart had remained with her friend to the last moment, and her farewell was uttered with a pang of sorrow that affected her whole frame: she had wept till her eyes were inflamed, and her head ached violently; but little inclined as she was for gaiety, she was constrained to go with the dowager countess of Vandeleur to a ball, given in

honour of lord .Neagle's marriage with Miss Belmont, at which all the *elite* of Dublin were expected to be present.

Miss Lambart's extreme simplicity of dress had frequently been objected to by the dowager, who constantly argued, that it was proper that every person should dress according to their rank in life; and that by her ridiculous affectation of plainness, she exposed herself to the mortification of being taken for one of the *canaille*.

Miss Lambart considered herself too young to wear diamonds, but at the desire of the dowager, she consented to put on the splendid chain, which always filled her mind with melancholy reflections on her deceased parents, and the stranger who, from regard to them, had presented her with so magnificent a memorial of his friendship.

If anxiety respecting lady Stella Egerton had not depressed her spirits, Miss Lambart would have enjoyed much pleasure among her young friends, who appeared to have met with a determination to be happy; every face was dimpled with

smiles; joy sparkled in every eye; while the bride and bridegroom seemed to communicate their happiness to the bosoms of their guests.

The countess dowager of Vandeleur was always among the first to depart from an entertainment, never choosing to have it thought that any amusement could sufficiently interest her, to render her forgetful of the lapse of time. A fine day had been succeeded by a dark stormy night, a heavy shower of rain was falling, when the carriage of the dowager countess of Vandeleur left Sackville-street, where the unwearied dancers were still "*footing it away to gay measures.*"

The rain soon extinguished the flambeaux, and all was dark, when suddenly the carriage stopped.—“What is the matter, Richard?” asked the countess, letting down the side glass; “why do you stop? has any accident happened?”

“The douol a bit of an accident, or the likes of it,” replied a strange voice; “only be after keeping your agreeable tongue quiet, my bouchil, and gist ask no ques-

tions, and then you will hear nothing but what is the truth sure." •

Terror paralyzed the dowager, and prevented her from screaming: in the mean time, the door on the other side the carriage was opened, and before Miss Lambart was aware of the intention, a gag was thrust into her mouth, and she was forcibly lifted from her seat, by a ruffian, who ran with her into an adjoining lane, where another carriage stood open, ready to receive her, into which the man who carried her sprang, the door was instantly closed, and the carriage drove off at a furious rate.

The wind and rain, which had free entrance through the open window of the carriage, revived the dowager countess to the certain perception that a man occupied Miss Lambart's place by her side. — "Where is she—why is she taken hence—what has become of the young lady?" were questions fearfully and rapidly asked.

"Sure and I could you not to be after asking questions, be asy now, I bid you, unless you wish to have a taste of the bit of cold iron I hold in my hand."

It was now the dowager discovered she

was not in her own carriage, by the feel of the lining; and she remembered that she had not seen the face of the footman, on whose arm she had leaned when she got into the carriage; a thousand dreadful apprehensions began to assail her, on account of Miss Lambart, whose absence, and unknown fate, would, she feared, be the death of the baroness Wandesford, who doted on her with more than the fondness of a parent for an only child.

In darkness and silence the carriage proceeded, till at last the terrified dowager was cheered by the light from lamps, which she found they were approaching; in a few moments the carriage stopped, and her companion bade her alight.

"Alight!" repeated the countess; "where are you going to take me?"

"Not a step farther, jewel," replied the man: "do you not see," pointing with his finger, "yonder lamps? they are twinkling before Phoenix House; away with you, machree; but have a care now of them pools of water, or you will be after dirtying your elegant white feet; and sure then

it is myself has seldom seen a nater pair of them."

The dowager heard little of this compliment; Phoenix House was indeed before her, terror lent her speed, and rushing up the steps under the pillared portico, she used the ponderous knocker, in a way that alarmed the drowsy porter, who started back, terrified, believing it to be her fetch, when he beheld the dowager, her face pale, her feathers broken, her hair hanging in disorder, and her garments drenched with the rain.

The dowager, exhausted, sank into his chair, groaned, and fainted. The whole household were presently assembled in the hall; and by the direction of the astonished Mrs. Blandy, her lady was carried to her chamber, and the family physician summoned, who declared her to be in a very dangerous state, for she continued in fits for many hours, unable to explain what had happened to herself, or what had become of Miss Lambart.

At daybreak the dowager's carriage returned home from Sackville-street; the coachman and footmen were wet to their

skins, from the heavy soaking rain in which they had waited so many hours; and should, they declared, have still waited, had they not been assured, by lord Neagle's valet, that he had seen the dowager countess, and Miss Lambart pass through the hall three hours before, and get into a carriage, which, from the livery of the man who let down the steps, he supposed was one of their own servants.

The next evening, though extremely ill with a sore throat, and scarcely able to speak for hoarseness, the dowager recounted the fearful and extraordinary adventure of the past night; and sent to all the magistrates information of the terrific manner in which Miss Lambart had been forced away, whose valuable diamonds appeared to have been the inducement to this outrage, and which would, in all probability, endanger her life.

The alarm was instantly spread through the city, and seemed to interest all ranks; immense rewards were offered; and all the numerous friends of Miss Lambart rode about the country, but without obtaining the least intelligence.

Colonel Tyroné, a young officer, whose high family, lively manners, and great poetic abilities, rendered him an agreeable acquaintance, and had obtained for him invitations to all the dowager countess of Vandeleur's most select parties, and who had openly avowed himself a warm admirer of Miss Lambart, though one of the most active in making search after her, was by many suspected of having been the contriver and conductor of her mysterious disappearance; and some suspected that the young lady herself had not been taken by surprise; but that the affair had been concerted between her and the colonel, whom she secretly approved; and aware of the objections that would be raised against him by her guardians, on account of his want of fortune, she had resolved to elope with, marry him privately, and remain in concealment till she was of age, when she could publicly avow her motives, and lay claim to her estates, without dread of opposition or separation.

This report was talked over at the breakfast-table of the young countess Vandeleur, where Mr. Percy was sipping his coffee,

who observed, that "Tyrone was a lucky fellow, if he had really carried off the heiress."

"That really of yours," said the countess, "persuades me you do not attach much belief to the report."

"You are perfectly right," replied Percy; "it gains little credit with me."

"You believe her diamonds, and not the lady, have been the object; perhaps you are right in your opinion," resumed the countess; "for that fairy gift, that costly chain, that came from nobody knows where, and was hung round her neck by nobody knows whom, has been so much talked of, that the only wonder is, that she has not been murdered long ago, for the sake of the treasure, which, beautiful as it is, I should be afraid to wear."

"No," said Percy; "I have no notion that Miss Percy is either robbed or murdered; but time will shew."

The earl entering the room, the countess asked, "if any light had yet been thrown on the mysterious disappearance of Miss Lambart?"

"None," answered the earl; "and I de-

sire that you will put off your intended concert ; for while the fate of so near a relation remains in uncertainty, it will be extremely improper and disrespectful to give entertainments or join in amusements of any sort."

" Miss Lambart is no relation of mine," said the countess.

" All the world knows that, madam," replied the earl ; " but they also know she is nearly related to me."

" And that you lament the connection is not nearer than that of cousin," resumed the countess. " There goes Tyrone, looking so woe-begone ! well, if he has carried off the heiress, he really is an excellent actor, to make his features so admirably express grief."

" If I thought," exclaimed the earl, " that Tyrone would ever be the husband of Miss Lambart, I would cut his throat ; but I am certain he never will."

" You are certain ' really that is a pretty strong assertion," said the countess, setting down her coffee-cup, " for a person to make, who is ignorant of the thoughts and intentions of the young lady, and might

lead an interested person to suspect you of——”

“Of what?” asked the earl, perceiving she made a sudden pause.

“Oh nothing,” returned the countess: “my thoughts, while unspoken, are my own.”

“A woman’s thoughts are seldom worth inquiring into,” said the earl, “and I have neither time nor inclination to inquire into yours; I merely came to say, that I will not put a public affront on my family, while they are mourning for one so deservedly dear to them.”

“And so tenderly beloved by you,” observed the countess, as the earl left the room.—“Order lord Conway’s nurse to bring him to my dressing-room,” continued she; “I have not seen the brat these two days, and this disappearance of Miss Lambert makes him a person of no small consequence; for if she is, as some persons believe, murdered, his little lordship is the heir to her estates.”

The unfeeling manner in which the countess spoke so shocked the footman, that he was near letting fall the superb

breakfast-set, which procured him a reprimand from the countess, who declared, she would rather half the world were missing and dead, than one cup of that matchless china should be broken.

It was impossible to conceal the absence of Miss Lambart from the baroness Wandesford, who bore the appalling and afflicting intelligence with her usual equanimity and piety. Raising her weeping eyes to heaven, and clasping her aged hands in the fervency of submissive devotion, she said, "I commit the dear child to the care of an over-ruling and gracious Providence, in whom she has always put her trust; and I firmly believe she will not be forsaken, but will find support and protection in this fearful trial; yes, I will trust and confide in Him, who never abandons them who faithfully pray to be protected. The projects of the wicked will yet recoil upon themselves; yes! I feel an assurance that the fingers of my precious Ada will yet close my aged eyes."

On sending for Janet, it was discovered that she had absconded, and taken with her every article of wearing apparel belong-

ing to herself; but it never was suspected that she had any knowledge of, or share in, the abduction of Miss Lambart; for some of the servants made it evident that Janet had gone off with monsieur Lemain, who had only a few days before mentioned the death of his father, and that the earl of Vandeleur had granted him permission to go over to France, to settle his family affairs, and to take possession of a little property that had devolved to him.

The baroness Wandesford was grieved to be obliged to communicate the distressing intelligence of her daughter's imprudence to the worthy Norah, whose heart, she knew, would be severely afflicted by the folly of her daughter, whose known partiality for Lemain, and her continual boast of the grand promises he had made her, satisfied all the household of the baroness that Janet had actually gone off with monsieur Lemain. But while her disappearance was thus satisfactorily accounted for, she having, it was certain, gone voluntarily, no conjecture could be made respecting the fate of Miss Lambart, of whom the general belief was, that she

had been murdered for the sake of her magnificent jewels.

While the baroness Wandesford piously set bounds to her grief and alarm, and steadfastly put her trust in that Merciful Providence which watches over and supports innocence and virtue, in its most afflictive trials, the dowager countess of Vandeleur increased her illness by uncontrolled and violent sorrow, and by impatience and dissatisfaction at the means taken for ascertaining the fate of Miss Lambart; sometimes she doubted her having been forced away by robbers, because she herself had on that night many rich and valuable ornaments, not one of which had been removed from her person, though there had been time and opportunity to plunder her. Hints had been thrown out in her presence respecting colonel Tyrone, and Miss Lambart's secret attachment; but the dowager encouraged no belief that he was beloved by, or in any way concerned in her absence; and indeed, the intimate acquaintance of colonel Tyrone asserted, that his alarm and sorrow could not be counterfeit, for it had

brought on a fever, and was likely to be attended with serious consequences, unless he could be prevailed upon to give up the fatiguing rides he took round the country, and remain quiet.

A thousand reports and conjectures agitated the friends of Miss Lambart, but no certainty, not even the slightest intelligence, could be obtained to encourage a hope that she lived, or to confirm the dreadful apprehension of her death.

The imprudent silly Janet had, agreeably with a concerted scheme, eloped with Lemain, who had promised and sworn to marry her as soon as they arrived in France: relying on his word, the weak-headed girl, with many tears, and sincere regret at leaving her dear young lady, collected her wardrobe, to the minutest article; though while packing them up she looked upon her dresses with no small contempt, believing they would soon be exchanged for silks and satins, as monsieur Lemain assured her, when she placed her little property and her person under his care.

Lemain conducted Janet on board a little dirty schooner, bound for Havre de

Grace, where the closeness of the very diminutive cabin, and a variety of offensive smells, soon made her so sick, that her love began to cool; and she would gladly have resigned the captivating Mr. Lemain, and all the finery he had promised to adorn her with, to be set on shore, and allowed to breathe the fresh air; but to let her depart did not agree with the wily Frenchman's plan; his long attendance on men of fashion had initiated him into their vices and propensities; and though Janet's person had nothing particularly striking about it, yet she had a fresh complexion, a smart little figure, and the trifling *agremens* of good nature, and a lively disposition; which, joined with *la beauté du diable*, were sufficiently gratifying to his taste to induce him not to marry her, but to carry her with him to France, and to make her his *here amie*, for as long a period as should be pleasing and convenient to himself.

Monsieur Lemain was soon in no condition to console or assist Janet; his delicate nostrils, accustomed to attar gul and sprit de lavandé, were offended by the rank vulgar smell of tobacco, salt fish, and

spirits; he began to experience an enervating nausea at his stomach, that, in spite of his gallantry, compelled him to wrap himself in his great-coat, and stretch himself upon the deck; while the captain poured a large glass of real Cogniac down the throat of the powerless Janet, by way of restorative, and with the assistance of his mate, stowed her into a hole in the side of the cabin, where she soon fell asleep, though the mattress on which she lay was not remarkable for softness or cleanliness.

When Miss Lambart was so suddenly hurried from the side of the dowager countess of Vandeleur, terror and surprise deprived her for some time of recollection: her swoon had been long and deathlike, and when returning sense unclosed her eyes, she believed herself in a frightful dream, for she found herself in a smoky dirty hut, with two ruffian-looking men, who were endeavouring to force some spirituous liquor into her mouth.

"Faith then, Larry," said one of the men, "it was myself that was thinking the swate cratur had hopped the twig, and clane gone dead between our hands, and

that we both of us should be after being raised up to a sitiuation next the sky, wid a hempen cravat, tied in a genteel knot under the left ear."

"Sure and you may come to be hanged yourself, for you have gist the look of the gallows in your face, Rory," replied the other; "but, wid your lave, you shall have all the honour to yourself, for I have no wish then to be raised so high in the world."

"Sure and every one must have his fate," said Rory, "be it what it will. But see now, that drop of whiskey, that did but gist touch her cherry lips, has brought the darling to life! Och sure now, and whiskey for ever! it is altogether better for all sorts of complaints than doctors' stuff, bad luck to their pills and draughts!"

Convinced she was really awake, Miss Lambart gazed on the faces of the men with terror, and exclaimed—"Good Heaven protect me! Where am I?"

"Och then, safe enough, my jewel," replied Rory; "so then be ay—be after making yourself comfortable, and take a

drop of mountain dew, to warm the heart of you this cold night."

Miss Lambart put aside the offered liquor with disgust, and casting a look of alarm round the hut, asked—"Wherefore am I brought hither? if it is to plunder me, take at once, I beseech you, whatever you consider valuable, and suffer me to depart; my friends, I am certain, are anxiously seeking me."

"Sure, and it's gist nothing but the truth that yourself is spaking, honey," said Rory; "and Larry and myself sure are gist waiting to take you to your friends."

"Let us be gone then instantly," resumed Miss Lambart; "only restore me to my friends, and I solemnly promise never to inquire after you, or endeavour to regain what you shall take from me."

"Faith then," said Rory, "and you spake gist like the noble raal born lady that you are; but Larry and I, honey, are no robbers: to be sure, Larry has not the elegant look in his face that I have; but for all that, he is not a thief or a robber: no, jewel, we shall not take the valedation of a pin from you; what your gine-

rosity may give us for our genteel behaviour, we shall be after doing you the pleasure to accept, to buy a drop of whiskey, to keep our insides from catching the chincough this stormy weather; and as in duty bound, we will drink long life to your beautiful liberality; but as to telling why you were brought here, och, sure then that is altogether a big secret, and we are too much gentlemen, and know-manners and good behaviour better than to tell secrets."

"Well," said Miss Lambart, placing a guinea in his hand, "take that; I will ask no questions; only let me instantly be gone."

"Sure and that is muchasier said than done, darling," replied Rory; "for the tide is full in, and we must gist wait for a boat."

"A boat!" repeated Miss Lambart, all her terrors renewing—"Oh, merciful Providence! look on me, and defend me!"

"Sure now you need not be turning so white in the face, and wringing your hands; is it not myself that says it? the duoul a bit of harm shall happen to a hair of your head; and is it not Larry that is looking

out for the boat? and by the holy cross of saint Patrick, it is him and me that will take you to your friends; so gist now do not be after making such moan, but take a mouthful of this cordial to comfort you. Sure then and it is myself that knows it well; there is nothing in the wide world like whiskey to lift up the spirits."

Miss Lambart declined the cordial so strongly recommended.

"Faith then, and it is far too good to be wasted," said Rory, draining the last drop into his mouth; "sure and it is as mild as moder's milk."

"Come, be after making haste," said the rough voice of Larry, popping his frightful face in at the door of the hut; "stir your stumps; the boat is coming; I hear the splash of the oars."

"You are going to take me to Dublin?" asked Miss Lambart, anxiously and fearfully.

"And where else then?" said Rory, taking a boat-cloak from a peg. "Let me wrap you up in this; it is gist as warm as a blanket, and will keep out rain and wind,

and them thin garments of yours will soon be soaked through."

"Shall I be long then before I reach home?" inquired Miss Lambart. "I hope not, for I am fatigued, and want rest."

"Och then, and you will be like enough to rache your long home," observed Rory, "if you are after getting cold in all your limbs."

Finding he evaded all her questions, Miss Lambart mentally recommended herself to the protection of Heaven, and suffered Rory to wrap the boat-cloak about her, though it smelt most offensively of onions and tobacco.

The night was so dark, and the rain fell so thick and heavy, she could scarcely discern the boat into which she was lifted; but by their different voices, she perceived she had now four companions. The men talked together in an under tone, and Miss Lambart, though she listened with almost breathless attention, could make nothing of their conversation, till the rough voice of Larry asked—"Where does the schooner lie?"

"Close under Haggerty's Cliff," replied one of the new comers.

"Come then, be after pushing along, boys," said Rory; "Haggerty's Cliff is gist two miles 'a-head."

"I am betrayed," shrieked Ada; "you told me you were taking me to Dublin, to my friends."

"Sure then and it was gist the raal truth I told you; I am taking you to your friends."

"False! most false!" exclaimed Ada, trying to stand up.

"Sit still and be asy then, I bid you," said Larry, "or you will be after upsetting the boat, and sending every moder's son of us head foremost to the duoul."

"If you mean me fair, why are you taking me to Haggerty's Cliff?" asked Miss Lambart—"perhaps to murder me? I have heard a tale of horror respecting that savage place. Oh, Heaven have mercy on me! and if I am to die——"

"Nobody knows their hour," replied Rory. "Death, bad manners to him, comes gist when he plases, and asks no lave; but you may live a thousand and ten years sure, for us; we are none of us murderers."

Though assured that her life was not in danger, Miss Lambart's mind was full of terror, which was not lessened by one of the new comers saying—"Dick Haggerty was the most noted smuggler that we ever had in these parts; and he had all sorts of stores brought from foreign parts, in the caves under the cliffs; and among other pretty articles, a young girl, that left her home and her parents, for love of him, though, by all account, he was as ugly as the devil, and as grim-looking; but be this as it may, sure, Aileen the cratur loved him, and was faithful and true to him, and behaved herself far better than many wives do."

"Sure and that is true altogether; for here is Dick Mulligan, he knows what it is to have a wife——"

"Faith then, the least that is said about that the better; and it is myself now that will be obliged to you to say nothing concerning Mrs Mulligan, Rory, but let her and her temper, which is none of the swatest, alone."

"Let Duke Ryan finish his story," said Larry.

“ Well then, Aileen and Haggerty lived like a loving couple for some time,” resumed Duke Ryan; “ and Aileen never repented leaving her parents, till he took a fancy to another girl, and then poor Aileen being in his way, he stabbed her to the heart, and threw her body into the sea, with the hope that nobody would take the trouble to ask after her. But sure then, he was not to get rid of her so asy; for faith, her body was picked up gist by the Pigeon House, and the knife he did the bloody job wid sticking in her breast, wid the name of Richard Haggerty cut in the handle; and faith, he was taken and hanged for that murder, though that was not his first, as folks say, by many.”

“ Sure and they say the ghosts of Aileen and Haggerty are often seen on the cliff, and at the mouth of the cave,” said Dick Mulligan; “ not that I believe in such things.”

“ Well then, and it is myself that does,” said Duke Ryan; “ for I well remember, at Hollantide last year, I was rowing down about one in the morning, wid nobody in the boat but old Dan Sullivan sure, and

he was half drunk, when just as we got opposite to the cave, and what should I see——”

“Faith and I see,” interrupted Larry, “that you will be after running the boat into the very mouth of the duoul’s den, if you do not mind and take your strokes steadier.”

“Botheration, sure and you are a great captain, I suppose,” said Duke Ryan.

“Niver you be after minding what I am,” replied Larry; “keep a sharp look-out for the schooner, and make for her, and to the duoul with your long yarns about ghosts.”

“Plase then to give me lave to ask, mister Larry, who made you commander of the boat?” asked Duke Ryan. “Bad manners to you, I knew how to row and steer a boat, before you, or your low-lived beggarly family——”

“Family!” interrupted Larry, “is it family you mane? sure then, if you spake about my family, you must know that I come from a bold, fear-nothing race, that would be after cracking the thick scull of

any spalpeen, such as yourself, as would be casting dirt upon their gentility; but there, be asy gist now, honey; it is myself that will not forget to remember what you have said against my family, great luck to them, now they are dead and under ground; sure then, and was not it my grandfader's great grandfader as had his fine big castle burnt to the ground, when he was fighting wid——"

"There now, mind your eye," said Dick Mulligan, "or, by the piper of Linster, you will run against the schooner: faith, Larry, then you ought to have more wit in your big head, than to be after trying to pick up a quarrel in a boat, not much bigger than an oyster-shell, and frightening the female, that sits there as mute as a fish, out of her twenty-seven senses; wait till you get on shore, I bid you, and then try which comes of the genteelist family."

"I shall be after quarrelling where I please sure," replied Duke Ryan.

A convulsive sob from Miss Lambart reached the ear of Rory, who exclaimed—"Sure then the young cratur is not going to die here in the boat wid us? Och hone,

if I thought any harm was to happen from this night's work, I should wish my share of the reward at the duoul; sure now she will not be after dying."

"Dying, no fear of that," said Larry, rudely dragging the cloak from her head; "sure then she is smodered for want of a bit of air—she is only gist timbersome; it is hard work to kill women, for they are like cats—they have nine lives; but here we are, close alongside the schooner.—Ahoy there, the merry Grampus!"

"Oui, oui, here I be come, all life and merry," said a middle-aged, dirty, ill-looking Frenchman, who appeared at the side of the vessel, carrying a lantern, and looking into the boat; "vat the djable, have you no bring de femme, de ladi?"

"Put on your barnacles, mounseer Frog," said Rory, "and you will be after seeing, if your long nose is not in your way."

"Monsieur Frog! vat you mean by dat name?"

"Och, botheration," replied Rory, "never mind about a name; sure then, if you have lost your name, it was no great

smokes, and you may soon get another as good."

"Oui, oui," said the Frenchman, not understanding Rory's wit; "but have you no bring de demoiselle?"

"The what?" asked Larry.

"De vat! de ladi; vat you tink I concern for but de ladi?"

"She is here, safe enough," replied Rory; "here, bear a hand, mounseer—she is not half so heavy as a brandy keg."

The Frenchman held out his arms to receive Miss Lambart, who shrieked in a voice of agony—"Throw me into the sea, let me share the fate of the unfortunate Aileen, rather than be put on board that vessel."

"On de honour of un gentilhomme," said the Frenchman, bowing, as he set her down on the deck, "de Grampe have de accommodate ver good, ver fine; and I am certain, ver sure, ven you see de cabin, you vill make no vord, no objection."

Incapable of resistance, Miss Lambart was borne to the cabin, where the Frenchman unlocked the door of a closet-looking place, and drawing aside a dingy faded

green curtain, she was lajd on a bed.-
mademoiselle vill take de trouble, de pain
to pull dis," said the Frenchman, directing
her hand to a rope, " myself vill have de
honour, de pleasure, to take votre com-
mand."

The men then retired, and the motion
of the vessel, with the noise of hauling up
the anchor, brought Miss Lambart suffi-
ciently to herself, to understagd that Ro-
ry, at the hut, had deceived her; she was
certain the vessel was under weigh, and
that she was about to be borne from Ire-
land, whither, or for what purpose, she
could not conjecture. Sometimes she
thought of the insane Ianthe; but if she
still pursued her revenge on her seducer,
she must know that she was not his wife,
and had no share in his abandornment of
her; no, it could not be the Italian who
had forced her from her friends and her
country; nor, as she wept with bitter an-
guish for her home, the loved and respect-
ed baroness of Wandesford, and all the
dear and valued friends from whom she
was so cruelly and mysteriously separated,
could she at all imagine who was her secret

enemy, or what offence she could have given to any one, to provoke such terrible revenge; but in the midst of her apprehensions and sorrow, Ada did not forget that she could not be hidden from the watchful eye of Providence, wherever she was hurried. Putting up a fervent prayer for protection, fortitude, and resignation, her wearied and tearful eyelids were weighed down by sleep, which lasted, in spite of the hardness of the bed, the violent motion of the vessel, and the impure atmosphere, till the faint beams of the sun peered through the narrow window of the cabin.

CHAP. III.

————— "Death has been busy here,
 This then is the end of greatness, to lie
 Silent and forgotten in the dark cold
 Grave."

.....
 Then rose from sea to sky the wild fire-gelid—
 Trembled the flag, and stood to'd the brave,
 Then some leapt overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave;
 And the sea yaw'd'd round the ship like a hell,
 And down she sick'd with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who struggles with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die,
 And first one universal strike there rush'd
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
 Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
 Of billows, but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bellowing cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony

BYRON

THE dowager countess of Vandeleur recollected with poignant regret having persuaded Miss Lambart, against her own inclination, to go to lady Neagle's ball. —"Had she been suffered to remain at home as she wished, all had been well,"

thought the dowager; and the idea that she had aided the villainous design to carry her off, increased her illness, which became every day more serious and alarming; her nerves were dreadfully affected; she obtained no sleep, though opiates were administered; and at last, having resorted to every means his skill suggested, her physician pronounced his opinion, that if a favourable change did not take place, so as to afford her a few hours of salutary sleep, she could not live through the week.

The aged baroness Wandesford, afflicted as she was on Miss Lambart's account, had forgotten her own infirmities, and left the comforts of her own home to attend beside the sick-bed of the dowager. Having heard the physician's opinion, the baroness considered it her duty, as a Christian, as well as that of a relation and friend, to acquaint the dowager with the perilous uncertainty of her life, to entreat her to make her peace with Heaven, to divest her mind of all animosity, to be reconciled to her son, and to settle her worldly affairs, if that yet remained to be done.

With a strong effort, the dowager raised

herself from her pillow, and in a voice that betrayed very little of the languor of illness, said—"The only thing that weighs heavy on my mind, is having urged Ada, against her will, to accompany me to lady Neagle's ball; could her fate be ascertained, I should feel at ease and tranquil. With respect to my son, I forgive his having brought disgrace upon me and himself, because I am persuaded he lives in perpetual punishment; but I cannot consent to see him. I trust his latter days will never be embittered by the ingratitude of his children. I repeat, he has my pardon, but I will not see him. My temporal affairs were settled soon after I became a widow; my intentions still remain the same; there is nothing I wish to add or expunge from my will. My physician considers me in a dangerous state; probably my life may be near its close, for no one can ascertain how long or how short may be the term of their existence; but as far as I am able to judge from my own feelings, I am by no means worse, indeed I think I am better than I was yesterday; I certainly breathe with less difficulty; and

if I could only obtain intelligence of Miss Lambart, my illness would, I am convinced, leave me."

While the dowager spoke in this way, the baroness read, in her dim eye and sunk cheek, the sad conviction that her life was nearer its final close than she was inclined to believe; and she again, and with greater earnestness, urged upon her the divine precept—"Forgive, if you expect and hope to be forgiven."—"Reflect," said the baroness, "how gratifying it will be, and how truly consoling, to be supported by your son in your last moments, to give him your blessing in person, and have him offer up his prayers with yours to the throne of mercy."

"I have spoken on this very subject with my confessor," replied the dowager, "and he agrees with me, that an interview is altogether unnecessary, and might, by discomposing my mind, do much more harm than good to my spiritual welfare. No, I bequeath him my forgiveness, but I will see him no more."

The baroness Wandesford was of the Protestant church, and when the priest

and the physician paid their visit, she left the room, to reflect, with sincere concern, on the obdurate nature of the dowager, and to pray that her heart might soften and relent towards her son.

Early the following morning, the dowager's woman, Mrs. Blandy, came to the chamber of the baroness, who remained at Phoenix House, to inform her that a considerable change for the worse had taken place in the appearance of the dowager, and that she was certainly dying. The baroness, greatly alarmed and affected, hastened, as quickly as her trembling limbs would let her, to the sick chamber. It was evident the dowager was expiring; she endeavoured to stretch out her hand, to place it in that of her weeping friend, but death had already seized upon her; she seemed desirous to speak, but her voice was thick and inarticulate; her eyes rested a moment on the face of her venerable relation—a gurgling sigh issued from her lips—her eyes suddenly closed—and the nobly-descended, high-born, haughty, fashionable dowager countess of Vandeleur, was gone for ever.

The unexpected death of his mother certainly did, for a few days, affect the earl her son, unfeeling and selfish as he was, for he remembered how proud she had been of his eminently fine person and superior attainments, which placed him so far above his youthful companions; he recollected with what doting fondness she had indulged all his boyish fancies, and how liberally, as he grew into manhood, she supplied, out of her private purse, his extravagances, which but for her would frequently have embroiled him with his father. But the earl of Vandeleur's philosophy taught him the folly of indulging grief, and to scoff at repentance, though conscience would now and then accuse him, and obtrude the disagreeable reflection, that his conduct had greatly assisted to snap the springs that supported the proud heart of his mother: but matters of consequence to him, on which he believed the future happiness of his life depended, divided and softened his concern for her decease; and when he found that by her will the dowager had not bequeathed him any part of her possessions, not even a

casket of costly medals and gems, which, from their antiquity, even more than their richness, were extremely valuable in his eyes, but that the whole of her private property was left to Miss Lambart, and, in case of her death during her minority, to a very distant female relation of the family, he dismissed every appearance of grief, and greatly shocked the baroness Wandesford by declaring, that the blessing and forgiveness of his mother were altogether matters of perfect indifference to him, whom her folly and obstinate pride had injured beyond all reparation, and in a way that he should feel as long as he had existence.

The countess of Vandeleur neither felt, nor pretended to feel, the least concern for the undiscovered fate of Miss Lambart, or the death of the dowager, her husband's mother, whose loss was greatly deplored in all the newspapers, which joined in representing her as a woman of unblemished virtue and reputation, distinguished as much for humanity and generosity as she was for her wit, her beauty, elegance, and fascinating affability, which rendered her

the idol of those who had the honour of her acquaintance, and would cause her to be long remembered and regretted by the *elite* of the kingdom.

The countess read this eulogium with envy and indignation; she had always hated her mother-in-law, and was displeased that praise should follow to the grave a person who had, when living, robbed her of the palm of fashion, and presumed to look upon her alliance with as much contempt as if she had actually sprung from the *canaille*. The putting on mourning for a person she detested, was a great annoyance; and she was impatient for the time when she should throw aside her sable robes, and when the earl would be pleased to take off the interdict against her receiving company, and going to public amusements; for she continually protested the dull life she led was so *ennuyante*, that she was more than half dead. It was true, Mr. Percy was allowed the *entrée*, and was still her ardent admirer; but to be admired by only one, was insufficient to gratify the inordinate vanity of lady Vandeleur; she panted for universal

homage; she was heartily tired of confinement, and wished to hear her beauty extolled by other lips as well as Cyril Percy's; and could she have induced the earl to take a tour for a month or two, it would have given her infinite gratification, even though she must have relinquished, for a time, the witty, elegant, and agreeable flatteries of Mr. Percy, who was still very far from possessing the influence over her fickle and capricious mind that he supposed. To subjugate the lords of the creation, to rule over their hearts, to be loved to desperation, afforded pleasure and triumph to the countess; but of reciprocal affection her selfish heart was not capable. She had, it was true, passions, but they were of the worst kind, unmingled with tenderness, humanity, or charity; she was chaste, but it was a solitary virtue, and was not the result of purity of mind, or honourable principle, but of coldness of heart, pride, and ambition, that perpetually suggested how gratifying her debasement would be to her husband, and how much he would exult in the power to divorce her, to divest her of rank, and cast her

upon the world, scorned and degraded. This thought was so impressed on the memory of the countess, that she stood guarded, secure, and free from actual guilt, even in the midst of licentious profligates and artful seducers, despising the world's opinion, while affording it ample scope for censure and scandal, by the excessive levity of her behaviour, her style of dress, and utter disregard of propriety.

The countess wished for an excursion; but on her hinting to the earl that it would be extremely pleasant at that dismal period to visit his estates in the north of Ireland, or to cross over to England, and remain a month or two at Bengworth Hall, a place she had heard described as particularly beautiful, and was very desirous to see, she was answered with a refusal to quit Dublin, and a peremptory command to close her gates against company, as he did not wish the world to believe him so destitute of feeling, as to court amusement at a time when his family were visited with such calamities.

"I have heard you wish your mother dead a hundred times," said the countess.

"Perhaps so," replied the earl; "yet that is no reason why I should not pay a proper respect to her memory. But there are other causes."

"True," resumed the countess; "I had forgot the mystery of——I suppose you consider Miss Lambart as——"

"No matter what I consider," interrupted the earl; "but observe, madam, for six weeks to come, there shall be no entertainments given in my house."

"Mercy upon me, six weeks!" exclaimed the countess, "what will become of me? Six weeks is an eternity: by that time, excess of *tristesse* will have made me downright stupid and ugly."

"What!" replied the earl, "has Percy no longer power 'to beguile time of its tediousness?' Has his delightful flattery ceased to charm?"

"By no means: Percy is a very clever entertaining companion; but always Percy, and no one else, is infinitely too much of a good thing."

The earl fixed his searching eyes on her face; but there was no appearance of de-

ceit; her countenance wore the self-same sentiment of indifference uttered by her lips; and he began to fear, that not even Percy, though gifted with extraordinary powers of persuasion, would gain ascendancy in her heart, or obtain dominion over her, who considered herself "*an earth-treading star*," to whose transcendant beauty all mankind should pay homage.

The éarl's own mind was at that time full as weary as his lady's, though he was careful not to confess it; for he was averse to rendering himself odious to the numerous friends of his mother, by shewing open disrespect to her memory; his lordship considered it necessary to seem sorrowful, though he had not "*that within that passeth shew*;" for he was now absolutely, and for ever free from all parental admonition, and the surveillance that his arrogant spirit despised; and had not his mind been really anxious respecting his cousin, Miss Lambart, he would have rejoiced, rather than lamented, that he had no longer parents to offer unasked and unwelcome advice, and condemn and disap-

prove the line of conduct he was bent on pursuing.

To Mr. Percy, a notorious gamester, a man known to be without religion, honour, or principle, the earl of Vandeleur had never expressed the least displeasure on account of his particular intimacy with the countess; but, on the contrary, had encouraged his visits, and even afforded him opportunities of pursuing his licentious intentions, by leaving them together, though not without spies, watchful and on the alert, to give him an account of their actions. But Percy, while he retained the opinion that the countess was to be won, began to grow tired of a pursuit that gave him so much more trouble than he expected; and though not cut by all his acquaintance, it was obvious that the general opinion was against him. At the gaming-table he had latterly been unsuccessful; and his finances were at so low an ebb, and his creditors so troublesome, that he almost repented not having closed with old Kinsale's proposal, and gone abroad. His separation from his wife gave him no

concern; he had married her because his circumstances were desperate, and her fortune was particularly necessary and desirable—now he seldom thought of her; and when he did, it was with extreme rancour, because he could not bend her to his purposes, and bring her to approve and assist his nefarious design to plunder her sister. With consummate hypocrisy, Percy wore on his face smiles of good-humour; he was the soul and spirit of gaiety, and the most flattering and ardent of lovers to the countess of Vandeleur; but in the midst of this apparent sunshine, his mind was a hurricane, where troubled and evil thoughts swept raging onwards, prompting to deeds fearful and desperate: among many other schemes agitated in his restless brain, the idea of a voyage to India was paramount; but he wanted the means to fit himself out, and he also wanted the grand recommendation of introductory letters; for the want of the latter, feasible excuses might be invented, but without money nothing could be effected. The earl of Vandeleur, he knew, had several thousand pounds lying idle at his banker's,

and he was desirous that this money should pass into his hands, and enable him to seek his fortune among the nabobs of India. Since the night of his loss, Lord Vandeleur had declined going to the club-house, which he believed to be a den of sharpers; yet he now and then declared he was resolved to win back his money. Percy knew that advice on any occasion was offensive to the earl—that openly to encourage him to make the trial would be impolitic, and more likely to hinder than advance his project; to appear to dissuade him from the risk, was, he cunningly perceived, the only way to urge him to the attempt; and so certain was Percy of the result, that his fancy anticipated the honours he should obtain, and the high station to which he should be appointed, when he was enabled to take a voyage to the wealthy shores of Indostan, and become known to the native princes of the land. But Percy was condemned to prove the folly of indulging in these day-dreams, and to find that he had yet to wait, in anxious suspense, for the accomplishment of his wishes; the earl no longer spoke of

his gambling loss—he became gloomy and thoughtful; and every day when the letters were brought from the post-house, and placed before him, he betrayed an impatience and disappointment, that excited the curiosity of the countess, who wondered who the correspondent could be, whose remissness produced such obvious agitation and discomposure.

One morning, the earl having taken up a newspaper, had scarcely cast his eyes upon it, when he uttered a cry of horror; and letting the paper fall from his hand, exclaimed—“All then is over—gone, gone for ever! lost—perished!”

“Who is gone?—who has perished?” asked the countess, gazing with astonishment on his pale countenance and trembling frame.

The earl made no reply; but his meteor eyes glared wildly on her, as she repeated—“Who has perished? He is gone mad,” said the countess, fearfully ringing the bell. “Do pray speak to him, Percy,” continued she; “I really am afraid of him.”

“Afraid!” repeated the earl. “Well

may you be afraid, who have occasioned all this horror."

"Me! Of what do you accuse me?"

"Of making me the most miserable of men," said the earl. "I accuse you of — But ask me no questions. I am not mad; I wish I was, that I might lose the terrible remembrance."

A footman entering the room, he bade him bring his hat, and without entering into any explanation, left the house.

Percy, at the request of the countess, examined every column of the newspaper, but without discovering any thing that could occasion the frenzied look and strange exclamations of the earl.

"The man is most assuredly insane—absolutely he has taken leave of his senses," said the countess; "indeed, for the last week I have noticed an alteration in his countenance, a huskiness in his voice, and restlessness in his manner, that I have greatly wondered at; for knowing his nature so well, I did not give him credit for so much tender feeling, as to attribute his gloominess and perturbation to grief for the loss of his mother; nor did I imagine his love

for Miss Lambart so powerful, as to cause him such excessive uneasiness as to depress his spirits, and make him act as if he was really frantic; though her strange disappearance, and the uncertainty whether she is living or dead, may occupy his thoughts, and make him impatient for a confirmation of her fate, because in case she dies in her minority, and in default of her having children of her own, the chief of her estates devolve upon my boy, and he is of so much consequence in the eyes of his father, that I should not wonder if——”

“I am persuaded that it is not the disposal of Miss Lambart’s fortune that occasions the earl’s change of look and temper,” interrupted Percy, as he again glanced over the newspaper.

“What then do you suppose is the cause?” asked the countess. “I declare you are growing as mysterious as he is.”

Percy smiled, and replied—“I have no intention of being so, I assure you; I only mean to observe, that the very large property to which lord Conway is heir in his own right, must exclude all mercenary thoughts from the mind of the earl of Van-

deleur, who was always considered lavish in his expenditure, but never suspected or accused of being avaricious."

"I really cannot guess what possesses the man," said the countess, "if it is neither love nor money that perplexes him, nor shall I trouble myself about the matter; if he chooses to go mad, I cannot possibly help it; and indeed, considering the life we lead together, any circumstance that would oblige us to separate, would be desirable rather than otherwise."

"Kind, amiable, affectionate creature," thought Percy, as he listened to the unconcerned tone in which she spoke of the possibility of her husband being visited with the most horrible of maladies—madness; but disguising his contempt, he asked when Lemain was expected to return from France.

The countess protested she neither knew nor cared; for Lemain was a person she positively detested; and she hoped he would remain in France, and cultivate his estate.

"I forget," resumed Percy, "the name

of the vessel he sailed in, and to what port it was bound."

"I really never troubled myself to ask," said the countess.

"It is of little consequence," continued Percy; "only I have given him a commission to execute for me at Paris, and I wished to know whether he was likely to return before I take my flight."

"Your flight!" repeated the countess; "so then, with all your pretended adoration, you are meditating to forsake me; but when a man professes most, a sensible woman will be certain he means very little."

"If I remain here, I shall go mad, as Daret did. Your dangerous beauty, like the baneful simoom that scorches and withers the flowers of the east, blights the cheerfulness of youth, destroys the energies of manhood; no reviving dew, no invigorating rain, follows the fiery simoom, to repair the ravages it makes.; neither," continued Percy, affecting the pathetic—"neither do you, cold and insensible as you are, bestow an indulgence beyond a smile, or the pressure of your hand, to allay the burning love your eyes have

kindled—you hold out no hope, with which a lover might assuage his misery.”

“ And would you persuade me,” asked the countess, “ that you undergo all the torment you describe?”

“ I have no words sufficiently expressive to tell the anguish of my heart,” said Percy. “ Your beauty will shortly have another victim.”

“ I had no idea you were so desperately in love,” replied the countess, laughing.

“ Cruel creature! you could be no stranger to my passion: you must know—”

“ Yes,” interrupted the countess, “ yes, Mr. Percy, I do know, that men are selfish, unpitying, and ungenerous, ever seeking their own gratification; they make no scruple to sacrifice the happiness and honour of weak woman—they feel no remorse, when their licentious passions have brought ruin and disgrace on their credulous and confiding victims.”

“ Surely you cannot believe me such a villain?”

“ Every man who seeks to degrade a woman is a villain,” replied the countess.

“ I really believed you beheld me in a

more favourable light," resumed Percy ;
" I flattered myself that——"

" You should make a fool of me," interrupted the countess. " Dismiss the thought, and let us understand each other properly. I admire your conversation, Mr. Percy, your attention has been gratifying to me, for I am sensible of my beauty, and am pleased to hear it extolled ; but if you expect more in return for your adulation than smiles and approval, you greatly mistake my intention, and deceive yourself ; for were a demi-god to kneel at my feet, and seek to degrade me, I would laugh at the folly of his attempt, and spurn him for his presumption."

Percy considered this as mere *bavardage* ; and resolving not to let slip *un heureux entretiens* of proving whether this defiance was not in reality an invitation, he instantly and eagerly threw his arms round her, and, *malgre* her resistance, snatched a few kisses from her cheek, when her hand, which in the struggle she had released, seized the bell-rope, which she pulled furiously. Percy started back, and looked all amazement, when she said to

the footman who obeyed her hasty summons—"Shew that man out, and give the porter my command never to admit him again."

"Surely," said Percy, "you cannot intend to resent a jest so seriously."

"Jest with those who may approve practical jokes," replied she, haughtily, moving towards the door; "the countess of Vandeleur having received one insult, will never allow an opportunity for a second to be offered."

The footman cast a look of derision on the crest-fallen Percy, who left the house, muttering curses against the imperious arrogant countess, himself, and all the world, not that he was so much chagrined at the repulse he had so unexpectedly met, as at the idea that this *bevue*—this *mal d'avanture*, would be the breaking off his intimacy with the earl of Vandeleur, who, for the sake of keeping up appearances in the eyes of the world, might choose to resent what in reality he cared nothing about, and so deprive him of all chance of obtaining the money he had determined his lordship should lose. While gnash-

ing his teeth with rage and disappointment, Percy recollected that he had gained a clue to the frantic exclamations uttered by the earl. The thought calmed his rage, and smiling with the malignancy of a fiend, he said, "If I err not greatly, I have found a secret that may turn to glorious profit."

The watery beams of the sun, peering through masses of heavy clouds, gave light to the little dirty hole of a cabin, when Miss Lambart, after a few hours of uneasy sleep, awoke, to be thoroughly sensible of the wretchedness of her situation. Drawing aside the faded green curtain that obscured her sight, she gazed with consternation round the miserable cabin, and its equally wretched accommodations, which consisted of a stove, black with smoke, and in a ruinous condition; a greasy deal table, fastened to the dingy wainscot, over which hung a broken mirror, which had once boasted a broad gilded frame, but was now shattered, bare, and worm-eaten; three camp-stools, which appeared to have been gnawed by the rats; and two traveling trunks, in decent condition. The long

coffin-like form of one of these struck Miss Lambart as being familiar to her; alarm and curiosity urged her to throw herself from the hard uncomfortable mattress on which she had slept; and spite of the rolling of the vessel, she read, with amazement, the name of Janet O'Reilly, on a small brass plate, screwed on the lid of the trunk. Scarcely believing what she saw, her mind became a chaos of confused thoughts and suspicions, which every instant grew darker and more terrible.—“Was it possible that Janet, her foster-sister, whose affection she had never doubted, and whom she had always treated with kindness, could have projected, or joined in the scheme of forcing her away from her friends and her country, out of malice and revenge, because she had objected to Lemain, and commanded her to break off with him?” Leaning on the trunk, the pale image of woe, Miss Lambart pondered on the probability of this idea.—“Yet what end could her abduction answer? was Janet on board the vessel also?” Determined not to remain in doubt on this point, she made an effort to reach the bell,

which, from the violent motion of the vessel, was a task not easy to accomplish, as she found it extremely difficult to keep her feet; but while endeavouring to cross the cabin floor, to reach the bed-place, where the rope was suspended, to which she had been directed by the captain the night before, she heard a dismal groan proceed from the wainscot over the trunks. Lifting up her eyes in terror, Miss Lambart perceived a small half-open door, from which groan after groan issued, and words of complaint, which were uttered in a voice much like Janet's.

Believing the elucidation of the mystery that surrounded her was now to be attained, with a desperate effort Miss Lambart threw wide the concealing door, and beheld a dismal hole, similar to that which had been her own bed-chamber, where Janet, pale as a corpse, lay sick and feverish. Unclosing her eyes, with the expectation of seeing Lemain, and with the intention, ill as she was, of upbraiding him with his neglect of her, after being the cause of her present suffering and doleful condition, she screamed aloud, on beholding her

young lady bending over her, with a look of indignation mingled with pity.

Janet clasped her hands together in supplication, exclaiming, "Oh, my blessed young lady! my dear, good mistress! pray, pray, forgive me! I will never deceive you again—indeed, indeed, I will not! take me from this suffocating hole—I will swear upon the cross and on my bare knees, that I will never see nor speak to Lémmain again. Do, dear Miss Lambart, do forgive me! and take me away with you from this filthy place—even if you send me back to my mother;—if I stay here much longer, I shall certainly die.—I shall never forget your goodness, in coming to seek after me yourself—I am sure I am not deserving that you should care at all for me, after I was so wicked as to deceive you in the way I did; but I was bewitched, I am certain I was, or I never should have agreed to run away with mounseer Lémmain, and never to speak a word about it to nobody; and see now, how he has served me, after kidnapping me aboard this nasty stinking dungeon! I suppose he intended to take me to Turkey, and

sell me for a slave; but you, my blessed young lady! you will save me—you will not let him take me among the blacky-moors and hottentots.”

The heaving of Janet's stomach stopped her utterance; but when a little recovered, she so earnestly begged to be forgiven, and to be taken back to Dublin, that the mind of Miss Lambart became convinced that the silly girl, however blameable in having eloped with Lemain, had really no share in the scheme that had made her a fellow-passenger, and partaker of the filth and inconvenience of the cabin of the *Grampus*. But while her thoughts exonerated Janet, a terrible suspicion arose, that Lemain was privy to the designs, and acted by the instruction of, the earl of Vandeleur, who had planned the scheme of her abduction.—“Is Lemain aboard this vessel, Janet?” asked Miss Lambart; “I shudder at the thought of seeing the villain; but I will constrain myself to speak with him, to ask him——”

“Perhaps, ma'am,” interrupted Janet, “he will tell you I was as willing to go away with him as he was to take me;

and so to be sure I was, for I will not deny the truth ; but I thought I was going to be a downright lady all at once, for he made me such grand promises, and told me about his fine estate in France, and his vineyard, where they made wine——”

“ Tell me no more, Janet, of the fellow’s artful promises, but endeavour to get up. I must see Lemain ; though perhaps I shall be little better for my application to him ; if he has power, like others of his stamp, he will exercise it to the utmost.”

“ But he has no power,” said Janet, supposing her young lady alluded to his power as a husband to prevent her quitting the schooner ; “ I am not married to mounseer Lemain, ma’am ; and he has no demand on me, in no way ; and if you will be so good as to take me on shore with you, he cannot detain me against my will, ma’am.”

“ Alas ! simple deluded girl !” replied Miss Lambart, “ we are far distant from the shores of Ireland, and have only the ocean round us and near us : but were we close to land, we should not be permitted to go on shore. Janet, Janet !” continued

she, bursting into tears, "I have been forced from my home by ruffians! I have been put in terror of my life, and brought to this vessel against my will! I knew not of your elopement, or that I should meet you here. I have not the power, my poor girl, to liberate you or myself. We are, it is certain, in bad hands, for, depend upon it, Lemain is the conductor of this wicked plot against me."

"Brought here by force, against your will! and we are tossing about in the middle of the wide ocean!"

"Even so," replied Miss Lambart, mournfully.

"I will tear Lemain's ugly eyes out!" resumed Janet. "I hate him now, worse than I did last night, when he left me to be dragged by the beast of a captain, as he calls himself, to this dog-hole! old Trusty, at Lisburn Abbey, has a cleaner and better place to lie in, and plenty of clean straw for a bed; and as to this mattress, I think it is stuffed with pebbles, it is so hard and lumpy: oh, dear, dear! what will become of me! my bones are as sore as if I had been beat, with lying on such a hard

bed, and my poor stomach is turned inside out."

Janet left her bed, but was too weak and exhausted to be of the least assistance to Miss Lambart, who tried to confine and arrange her disordered hair; while Janet, with rueful looks, gazed through the cabin window upon the sea, which was rising in huge billows, and dashing its angry foam against the stern of the schooner. Seeing no land on either side, Janet fell on her knees, weeping, praying, and groaning — "We shall be lost! we shall go down to the bottom of the sea, and the fishes will eat us! Have mercy upon my soul! I shall be punished for not taking my poor mother's advice! She told me never to listen to the men, or I should surely repent it; and I do repent it, in every bone in my skin, and in my poor stomach! Oh, it is all over with us! I shall never see home or mother again. I shall soon be lying in a wet salt grave, with the great roaring waves tumbling over me!"

Miss Lambart, though her own mind was in a state of extreme agitation, compassionately and kindly endeavoured to

soothe and tranquillize Janet, by assuring her, that though the sea was rough, they were in no danger, or the sailors would not be so quiet on deck. She endeavoured to turn her thoughts to other subjects; but Janet could think of nothing but Lemain's neglect of her, and the danger of being so far from land.

Miss Lambart finding her unwilling to talk of any thing but her own folly, in having believed in Lemain's professions of love, questioned her respecting the manner in which she had eluded the observation of her fellow-servants, and the hour she had gone off with Lemain. From the weeping girl she learned that it was in about two hours after she had left home, with the dowager countess of Vandeleur, for lady Neagle's ball.

While Janet was giving an account of the trouble mounseer Lemain had to get her trunks away, and her terror of going on the water, and her distress when she was in the boat, where she recollected her disobedience to her mother, her ingratitude to her young lady, and that she was going to a strange country, and might per-

haps never see Ireland again, Miss Lambart reflected that her ball dress, now much soiled and torn, was utterly unfit for her present situation; and she obtained from Janet's wardrobe habiliments more suited to the cabin of a schooner, and the voyage she was compelled to undertake.

Thankful for a change of linen, she had just completed her hasty toilet, and concealed her magnificent chain, when captain Barbel made his appearance, followed by a boy with coffee, in a pot that had once been bright, and a cracked china coffee-cup, the gilt edge of which seemed to tell a sad tale of better days, long past. With a grin, designed for an engaging smile, that displayed a few long discoloured straggling teeth, and numberless bows, cringes, and grimaces, the captain placed the breakfast, consisting of coffee, biscuit, and honey, before Miss Lambart, whom he hoped had enjoyed *de bon repose*, *de ver good sleep*, and *dat she would make de dejeuner vid de bon appetit*.

Miss Lambart accepted a cup of coffee and a biscuit, for she stood in need of refreshment, and was about to demand from

captain Barbel, by whose authority she had been brought aboard the *Grampus*, and what was her future destination? But there was in the man's look so much cunning and ferocity blended, that her heart failed her, and to avoid conversing with him, she busied herself in persuading Janet to take a cup of coffee and a little biscuit.

"Votre mari, madame," said captain Barbel, addressing Janet, "he beg to be excuse from wait upon you just at present, for de poor gentilhomme he have de mal a la tête, and di a la estomac mal; he ver bad, sick all over, and he beg me say to madame, he must stay on de lit, de bed vat you call, une heur or deux, s'il vous plait."

"You are mistaken, sir," said Miss Lambart, "in supposing this young woman to be monsieur Lemain's wife."

"Ma foi, dat is no concernment to me," replied the captain; "he say to me, she my femme; I no trouble my tete about such affair; dey manage dat between demselve; she ver pretty jeune fille; if she not de femme, dat her affaire, noting at all to me."

"I should be glad to go upon deck, sir," said Miss Lambart, disgusted with the

man, and abhorring his principles, which she perceived were wicked enough to assist in any villany. The fresh air will be of service to this young woman also, whom the closeness of the cabin affects even more than it does me."

The captain looked at Janet, and said—
"She look pale, vite in de face; every peoples ven dey come on board dey have de swim about in de tete, and dey sick in de estomac, but dey soon get vell."

"She will get well the sooner from going on deck," observed Miss Lambart.

The captain replied, the deck was crowded with goods, but he would go and get a place cleared for them.

Janet was very ill; her sickness did not pass off, and she believed she was dying. After waiting for some time for the return, or a summons from the captain, Miss Lambart, more distressed on Janet's account than her own, proposed their trying to make their way to the deck; but on attempting to leave the cabin, they found the door was fastened, and that they were prisoners. Janet burst into tears and la-

mentations, while Miss Lambart, though full of apprehension, 'suffered no word of fear or complaint to escape her, but clasping her white hands in supplication, she meekly sunk on her knees, and put up prayers to Heaven for speedy deliverance. In the midst of her distress and terror, she thought of the baroness Wandesford, and the grief and anxiety she was at that moment enduring; and she fervently prayed for her, and all her friends, whom she believed it probable she should see no more; she supplicated for patience and submission, and endeavoured to prepare and fortify her mind to meet the trials she foresaw she had to go through; she also tried to rouse the depressed spirits of Janet, and inspire her with faith and confidence in an all-seeing Providence, and to convince her that they were as much under the protection of their Heavenly Father on the sea as on the land. But the sickness of Janet's body extended to her mind, which, never possessed of much firmness or piety, had now become weaker than ever. Rolling on the cabin floor, she gave herself up to the dominion of terror, shrieking and

groaning with every heave and strain of the vessel, and believing every moment would be her last.

At the dinner-hour, the captain again appeared, attended by his boy, who placed, without a cloth to conceal the greasy state of the table, before Miss Lambart, a tureen, containing a mess, which he called soup and bouillie, for which humble fare the captain apologized, by observing—“He had not had time given him before he leave de port, to lay in de viandes friandes fit for de appetit of de ladi, vich he hoped she would excuse, for de short time he should have de pleasure, de ver great honneur, to see her remain on board de Grampus. But,” continued he, looking upwards from the cabin window, “if de vind would only blow from de right quarter, den ve make Havre de Grace demain matin.”

Miss Lambart did not refuse the viands set before her; but Janet's stomach recoiled even at the sight of food, and she could not be prevailed upon, by the persuasion and example of her young lady, to let it

approach her lips; and, she turned from the captain, vexed and disgusted, as he recommended the soup, and assured her it was bon pour le estomac. •

The dinner-things being carried away, the captain offered to conduct les demoiselles on deck, where he had cleared a small space, just large enough for them to sit down, among heaps of lumber and empty casks, with which the deck of the schooner was covered, allowing scarcely necessary room for the working of the vessel.

Miss Lambart's heart swelled with grief and awe, as she cast her tearful and anxious eyes over the waves, that with hoarse and melancholy sound dashed against the sides of the vessel, which groaned and laboured with uneasy motion, as it slowly made its way.—“We are alone on the ocean,” thought Miss Lambart, for on every side was a wide waste of water, without a living thing to enliven its dull monotony of look and sound; no ship appeared to encourage a hope of deliverance; for she had resolved, if a vessel was within hail, or was likely to observe signals, she would make an effort for liberty. But,

alas! she watched and waited in vain; no sail came in sight; and added to the disappointment of the wind being unfavourable for reaching Havre de Grace, it seemed to increase, and threaten a storm.

Miss Lambart was better pleased to bear the spray, though it wet her garments, and the cold boisterous wind, that hoarsely whistled in the rattling shrouds, than return to the dirt and stench of the cabin; but the captain and the mate having agreed that a heavy squall was coming on, and that it would be necessary to lash all tight, she was, without any ceremony, ordered to go below. Miss Lambart reluctantly descended to the cabin; but Janet persisted in remaining on deck, saying, she might as well be killed by the wind and rain, as poisoned with all sorts of bad smells. But resistance availed nothing; the captain, whom her obstinacy provoked beyond his patience, forgot all his politeness, and roughly seizing her in his arms, bore her down to the cabin, calling her "une petite grandeuse, une begueule," and other names, expressive of his displeasure.

Janet bitterly deplored the hardness of

her fate, and her own folly, that had brought her from peace, and comfort, and cleanliness, and health, into such a situation of filthiness and torment, from which she could not get away, except she jumped into the salt sea.

It was in vain Miss Lambart spoke of the duty of patience and submission. Janet protested she would never submit to such ill-usage; she would teach mounseer Lemain, and all the mounseers belonging to the Grampus, to know they should not put upon her, and order her about at their pleasure, up here and down there; no, faith! she was not their servant, and they should not be her masters; and as to that wicked deceitful Lemain, she never had cared much for him, but now she downright hated the thoughts of him.—“He may look out for some other ignoramus,” said Janet, “to make promises to, about dressing finer than duchesses and keeping grand hotels.—Oh,” continued she, weeping, “what will my poor mother say to all this? what will the dear good baroness say? they will never forgive me; no, nor you, my blessed young lady, though you

look so mild, and seem just like an angel, in the middle of so much trouble, you will never forgive me."

"My poor Janet," said Miss Lambart, affectionately pressing her hand, "I do most sincerely forgive you: compose your spirits, let me entreat you; we shall yet, I trust, see happy days, and your present sufferings will warn you not to believe or be persuaded.—"

"No," interrupted Janet, "No; I will never listen to a man again, if I should live to be as old as the poles; I shall always hate the wicked deceitful men, and above all that are in the world, that wicked deceitful yellow-faced Lemain. But, dear Miss Lambart, you know things better than I do, ma'am, though I am two months and three days older than you are, do you, my dear lady, think these wretches intend to make slaves of us?—of you, who never did any sort of work with those beautiful white hands, since you were born into the world?—I hope I shall get strong again, and then, if we are put to work, as I have heard all slaves are made to labour,

why then I will do your task, as well as my own."

This trait of affection moved Miss Lambart to tears; but endeavouring to check the effusion of sensibility, she assured Janet she had no idea that any thing of the sort was intended.—"That Lemain has dishonourable designs, I have no doubt, or he would have married you before you quitted Dublin," continued she; "but if you do not forsake yourself, Janet, Heaven will never forsake you; pray constantly for its protection, and be assured, you will be enabled to defeat the wicked intentions of Lemain."

It was now getting dark, and Janet's bed-place being rather high from the cabin floor, Miss Lambart advised her to get in while she could see her way.

Janet had all the superstitious legends of her country at her fingers'-ends; she had heard of haunted vessels, and she did not know but the Grampus might have ghosts on board. The thought was terrible, and made her rather choose to encounter evil smells than evil spirits. Scrambling into her dismal berth, she lay weeping and

complaining, till sleep imposed forgetfulness of her illness and silence on her tongue.

Miss Lambart was not disposed to sleep, and wished for light; but Janet had ruffled the captain's temper, and he might refuse her the indulgence of a lamp; she therefore remained in darkness, thinking over the years that were gone—the happy years of her childhood. She also thought of Mr. Dorrington; her mental eye beheld his noble, though pale features, his dark clustering hair, and the beautiful expression of his mouth, as, with a languid smile, he thanked her for the assistance she had rendered him.—“The hope that I had cherished of seeing him again,” thought Ada, “is at an end; whither I may be hurried, and what my fate may be, Heaven alone can tell; but may his be felicity—may he never know how fondly I have cherished his image in my heart!”

It appeared certain to Miss Lambart, that Janet had no knowledge whatever of the deep-laid plot that had torn her from her friends and home, nor any suspicion that

Lemain was the chief agent in the business; yet, while she pitied the vanity and weak credulity of the girl, that had led her into such an unpleasant predicament, and caused her so much bodily suffering, she was most sincerely thankful that Providence had graciously ordered that the presence of a female should afford some consolation and protection to her, in the midst of uncertainty, suspense, and alarm; for the faces of the captain and his mate, the only men she had seen since she was brought on board the *Grampus*, were of that sinister cast, that gave her a fearful idea they would not be backward in assisting any scheme of atrocity for which they should be paid. That Lemain was the agent of the earl of Vandeleur, she had no doubt; every circumstance that had occurred confirmed it; she shuddered as she remembered how often lord Vandeleur had sworn she should be his, and that he would prevent her marrying another; she was now completely in his power, and her heart sunk at the conviction that she was being hurried to a land of strangers, far from all by whom she was beloved, by

whom she was cared for. Lemain Miss Lambart had never liked; the dowager countess had frequently said he was the confidant and manager of all his master's intrigues, the repository of all his secrets, and could, if he pleased, give an explanation of the revengeful conduct of the mad Italian—"To whose jealousy," thought Ada, "my life was nearly sacrificed; and to this Lemain, this agent of licentiousness and villany, I am committed, to be disposed of, when we reach France, according to the instructions he has received from his profligate employer, who will not fail to revenge on me the unqualified dislike of him I have manifested even from childhood, which increased to the very last hour in which I beheld him."

Night brought with it the threatened storm; the roaring of the wind, the dashing of the waves, and the noise on deck, was horrible; every now and then a flash of vivid lightning illumined the cabin, and shewed the disconsolate Ada the forlornness of her situation, and rendered the succeeding darkness more appalling.

Crawling on her hands and knees, and

at the expence of many severe bruises, Miss Lambart reached her uneasy bed, from whence it was with extreme difficulty she kept herself from falling; so violent and unceasing was the motion of the vessel.

Janet slept undisturbed by the raging of the elements; and Miss Lambart, in the midst of bodily pain and mental agony, was most thankful that her exclamations of sorrow and fear were not added to her own apprehensions of meeting a watery grave; fervently and earnestly the fair afflicted one prayed for herself, her friends, and her persecutors, and gave sincere thanks for the prospect of deliverance from dishonour, even though effected by a premature and dreadful death.

The long dark hours of the tempestuous night wore away, while Miss Lambart humbly supplicated that gracious Being, at whose omnipotent bidding the howling winds retire to their secret caverns, and the raging billows cease to foam and swell, and subside in calmness.

At dawn the storm became less furious, and as the light of day increased, it passed away; the noise and confusion on deck

ceased ; and though the schooner continued to roll and pitch, it was not so extremely violent as to oblige her to exert all her strength to keep herself from falling out of the berth. Most devoutly were the eyes of the distressed and wearied Ada turned towards the cabin window, where daylight began to glimmer ; and praise and thanksgivings, for preservation, and being permitted to see a new day, were on her lips, when fatigue weighed down her eyelids, and sleep brought a dream of happiness, such as her waking thoughts never dared indulge in, or could believe was possible to happen—she thought her father was joining her hand with that of Mr. Dorrington, and pronouncing a blessing on them.

When she awoke, she was surprised to find Janet risen, and watching over her. To Miss Lambart's inquiry after her health, she replied she was much better, and very hungry ; that she had tried to open the cabin door, but it was fastened on the outside.

Finding she had slept through the whole of the night, Miss Lambart did not men-

tion the storm, because she knew how very ready Janet was to fancy danger close at hand, even when it was far distant from her.

Having arranged her dress, and devoutly prayed for a continuance of preservation and protection, Miss Lambart bade Janet ring the bell; which was immediately answered by the boy, who said the captain had got a hurt, and could not walk; and the mate had broke two of his fingers; but the gentleman passenger was making breakfast, and would bring it down himself, as soon as it was ready.

Miss Lambart, who much wished, though she dreaded, to interrogate Lemain, replied—"It was very well;" but Janet, who thought herself very ill-used by Lemain, first, in being brought on board such a doghole of a vessel, after being promised a cabin fit for a princess, and next, in being left alone, to live or die as she could, without his taking the trouble so much as to make an inquiry after her, was not so calm as her mistress, and she was calling him a vile, deceitful, yellow-faced, ugly wretch, when he entered the cabin, looking most

ghastly, with a cambric handkerchief bound about his head, which certainly was no advantage to his long sallow features.

His surprise at seeing Miss Lambart, real or affected, made him nearly upset the breakfast-things.—“Vat in de vorld do my eyes behole, je peut il faire—Miss Lambar!”

“Most unwillingly, and to my regret, I am here, sir,” replied she, gravely: “the reason why I have been forced from my home and my country, I am yet to learn; perhaps I may not be wrong, if I apply to you for information?”

“Pardonnez moi, mademoiselle, I not comprehend vat you say.”

“Do not be telling a parcel of falsehoods to my lady, you vile deceitful wretch!” said Janet; “you comprehend well enough, you know you do.”

“Upon my vord——”

“Your word! it is not worth this pin,” resumed Janet; “and after your deluding me from my place, with your wheedling tongue, and your coaxing ways, I am sure you are wicked enough to do any thing.”

“Vat de diable you mean, Janet?”

“ I mean that you told me, the earl, your master, was in love with my mistress, and that you was sure they would marry one another some day. ‘Can you deny saying this?’ ”

“ Ma chère Janet, I no deny dat ; milor have de great respect for mademoiselle Lambar.”

“ Hitherto I have had little proof of his respect,” observed Miss Lambart ; “ and I fear I shall find——”

“ Yes, ma’am,” interrupted Janet, “ you will find that lord Vandéleur has employed this wretch to force you from your grand home ; I remember now, when he was putting me into the boat, he told one of the men that rowed it, that he would find what he knew of just before day at Larry Power’s cabin, and if he brought it safe on board the Grampus, they should have more than had been agreed for. Now, ma’am, it was you that was to be brought aboard.”

“ Alas ! yes,” said Miss Lambart, “ it is too evident.”

“ Vill you be pleased to take a cup of de chocolat, mademoiselle ? ” said Lemain ;

“ it is ver good; I bring it for Janet and me; for believe my vord of honneur, I no expect to meet vid you in de cabane of de Grampus.”

“ That’s false!” replied Janet; “ you did expect to meet my lady in this very place, in this filthy hole of a cabin; and what do you mean to do with her, now you have her here? But if you did give me love powder, as Mrs. Blandy used to say you did, thank goodness I have thrown it all up; and now I hate you—I tell you so to your ugly face.”

“ I ver much oblige for your politesse,” returned Lemain, bowing.

“ You may keep your bows—I care nothing for them, nor you,” resumed Janet; “ and I care not so much as a straw for the gold ear-drops, and the fine silk and satin gowns you promised to dress me in—no, I do not value them, or you, a straw; I never will have any thing to say to you from this time, as long as I live in this world—no, I will stay with my dear young lady; and before you, or your wicked master, shall mislest or hurt a hair of her head, I will lose my life.”

“Be patient, Janet,” said Miss Lambart; “sit down, and take some breakfast, my good girl; you complained just now of being hungry.”

“Good girl!” repeated Janet, bursting into tears; “no, Miss Lambart, no, ma’am, I am not a good girl; if I had, I should have listened to your advice, and have given up keeping company with this man, as you desired me; but I was bewitched, and believed every word he said; and he told me, if I would not have him, he would kill himself, and his ghost should haunt me day and night; and so, partly for liking, and partly for fear, I ran away with him; but now, when it is too late, I repent what I have done from the very bottom of my heart. Oh,” continued she, sobbing — “oh that ever I should have been so foolish, as to give up a good place, and leave a kind mistress, to follow such a wicked, deceitful, hard-hearted wretch, who left me to lie and die, and never came near me, even to offer me so much as a drop of water.”

“I not have de hard heart, and you ver much do me de injustice to call me deceit,”

replied Lemain; "my head and my estomac ver sick; I so bad, I not capable to stand on my leg; but for all dat, I beg de capitaine to pay all de possible respect and attention to my femme."

"Janet, are you this man's wife?" asked Miss Lambart.

"Mademoiselle," said Lemain, bowing, "Janet promise she vill, ven ve come to de shore; ven ve arrive at Paris, she vill den perceive I keep my word with her, and do all I promise; she will den see I am un gentilhomme, and personne of honneur, too much for be de big rogue she call me."

"You must have a great deal of assurance," replied Janet, "to suppose I will go to Paris with you; put that out of your head, mounseer; and as to marrying, I would sooner die an old maid than be your wife, I promise you."

"Nous verrons," said Lemain, restraining a smile.

"I do not understand your French gibberish," resumed Janet; "but I guess you mean, you do not care whether I marry you or not; but I can tell you one thing, mounseer, that perhaps you never thought

of—you may be made to care for forcing my young lady, a rich heiress, away from her friends, and taking her beyond seas; it is not many years since a Kerry gentleman was hanged for the same crime.”

“C’est une étrange affaire,” said Lemain; “but I assure you, mademoiselle,” bowing most profoundly to Miss Lambart, “je ne suis pas dans le secret, I vish vid all my heart I know; but I vill go dis instant, and ask de capitain, de mate, de matelot, and de garçon—I will do all my possible to discover——”

“You know better than to ask any questions about the matter, for you can tell better than any body else can why my dear young lady has been brought to this dungeon,” said Janet, with her mouth full of biscuit.

“I ver much sorry for de poor mean cabane, and de vant of de clean and de comfortable; ver bad; no convenient for de ladi certainement; but I vill make de garçon vash de table and de floor; and now I get someting de better of de malade, de sea-sick, I vill have de pleasure and de honneur, mademoiselle, to attend

you myself—I vill take upon myself de office of your cuisinière and your serviteur.”

Miss Lambart replied—“ She troubled herself little about her privations, and could put up with such accommodations as the schooner afforded, wretched as they were, for the time she was to remain on board; but she was anxious to know by whose authority she had been compelled to take a voyage, so every way repugnant to her own will.”

Lemain shrugged his shoulders, and replied—“ Cela me passe; but, mademoiselle, ven de Grampus make de port, ven ve go to de shore at Havre de Grace, den you can make de application to de magistrat.”

Janet was busy with the chocolate and biscuits, which she found extremely palatable after her long fast, and paid no attention to Lemain's gestures and grimaces, who was making signs to her to follow him to the door. Having finished her break-fast, she scornfully turned up her nose at him; for being seriously offended at having been brought aboard such a wretched vessel, after having been promised a com-

modious cabin, and every thing fit for a lady, she lost all reliance on the word of monsieur Lemain; and being sincerely attached to Miss Lambart, with whom she had lived, and whom she had waited upon from childhood, she resolved to give up her lover, and stick faithfully by her mistress, who, in her present great trouble, she was certain would be glad to have even her near her. Pushing the breakfast-things towards Lemain, she said—"My lady has breakfasted, and so have I, and the boy may come and take away the things."

Finding that he could not bring Janet to give him a private hearing, with a look of chagrin Lemain took up the remains of the breakfast, and bowed himself out of the cabin, leaving Miss Lambart convinced, that when they did arrive at Havre de Grace, he would, if possible, prevent her having access to a magistrate; she saw ~~she~~ *she* was under his *surveillance*, and that Heaven alone could deliver her from the hands of a hardened villain.

Nor did Miss Lambart feel and sorrow for herself alone; she considered the situa-

tion of Janet as full of peril as her own ; and she earnestly entreated her not to quit her side, or to give Lemain an opportunity of renewing his addresses.—“ His words are fair, Janet,” said she, mournfully ; “ but his thoughts and his intentions are evil.”

Six weary days the Grampus had been tossed on the ocean, unable, from the perpetual shifting of the wind, to make a port ; and on the sixth morning, being seated with Janet on deck, Miss Lambart learned, from a conversation carried on in whispers between the captain and his mate, that the fresh water was nearly expended ; and that instead of proceeding to France, as had been intended, the Grampus must crowd all sail for the first English port they could make, to lay in a supply of bread and water.

The inconvenience of short allowance seemed as nothing in the idea of Miss Lambart, while she contemplated the possibility of deliverance from the power of Lemain, and his equally-dreaded associates. With the character of the English she was well acquainted, and felt assured, that hav-

ing heard her story, they, the noble and valiant supporters of liberty, would not allow a female to remain in the hands of ruffians, but would promptly and generously afford her assistance and protection.

Dreading the loquacity of Janet, Miss Lambart was compelled to conceal the hope that promised to lighten the oppressive weight on her spirits; and pretending to have no appetite, she left to Janet all the biscuit that was brought to table the following morning, which she presently dispatched, little suspecting the privation her mistress was enduring for her sake.

In the evening, though it was dull and cold, attended by Janet, Miss Lambart repaired to the deck, where she sat some time, absorbed in melancholy thoughts of the far-distant shores of Erin, and the grief and uneasiness her absence must cause her tenderly-attached friends; she thought too of Mr. Dorrington, who would visit Ireland, and be shocked with an account of her mysterious disappearance; he, no doubt, would give a pitying sigh to the fate of one so young and so unfortunate; her friends, sir Philip and

lady Stella Egerton, were in France; and could she acquaint them with her situation, they would soon obtain her release; but, alas! they were ignorant of what had befallen her; and unless she had the good fortune to make her injuries known when they touched at an English port, she feared herself and poor Janet had much of sorrow to encounter—trials that would demand patience and fortitude.

An exclamation from the mate disturbed Miss Lambart's reflections: having a second time looked through the telescope he held in his hand, the mate gave it to Lemain, and bade him look to westward.

Lemain pointed the telescope as he was directed, and after a minute or two, said—"Upon my vord, I see noting but de vite cloud."

The mate replied in French—"It looks to me like a sail; but, mon ami, if you see a white cloud, I see an ominous black one! and the flapping of the sails, and the dying away of the wind, convinces me a tempest is brewing; take my word for it,

the Grampus will have her old umbers well strained before morning."

"I hope you are mistaken," said Lemain, looking aghast with fear.

"I hope so too," replied the mate, "for if we should have a storm as fierce as the last, I would not give a sou for our lives; it is all over with us, for the Grampus is in no condition to——"

"Hold your tongue, you fool," interrupted the captain, who had not yet recovered the sprain of his foot; "do not bespeak ill-luck for us."

"No," grumbled the mate, "there is no occasion for that—ill-luck will come of itself too soon."

As he spoke, a flash of lightning so terrified Janet, that she shrieked aloud, stopping her ears with her fingers, to deaden the sound of the appalling thunder.

The captain desired Lemain to conduct the ladies below, as some heavy drops of rain were beginning to fall.

Miss Lambart, not wishing the assistance of a person so detestable to her feelings, passed hastily to the cabin, while

Lemain would have handed Janet down the narrow companion-stairs; but terrified as she was, she bade him keep his distance, and offer his services where they were wanted.

Lemain muttered something about making her repent her impertinence; but, unheeding him, Janet followed her mistress to the cabin, determined against being fastened in, and left to perish in darkness. Miss Lambart took the key from the door, which she found was in so decayed a state, that a very slight effort would shake it to pieces. This was a fearful confirmation of what the mate had said, respecting the Grampus being old, and unable to weather out a storm.

Throwing herself on her trunk, Janet sat wringing her hands, and rocking herself backwards and forwards, with looks indicative of despair.

"Janet," said Miss Lambart, solemnly, "struggle, my good girl, against this weakness; tears, lamentations, and the indulgence of terror, will avail us nothing; remember, if we were now on shore, we

could not tell but in another moment our Heavenly Father might call us to his presence."

"Very true, ma'am," sobbed Janet; "as my lady the baroness used to say, life is very uncertain; but then, you know, ma'am, if we was on dry land, we should die like Christians, in our beds, and we should have a shroud, and a decent coffin, and the burial service read over us; and now we shall be thrown just like cats, and —oh!" shrieking and trembling, "see there, it lightens again; and hark!"

An awful burst of thunder made the little vessel shiver, and called forth another piercing scream from Janet.

At that moment the mate came into the cabin, to put up the dead-lights, which increased the agony of Janet, though the mate bade her keep a good heart, for there was no danger; it was only a bit of a squall, and would soon pass over.

The very circumstance of putting up the dead-lights convinced Miss Lambart that danger was apprehended; yet she asked no questions, uttered no word of

complaint, but merely requested to be allowed a light.

Little accustomed to feel pity, the rough and savage nature of the man was touched at the mild and sorrowful tone of her voice, and he promised to bring a lamp. Nearly half an hour had elapsed, when the mate returned. Miss Lambart had sunk on her knees; her white hands were clasped in supplication; her tearful eyes were raised upwards, and her lips uttered a prayer for herself and all on board. Though the man understood little of her language, the attitude of Miss Lambart told him she was praying, and he begged her to put in a word or two for him, for he was a great sinner—"But if I live over this night," said he, "I am determined to turn over a new leaf; I will do my best to mend my ways."

The lamp being placed in security, the mate left the cabin; and Miss Lambart again endeavoured to reconcile Janet to what appeared to be their inevitable doom, for the tempest had risen to a tremendous height, the billows, raging and foaming, dashed over the sides of the schooner, and every moment threatened to engulf her in

a yawning and bottomless abyss. Again and again Miss Lambart entreated Janet to recollect she was on the extreme verge of eternity, and that another minute might not be given them to ask mercy and pardon for themselves, and the miserable creatures on deck; but Janet gazed on her with wild looks—she was stupified with terror, and could only wring her hands, and render the loud peals of thunder, that burst over the devoted vessel, more appalling by her shrieks.

It was near midnight, when the firing of a gun on deck assured Miss Lambart that the Grampus was making a signal of distress to some ship that was in sight, or that they were near land, and expected to receive assistance from shore; but the hope that shed a momentary gleam on her heart was quenched by despair, when the cabin window burst in with a tremendous crash, and the waves rushed in, roaring and foaming, as if eager to overwhelm them.

Janet was roused, by this new calamity, from the stupor in which she sat, and seizing Miss Lambart's arm, she dragged her from the cabin to the deck. Unconscious

of how she got there, Miss Lambart found herself clinging to the ribs of the vessel, the timbers of which had given way, and the boiling waves were rushing through the yawning planks.

"De boat from yonder ship vill come to our assistance," said the captain; "hold on, and you vill be save."

But Janet could not avail herself of this counsel—she could hold on no longer, for her fingers were numbed and powerless; her strength was entirely gone, and with a wild and harrowing scream, she fell into the engulfing ocean.

Miss Lambart felt the vessel sinking, yet she still kept her hold; the waves were high as her knees; she saw there was no escape: her last earthly thought was of Dorrington: the vessel gave a convulsive plunge while recommending her soul to Heaven; the sea rushed over her, she became insensible, and was released from the horrors of her situation.

The captain and the mate, who had watched with impatient eyes the progress of the boat, as it laboured over the mountainous billows, felt the schooner rapidly

sinking; in their eagerness to escape, they leaped into the sea: it was a fearful and fatal plunge—the miserable wretches, with all their unrepented sins upon their heads, sunk to rise no more.

The crew of the boat sent from the *Guillaume* merchantman to the assistance of the *Grampus*, saw her shattered remains whirl round, and in the next instant not a vestige of the devoted vessel was to be seen. The floating bodies of Lemain, the sailor, and the boy, were picked up by the boat; the two latter were little injured; but Lemain, on whom some of the timbers of the schooner had fallen, was so dreadfully bruised and lacerated, that it was thought next to impossible he could recover, though a doctor, who was passenger in the *Guillaume*, with great humanity dressed his wounds, and prescribed for his ailments.

The beams of a bright unclouded sun were shining on a clean little bed-place, when waking from a long deep sleep, Janet fixed her eyes on the form of a middle-aged, respectable-looking woman, who was preparing something over the fire, that

burned in a bright brass stove—"I am dead," thought Janet, "yes, I am sure I am dead, for I feel quite easy and comfortable; I remember all about it—I fell into the sea, and died there, for I felt the water rush into my mouth, and over my head, and it roared in my ears with a dreadful noise, and then I heard no more, and then I died, and now I suppose I am in heaven: how clean and comfortable every thing is! and that old lady, no doubt, is one of the saints—perhaps saint Bridget, or saint Ursula, or saint Cathleen; I wonder what she is stirring over the fire—something very nice, I dare say."

A cough interrupted Janet's reverie, and brought Manon to the side of her berth, for Janet had been saved by the crew of the boat, and brought on board the Guillaume; but unfortunately Manon could speak no English, and Janet had profited so little by monsieur Lemain's instructions, that she could not make out a single word of Manon's inquiries of how she had slept, and how was her health, after having so narrowly escaped drowning.

But luckily for Janet's curiosity, the doctor, who could make himself understood in her own language, came to feel her pulse, and administer a restorative medicine; from him she learned that her mistress and herself, with two men and a boy, had been snatched from a watery grave, by the humanity of the captain of the *Guillaume*, and brought on board his ship, where every attention had been paid them, and where they had happily been restored to life.

Janet wept for joy, to find her young lady was saved, and it was no easy task to keep her from going to attend her.

"You must take care of yourself, and not quit your bed this day," said the doctor. "The young lady is doing very well; and the daughter of this good woman attends upon her. Come," continued he, pouring the medicine he had brought with him into a glass—"let me see you swallow this cordial, and in half-an-hour, la bon Manon shall give you a cup of her nice chocolate and a biscuit."

Janet made a number of wry faces before she could prevail upon herself to take

the draught, though the doctor urged her to be quick, for it would make her quite well.

Janet, with a rueful look, swallowed the medicine. Taking the glass from her hand, the doctor said, he must go immediately to her fellow-passenger, monsieur Lemain, whose arm was so injured, that it was greatly to be feared mortification would take place before they got into port, and surgical assistance could be procured to amputate the shattered limb.

"What, must the man lose his arm?" asked Janet.

"Or he must lose his life," replied the doctor, hurrying away.

"A pretty sort of a figure mounseer Lemain will cut, with one arm," thought Janet, who had not yet forgiven him for persuading her to elope with him; and her concern for his sufferings was entirely lost in the recollection of her own, in grieving after her trunk, her clothes, and her money, all sunk in the bottom of the sea, never to be regained; she remembered too how nearly she had lost her life, which even then she could not consider safe from danger, though the weather was calm, and

the sea tolerably smooth, remembering there was only a few thin planks separating her from the devouring ocean.

At the promised time, Janet had a small basin of chocolate and some biscuit given her, which she eat with a very good appetite; but not being able to converse with Manon, she would have found time pass away very heavily, had not the medicine she had taken been of a narcotic quality, and caused her to forget Lemaire, her losses, the ship, and all her troubles, in tranquil sleep.

Miss Lambart had suffered much more severely than Janet; she had received several contusions and bruises, and her wrists and fingers were much swollen, from having kept so determined a hold on the side of the ill-fated Grampus. Having become sensible of her preservation, her thanks and praises were devoutly offered up to the Almighty Ruler of the universe, who had snatched her from the world of waters, and placed her in apparent safety. But grief and terror had so shaken Miss Lambart's delicate frame, that on the morning after she was brought on board the Guillaume,

she felt so weak and low, that she alarmed Nanette, the young woman by whom she was attended, by expressing a belief that her last hour was swiftly approaching; and that though not drowned, she should die at sea.

The young girl, who was a Catholic, proposed calling in a priest—a good and pious man, who fortunately was on board the ship. Nanette did not attend to Miss Lambart's declaration that she was not of the Catholic persuasion, but instantly left the cabin to summon the doctor, and entreat the good offices of the confessor, for the sick, and, she believed, dying young lady.

The priest instantly followed Nanette, who drew aside the curtain that shaded her berth; and Miss Lambart recollected the stern countenance of Mr. Burke, whom she had some years before known as confessor to the earl of Vandeleur, and tutor to lord Conway. Notwithstanding he still wore the same austere look that awed her when she was a child, she was glad to recognise a person whom she knew, and by whom she was known; for though they differed in their religious faith, she was

persuaded that, for the sake of her Catholic connections, and as a Christian, he would protect her from the future machinations of Lemain, and assist her with the means to return to her own country, if it pleased Heaven she should live; and if she died, would see her laid in the earth, and inform her family of her disastrous fate.

Miss Lambart held out her hand to him; but without touching it, he bowed coldly, and said—"You are, I presume, the Miss Lambart to whom the countess of Vandeleur acted as guardian?"

Chilled by his ungracious manner, she merely replied—"I am."

"We meet now, young lady, under circumstances strange and unexpected," resumed the priest; "some few years ago, I was the spiritual director of the earl of Vandeleur—peace be to his soul! and tutor to his ungovernable son. But before we speak farther of affairs pertaining to this world, let me ask you the great and important question—Have you renounced your heretical errors? may I congratulate you on your conversion to the holy Catholic faith?"

"Not being convinced of error," replied Miss Lambart, "I remain stedfast in the faith in which I was bred and educated; I am still a Protestant."

"Poor deceived young creature!" resumed Burke, piously crossing himself, "I pity you most sincerely. But wherefore am I summoned? what consolation can I afford you? Alas! none. Your attendant tells me you are in a dangerous state, that you believe yourself at the point of death; truly your situation is terrible to my feelings. Poor deluded one! I may weep, but I dare not pray over you; I dare not absolve you of your sins; unless you recant your heresy, and become——"

"I will hope to be absolved by my Heavenly Father," interrupted Miss Lambart; "I will die as I have lived, a Protestant."

"Then is your immortal soul doomed to perdition," replied the unpitying priest, "for I dare not pronounce the pardon of your sins."

"The pardon of man, an erring being like myself, will avail me nothing," resumed Miss Lambart; "I recommend my

soul to the mercy of my good and gracious Creator, who looks on the intentions of the heart, and will, I trust, listen to the prayers, and forgive the trespasses of all his creatures, however different may be their creed."

The entrance of the doctor, who pronounced his patient to be in a high fever, and said she must be immediately bled, prevented any further religious discussion.

Burke bowed his head, and hoped she would recover health of body, for her mind's sake, which was in a deplorable state of weakness.—"Farewell," said he, "deluded one; I go to pray that your obstinacy may be removed."

The doctor smiled as he rolled the fillet to bind the arm of Miss Lambart.—"I fear," said he, "you are not a *bon* Catholic, but, nevertheless, I shall do my best to preserve your body, though the priest may refuse to administer to the ailments of your soul, because you happen not to agree in the belief that none can be saved out of the pale of the church to which he belongs. Nanette, hold the basin; losing a little blood will, I hope, abate the fever."

"Oh the saints!" screamed Nanette, "she is dead."

"Not quite," replied the doctor. "Here, you simpleton, hold this hartshorn to the young lady's nose; she is only fainting, which happens very frequently to strong people when they are bled."

"Blessed Mary!" ejaculated Nanette, "I hope she will not die."

"I hope not," said the doctor, binding up her arm; "see, she recovers; there, lay her gently down; if she sleeps, it will be so much the better; make no noise to disturb her, while I go to prepare a composing draught."

The next morning Miss Lambart was better; the fever had left her; and, to her great comfort, Janet being much recovered, was permitted to come and sit beside her berth. Janet wept for joy to think they were both alive, after their narrow escape from such imminent peril; but she sadly lamented the bruised condition of her young lady's beautiful white hands, and wished they were at Doneraile Castle, that they might run to her mother for some of the balsam she made from herbs,

that was so good for cuts and bruises.

The mention of Doneraile Castle brought many pleasing and painful recollections to the mind of Miss Lambart, who, weak and dejected, thought it improbable she should ever return to Ireland. But while she felt persuaded she should die at sea, Nanette brought the pleasing intelligence that the wind was quite fair, and if it continued to blow from the same quarter for the next twenty-four hours, they should make the port of Nice.—“And how glad I shall be to see that fine city, and to walk on the beautiful terrace after vespers on a Sunday evening! I am so tired of a ship, and being at sea.”

Miss Lambart sighed; she was as weary of the ship and of the sea as Nanette; but she felt not the hope that buoyed up her spirits, for she was possessed with an idea that the hand of death even then pressed upon her heart, and that her eyes would be sealed for ever, before they reached the wished-for land.

Mr. Burke had not visited Miss Lambart since the morning; he had been brought to her presence by Nanette; but

when he heard she had left her bed, and was declared by the doctor out of all danger, he sent to ask permission to wait upon her. When he entered the cabin, he said, he had requested to see her, for the purpose of restoring to her a costly ornament, that had been found on her person when she came on board, and which the captain of the *Guillaume*, a worthy honest man, had placed in his care.—“I knew the ornament,” said Burke, “for I had seen it many times when I was at Doneraile Castle, and I wondered by what strange accident its owner should have been a passenger in such a vessel as the *Grainpus*.”

The priest then delivered to Miss Lambart the jewelled chain, which she had continued to wear under the morning-dress with which she had been supplied by Janet when on board the schooner. Miss Lambart expressed much pleasure at the recovery of the highly-valued chain, the history of which was well known to Mr. Burke, who now spoke of the dreadful condition of Lemain, who declared he would not part with his arm; “in conse-

quence of which obstinacy," said Mr. Burke, "he will lose his life."

"Poor wretch!" returned Miss Lambart, "he has my sincere pity and forgiveness, though, 'I am persuaded, I owe all my sufferings and perils to him!'"

"And so do I, of that I am quite certain and convinced," said Janet, bursting into tears; "here I am, alive to be sure—no thanks to him though—as thin as a lath, and looking for all the world like a spectre; but that I do not so much mind, because I may pick up my crumbs again, if I should have the luck to get upon land once more."

The priest frowned at Janet's loquacity, who continued to say—"But worse than the loss of my flesh, I have lost my trunk, all my clothes, and fifteen golden guineas, that I had saved up unknown to my mother, and hoarded in a sweet pretty amber box, that was given me for a keepsake by a young man, who——"

"Silence, girl!" exclaimed Burke, in a voice of authority; "the trash you have lost is of no consequence."

"Trash!" repeated Janet, reddening

with anger, "of no consequence! my good clothes trash! my fifteen golden guineas trash, and of no consequence! Well, I never heard any thing like that since I was born into the world."

"The loss of your soul," resumed the priest, sternly, "will be of far more consequence than clothes or money; unless you deeply repent, and bewail your sins with fasts and penance, you——"

"I have fasted pretty often since I came to sea," interrupted Janet, "and have had sufficient penance, in frights, and hardships, and sickness; I have been very foolish, I do not pretend to deny that; but as to sin, I defy that deceitful, ugly, yellow-faced wretch, Lemain, to say a single word against my virtue. No, though I have been a fool, I have always kept myself honest, and free from sin; and my dear young lady has been so good as to forgive my running away, and has promised to keep me in her service; so I do not see what I have to bewail, unless it is my sickness, and my bruises, and my losses, of which you, being a rich person, think so light."

Mr. Burke listened to Janet with anger and impatience; again he frowned, and bade her be silent; but finding her still disposed to dwell upon her losses, he requested Miss Lambart to allow him a private audience, as he had matters of importance to communicate.

When Janet had retired, which she did indignantly, repeating — “Trash! handsome muslin dresses, beautiful elegant lace caps, and golden guineas, trash!” he closed the door of the cabin, and informed Miss Lambart, who expected another religious controversy, that he was commissioned by Lemain to beseech her pardon for the outrages that she had sustained, and to bear to her his confession, that, acting by the direction of his master, the earl of Vandeleur, he had contrived that the dowager countess of Vandeleur and herself should be decoyed into a carriage, hired for that express purpose, and driven to an unfrequented spot, where persons, instructed how to act, were stationed to intimidate the dowager, while she was forced away, and carried on board the Grampus.

Though this statement was only a con-

firmation of Miss Lambart's suspicion, yet the confirmation of the depravity of the earl of Vandeleur, her own relation, so shocked her, that she was near fainting, and had scarce power to ask—"Why was this? what could lord Vandeleur's intention be in sending me to France?"

"The earl of Vandeleur, even in childhood, had bad principles; his evil passions were suffered to shoot up, unchecked and unrestrained; they have gained the mastery over him; he is the slave of vice: the earl of Vandeleur, though a husband and a father, pretends to be in love with you, Miss Lambart."

"Defend me, gracious Providence, from such licentious love!" said Miss Lambart. "But surely, sir, he has taken most strange and cruel means to demonstrate his love."

"Say his jealousy," replied Burke. "You were acquainted with colonel Tyrone?"

"I was; but what of him?"

"He was your lover, favoured and accepted?"

"No, on my honour," replied Miss Lambart; "colonel Tyrone was an agreeable

talented young man, and being of high family, was a favourite acquaintance, and always made one at the parties of the dowager countess of Vandeleur; but he never aspired to my favour; and had he addressed me as a lover, he would have been rejected."

"Lord Vandeleur thought otherwise," resumed the priest; "and to prevent your marrying colonel Tyrone, you were to have been placed in confinement in a chateau, already hired, and prepared for your residence, near Paris, where you were to have suffered no restraint, except not being permitted to pass a certain boundary. Lemain and Janet were to have been your attendants; though, in justice to the girl, the truth must be fairly told, she had no knowledge whatever of the affair, but was induced to elope with Lemain, in the belief that he would marry her as soon as they arrived at Paris, and place her at the head of a fashionable hotel."

"And what end would this have answered?" asked Miss Lambart; "though lord Vandeleur had succeeded in confining me, in breaking the heart of my aged pa-

rent, the baroness of Wandesford, and in distressing my friends, what, sir, could lord Vandeleur promise to himself from this outrageous conduct? He could not, dared not, encourage the hope that I would ever be brought to disgrace myself, and dishonour my family."

"The earl of Vandeleur watches, and waits, and hopes to divorce his wife," replied Burke, "and having obtained that long and ardently-desired point, ~~he~~ ^{he} presumes to hope you will be won to forgive, and bestow your hand and your wealth on him."

"Lord Vandeleur's temper and principles rendered him in childhood my terror and aversion; I have seen no amendment to lessen or remove my dislike; and I would have died an exile and a prisoner, rather than have consented to marry a person whom I could not look upon but with terror and abhorrence."

"You are now happily released from his power," returned Burke; "the end of his wretched agent, Lemair, is fast approaching; mortification has taken place,

and a few hours must terminate his ill-spent life."

"May Heaven have mercy on his soul!" said Miss Lambart, fervently and devoutly; "I sincerely forgive him all the sufferings he has occasioned me."

"He has made a clean breast," replied the priest; "the unhappy man has made a full confession of his sins, and received absolution."

THOMAS said arrogantly, and, according to Miss Lambart's idea of man's limited power, presumptuously; but she well knew the bigotry of the man with whom she conversed, and did not wish to make him her enemy, by disputing the power he believed he derived from the pope, to pardon sin, as his fallible judgment saw fit; but changing the subject, she asked Mr. Burke if he intended to make any stay at Nice?

"I reside there," replied he; "and I believe I understand the meaning of your inquiry; you wish my protection, till you can hear from your guardians?"

"You have guessed most truly, sir," replied Miss Lambart; "I am poor and destitute, in a strange country—I would

be indebted to your kindness and humanity for the recommendation to proper lodgings for myself and servant, and a necessary supply of cash, till I can receive remittances from Ireland; when I will most gratefully and thankfully remunerate——”

“Not a word more, young lady,” interrupted the priest, “unless you would offend me; I neither wish, nor would accept remuneration for any act of Christian charity I may be called upon to perform.”

This he said arrogantly; and the mind of Miss Lambart proudly resolved to owe him no obligation, but to repay to the utmost every favour her necessity, not her will, constrained her to receive at his hands.

“My residence in Nice,” resumed Burke, “is in a pleasant, but private situation, more private than may be agreeable to you, Miss Lambart, who have been so much accustomed to splendour and gaiety.”

“Recollect, sir, I am yet in delicate health, and shall be glad of quiet and privacy.”

“My mansion,” continued Burke, “is large, is healthfully situated, and boasts an

extensive garden and orangery ; if you think you can, for the short time you will remain at Nice, put up with such humble accommodations as a poor priest can offer you, I shall have much gratification in affording you my protection, advice, and assistance, till you can be restored to your friends."

Miss Lambart thanked Mr. Burke, and accepted his offer, not that she approved of residing under his roof, because she was certain he would avail himself of every opportunity to attempt making her a proselyte to his faith ; this she foresaw would occasion her many unpleasant hours ; but she had no alternative ; alone, and a stranger, she was obliged to submit to the evil she was aware of, rather than encounter others, which she was certain must spring up in the path of an unprotected female.

Lemain lingered in agony, till the Guillaume made the harbour of Nice, where the wretched man was taken on shore, and expired almost immediately.

Miss Lambart was very glad to find herself once more on *terra firma*, and in possession of a suit of large rambling apart-

ments in Mr. Burke's mansion, which was, as he had described, in a very retired situation, the house standing nearly alone, at a short distance from the river Paglion.

The furniture of the rooms was antique, but it was clean, and in tolerable repair, and after the privations and inconveniences she had suffered at sea, appeared like Paradise to Miss Lambert, who, had her accommodations been much worse, would have thought every deficiency amply compensated, by her having access to a large balcony, which ran under the windows the whole length of her apartments, and led, by a flight of broad marble steps, to the garden and orangery, from which a door opened on the river side, and gave an enchanting view of Drappo, an adjacent village, and of gardens hedged in with flowering myrtles, and rich olive grounds, rice fields, and mulberry plantations.

But delightful as all this was to her mistress, it was far less so to Janet, who, though she had no objection to pluck and eat the delicious ripe fruit from the loaded trees, or to walk on the soft smooth turf by the river Paglion, yet protested she

preferred the darkest, dirtiest alley in Dublin, to all the fine streets and elegant walks she had seen in and about Nice; and for a very good reason—the French folks, with their grinning, and shrugging their shoulders, and their “we, we,” and their “non comprend,” made her just mad.—“In Dublin,” said Janet, “every body understood me, but here I have not a soul I can speak to, except Mr. Burke, and he frightens me with his black looks.”

“It is a dull life for you, Janet, I confess, and I am sorry you should be made so uncomfortable,” replied Miss Lambart; “but have patience, and keep ~~up~~ your spirits; I trust we shall very shortly return to Ireland.”

But to Miss Lambart's grief and surprise, week after week passed, and no answer arrived to the letters Mr. Burke sent off in her name and his own, the day after their arrival at Nice, by a ship bound for England. This delay occasioned Miss Lambart much distress and uneasiness, which the priest was at great pains to soothe, by reminding her how long intelligence to and from Ireland might be re-

tarded by contrary winds. This reasoning was not to be disputed, and might have had the effect of enabling Miss Lambart to bear with patience this trying suspense, had not Mr. Burke made it a rule, in his daily visits to her apartment, to introduce the topic she so particularly disliked; nor was he deterred, by her strenuous support of the doctrines and creed in which she had been bred, from bringing several voluminous works with him, and recommending them to her perusal, as certain refutation of her heretical and pernicious opinions. Finding her continue firm in the Protestant faith, he at length proceeded so far as to oblige her to keep the fasts observed by Catholics, allowing no flesh to be brought to her table on Wednesdays and Fridays, or on those other days of abstinence appointed in the ritual of the Catholic church.

Manon and Nanette were the only domestics belonging to Mr. Burke's establishment, that ever came to Miss Lambart's apartment. The old woman seemed of a reserved temper, and always appeared in haste; Nanette, her daughter, was lively

and talkative. One day, as she was placing a boiled fish and some rice on the dinner-table, Miss Lambart asked—"What do you fast for to-day, Nanette?"

"The martyrdom of saint Veronica," replied Nanette.

"I am not acquainted with her history," resumed Miss Lambart; "but I shall honour her memory by dining on rice, which, in truth, will be neither penance nor mortification to me, as I am fond of it."

"I do not see why you should be obliged to keep fasts as we do," said Nanette, "for my mother says you are a heretic, and that I am very wicked, because I do not understand why it is a sin to eat meat to-day, any more than it was yesterday, nor why a heretic should not go to heaven as well as a Catholic; but I know nothing about these matters."

"Depend upon it, Nanette, all good people will go to heaven," said Miss Lambart, "whether Catholics or of any other religious persuasion."

"But Mr. Burke is determined you shall go to heaven his way," returned Nanette, "for I heard him tell my mother

you should receive no letters from your own country; till you had become a Catholic."

Miss Lambart sunk back in her chair and fainted. Janet, though she had not understood a word of what Nanette had said, supposed she had occasioned her mistress to faint; and while she rubbed her temples and hands with vinegar, raved at the terrified girl, who, weeping and kneeling at Miss Lambart's feet, called upon the Virgin and all the saints to restore her.

Miss Lambart, with a heavy sigh, unclosed her eyes, and being relieved by a salutary gush of tears, gave a promise to the entreating Nanette, that she would not repeat to Mr. Burke what she had told her. Miss Lambart thought it necessary to remove Janet's anger against Nanette, by informing her of Mr. Burke's determination to oblige her to embrace his faith.

CHAP. IV

And thus I clothe my naked villany
 With odd ends, stol'n forth of Holy Writ,
 And seem a saint, when I most play the devil.

Richard III

.....

The miserable have no other medicine
 But only hope. *Measure for Measure.*

.....

Can you endure the livery of a nun,
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
 To live a veiled sister all your life,
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold, pale-faced moon

* * * * *

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

.....

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
Measure for Measure.

As he lived he died, an unbeliever.

* * * * *

And his murderer, Conrad, what became
 Of him?

Self-exiled, he left his country : perhaps
 He was not happy, for Heaven alone can
 Read the heart of man ; but when he left his home,
 His look expressed no sorrow for the deed.

15

The Fall of Warndorf.

THE non-arrival of letters from Ireland
 painfully convinced the sorrowing Miss

Lambart that Mr. Burke had cruelly deceived her, in pretending that he had written to her friends; while the peremptory style he assumed in his daily conversations, and his dictatorial manner, were strong proofs that Nanette had truly reported his determination to compel her to abjure the Protestant belief. No longer to be deceived by the plausible excuses he so readily invented, for the long-delayed answer of her friends to the packet he said he had written on the very day they arrived at Nice, Miss Lambart saw the necessity of immediately writing to Ireland herself, and calling in the prompt interference of her guardians, to deliver her from the persecutions of a man, whose bigot zeal had already made her extremely uncomfortable, and rendered her stay in his house, where, instead of the kindness and protection she had been promised, she had met severity and reproof, altogether disagreeable and impossible. But when she applied to Nanette for pens and paper, the girl, with unfeigned concern, replied, "She was very sorry to refuse the lady such a small request, but she had not the

power to procure writing materials without asking Mr. Burke; for there was not a pen or a drop of ink in the house, except in his study, which he never left without locking the door and carrying away the key in his pocket.—“ But, dear lady, if you will wait till Sunday,” continued Nannette, “ I shall go to see my sister Lucile, who is lately married, and her husband’s brother will do any thing I ask him, and he shall get you ink, pens, and paper.”

Miss Lambart sighed, to think she had three days to wait before she could address the baroness Wandesford; but as she was certain Mr. Burke had reasons of his own for keeping her family in ignorance of her fate, she foresaw the inutility of applying to him, and was compelled to trust to Nannette, who continued to say—“ Philippe, lady, is a heretic; but I do not regard that, for he is good-looking and good-tempered, and so kind and tender-hearted to every body in trouble, that I am certain he will not only get writing materials for you, but I am sure he will inquire if any vessels from your country are in the harbour, and when they will sail.”

"Oh that I could sail with them!" thought Miss Lambart, tears starting to her eyes, as she recollected that she was entirely unprovided with cash, which Mr. Burke had very scantily supplied on her arrival at Nice; and which being all expended, in procuring absolute necessities for herself and Janet, her pride had revolted against requesting another loan, and the want of money rendered her present departure from Nice impracticable.

On Mr. Burke's next visit, he was much more explicit, with regard to his intentions, than he had ever been before. Having made an eulogium on the purity of the Catholic religion, and declaring it to be that revealed to, and practised by, the apostles and primitive Christians, he said, that when he resided at Doneraile Castle, himself and the late earl of Vandeleur had frequently lamented that the will of her infatuated mother had separated her from the true faith and holy communion, that could alone ensure her eternal happiness.

Miss Lambart's heart beat with apprehension, as she replied—"The earl of Vandeleur, sir, never expressed a concern

of that sort to me; he never, at any time, attempted to change my religious belief; but if he had, his opinion on that subject would never have influenced or altered mine: instructed by the precepts and example of the truly good and pious baroness of Wandesford, I shall never be brought to think that doctrine, or that belief wrong, which has for its foundation, humanity and universal charity: but I must entreat, sir, that you will suffer this subject to rest; I have no doubt but your zeal is prompted by a sincere desire to promote my eternal welfare, but I am not to be persuaded to renounce the faith of my parents."

"Your mother," said Burke, sternly knitting his heavy brows, "was bred a Catholic; lady Amanda Lambart had the misfortune to marry a man, who——"

Miss Lambart had heard that her unfortunate father had been killed in an affair of honour; and alarmed at the idea of hearing the unfeeling priest recapitulate the distressing and fatal circumstances of his death, she turned pale as marble, and seemed so near fainting, that he called Janet from

the anti-chamber, and telling Miss Lambart he would postpone what he intended further to say till their next meeting, when he hoped to find her more disposed to receive ghostly counsel, he left the room, with a look so lofty, and a step so stately, that Janet, as she closed the door of the anti-chamber, exclaimed—"Humble, indeed! Satan himself is not a bit prouder, nor has not a more evil look."

For the next two days the good-tempered Nanette rarely entered Miss Lambart's apartments; for having hurt her hand, Manon was obliged to officiate for her.

On Sunday Miss Lambart was alone the greatest part of the day; for having no religious scruples, Janet attended Mr. Burke's chapel, where, though she made but little spiritual improvement, she gratified her eyes with staring at the congregation, whose dresses of different nations engaged her attention much more than the homily of Mr. Burke, who, as she left the chapel, honoured Janet with a gracious look of approval, the very first she ever received from him.

Most tediously the day passed with Miss Lambart; and as Nanette did not bring in the evening refreshment, she supposed she had forgotten her promise, and kept away to avoid being reproached with having broken her word.

Having no one to converse with, Janet soon began to nod: and wearied with her own sad and disturbed thoughts, Miss Lambart was preparing to go to rest, when she was alarmed by a step in the balcony, and a gentle tap at the bed-chamber window. In much trepidation Miss Lambart unclosed the Venetian shutter, and beheld Nanette, who made signs to her to open the window.

This being complied with, Nanette stepped into the room, and produced pens, ink, and paper, which Miss Lambart most joyfully received, thanking the smiling girl for her kind recollection of a request so important to her future happiness.—“Mr. Burké,” added she, “has cruelly deceived me; but my relations never will. They will not delay a moment, after they receive my letters, to hasten to my deliverance.”

“You will be pleased to get your let-

ters ready, lady," said Nanette; "Philippe will be here to-morrow night to receive them, and any other commands you may think proper to give him. Luckily I found a key, that opens the orangery door, and can admit him when——"

"But are you certain," interrupted Miss Lambart, "that I may confide in this young man? Can you answer for him, Nanette, that he will not betray me to Mr. Burke?"

"Yes, lady, I am quite certain; Philippe hates Mr. Burke as bad as I do," said Nanette; "and, to tell you a little secret," continued she, blushing, "Philippe has won my consent to marry him—and I am sure I can answer for his faithfulness as truly as I can for my own. But I must be gone, lady, for I suppose old father Gregorie, from the convent of our Lady of Tears, is about taking his leave; and I must pass the door of Mr. Burke's study to go to my chamber."

Janet fastened the shutter after Nanette's departure, observing—"Nobody knows who they may receive favours from in this world. If any body had told me,

six months ago, that you would not have had as much money at your command as would buy a few sheets of paper, and would have been obligated to a French marmasel to do you a favour, I should have said they were telling what never could happen, while grass grew and water ran in Ireland."

Miss Lambart's tears trickled through her fingers, which, when Janet perceived, she wept for company, at the same time entreating her mistress to keep up her spirits.—"I dare say," resumed she, "we shall cheat this deceitful, hard-hearted, close-fisted old wretch, at last; we shall get out of his clutches, never fear, ma'am. He a pious man! shame upon him! who ever could believe a priest would have told so many abominable lies, asking you what you wished him to tell the baroness, and pretending to write for you to dear Ireland, when you were too sick to hold a pen in your fingers. Well, for my part, I think all the men in the world are hollow and deceitful, and full of their own wicked plans and schemes. Mr. Burke believes he shall make a Catholic of me, but he will

be greatly mistaken; no, thank him, I will never fall upon my marrow-bones upon flints and iron bars, to worship images of wood and stone."

"Providence has been most gracious, in acquainting me with Mr. Burke's duplicity," replied Miss Lambart, "which I trust I shall now be able to defeat. I will to-morrow morning set about acquainting my beloved and revered parent of our escape from death, and our detention by this unworthy man. My hopes again revive: cheer up your spirits, Janet, and pray with me for Heaven's guard and direction."

The next morning, Miss Lambart was up, and writing, when Nanette came to put the apartments in order. Without waiting to be spoken to, she asked Miss Lambart if she should like to live in a convent, take the veil and be a nun?

"No, Heaven forbid, Nanette; neither my religion nor my inclination would lead me to embrace a life of such mortification and seclusion."

"Was you ever within the walls of a convent, lady?"

"Never," replied Miss Lambart.

"I went two years ago," resumed Nanette, "to the convent of Santa Orina. It was a sad gloomy dismal-looking place, and a melancholy life they seemed to lead there. I went upon business to the abbess, and glad enough I was to get away again, for I saw a nun there that was quite crazy : poor soul ! she had been forced by her own father to take the veil, because he wanted her fortune to make a rich man of her brother. They said the poor thing went out of her senses the very day she was professed. I shall never forget her eyes—they looked so wild, I was quite frightened at her. But if you never have seen the inside of a convent, you will very shortly, for Mr. Burke intends to take you to visit his cousin, the abbess of our Lady of Tears."

"I shall assuredly decline the favour he intends me," replied Miss Lambart.

"But I fear you will not be allowed to act as you please in this case, lady," returned Nanette, "for it is already settled."

"What is settled?" asked Miss Lam-

bart, alarmed by the gravity of Nanette's look—"what do you mean?"

Nanette having requested Miss Lambert to send Janet to keep watch in the anti-room, to give notice if Manon made her appearance, proceeded to say—"In passing Mr. Burke's study last night, I heard your name mentioned. Father Gregorie is very deaf, and Mr. Burke was obliged to speak loud; well, I clapped my ear to the keyhole, and then I heard him tell father Gregorie that you are an obstinate, contumacious, heretic, and that he had resolved to make you embrace the true faith, for you were immensely rich, and such a proselyte as you should not be permitted to slip through his fingers; that he would compel you to take the veil, and bestow your fortune in equal divisions on the church and him."

"Can this be possible?—can Burke be so designing, so determinately wicked?"

"It is but too possible, ~~my~~ ^{Madam}," continued Nanette. "Your wealth," Mr. Burke said, "would obtain him the promotion and situation he had so long looked up to and desired, and which he was certain to

secure, through the interest and influence of cardinal Solerno, whenever he brought a convert of your rank and consequence to the bosom of holy mother church; and this he assured father Gregorie he would effect, by placing you under the care and management of the abbess of our Lady of Tears, who well knew how to bend and subdue stubborn spirits, remove the pernicious errors of wilful heretics, and compel them to exchange their temporal possessions for a heavenly inheritance."

"Mr. Burke," replied Miss Lambart, "promises himself what he will never possess, if he looks to my change of religion for its attainment, nor will he ever persuade me to visit his relation."

Nanette shook her head mournfully—"Dear lady, you will not be permitted to refuse."

Miss Lambart grew pale with alarm—"Mr. Burke will not, dare not, use force—he dare not compel me; he knows I have relations who will call him to severe account."

"Before your relations can hear you are alive," returned Nanette, "you will be

immured in the subterraneous cells of our Lady of Tears, where you will suffer punishments I tremble to think of, till you consent to take the vows, and conform to all the abbess shall require; and more is the pity there is no appealing against the severities of the church."

"I will instantly appeal to the civil authorities."

"Dear lady, it will be all in vain; the magistrates will not meddle with the affairs of the church; but I hope you will be able to escape being made a nun of for all that. —To-morrow," continued Nanette, "Mr. Burke intends taking a journey to the Col di Bronais, at the foot of which stands the convent of our Lady of Tears, to prepare the abbess to receive you."

"Surely, Nanette, you must be mistaken."

"No, the Virgin be my witness," said Nanette, "I heard the plan laid down, for I put my ear close to the keyhole, and I did not lose a single word. Father Gregorie said it was a praise-worthy act to convert a person of your rank in life, if it was only for example sake; and his rela-

tion, the abbess of our Lady of Tears, would soon induce you to take the veil, and prevail on you, by never-failing arguments, to settle your worldly possessions as she thought fit to dictate; and as it was not likely you would go to the convent willingly, father Grégoire advised Mr. Burke to set off for the Col di Bronais directly, arrange matters with the abbess, and bring back father Jerome and father Cyprian, to assist in conducting the recusant, meaning you, lady, to the convent. As to your maid, Mr. Burke said, she was more than half a Catholic already; but as she was too apt to let her tongue run, she should accompany her mistress, because he wished it to be believed that you took the veil willingly; and by your own choice, which if she was permitted to return to Ireland, she might contradict, and occasion him trouble; but once safe within the walls of our Lady of Tears, means could be found to keep her silent, and convert refractory heretics."

"I am lost!" exclaimed Miss Lambart, wringing her hands; "for what resistance can I, weak and defenceless, oppose to

such deep-laid villany? Oh, merciful Heaven, direct me—teach me to avoid this impending evil!”

“Do not distress yourself, lady,” said Nanette; “Heaven will direct and assist you to escape. But suffer me to tell you all. Either to-morrow, or the next day, Mr. Burke commences his journey; I could not learn the exact time, for I heard a movement of chairs in the study, as if father Gregoire was about to depart, so I was obliged to decamp from the door, for if I had been caught listening, I do not know whether Mr. Burke would not have cut my tongue out, to prevent my telling any body what I had overheard; and as to penances, the saints defend me, I should have had a plentiful variety of them; but, lucky for me, I escaped undetected. When I reached my own chamber, I began to think over what I had heard, and I felt sorry for you, lady, and I hated Mr. Burke, for I saw he was a great hypocrite, and that under the name of religion, he is contriving to commit a monstrous sin. Before I went to sleep, I resolved to put you

upon your guard ; and when I see Philippe at night, which I know I shall, I will tell him all about Mr. Burke's design, and I am certain he will contrive some means or other to keep you from being made a nun, for he says it is a sin and a shame to shut up young girls in convents, and prevent them from marrying."

Nanette was called away ; and Miss Lambart, weeping and praying, placed her cause in the hands of her Heavenly Father. Having become more composed, she finished the letter she was writing to the baroness Wandesford, though quite uncertain that it would answer any purpose, except that of informing her that she had, at the hazard of her life, escaped from the foundered Grampus ; that by the death of Lemain she was freed from the profligate machinations of the earl of Vandeleur, only to fall into a snare equally as iniquitous.

Miss Lambart had but just concluded her letter, when she heard the voice of Mr. Burke, speaking to Janet ; and she had barely time to conceal it, when he entered her sitting-room. After a cold in-

quiry after her health, he informed her, that important business obliged him to take a journey that would occupy some days; in the mean time, he recommended her to give the books he had brought for her perusal an earnest and serious consideration, and to read them without prejudice, as the veritable testimony of eminent saints: he hoped to find her in good health when he returned, and her soul, which he would not cease to pray for, released, and at liberty from the dominion of the evil one.

“Oh that I were at liberty to return to my own country!” replied Miss Lambart, her excited feelings giving so much emotion to her tone and look, that Burke turned his eyes upon her with a scrutinizing glance of suspicious inquiry: his look recalled Miss Lambart to recollection, and suggested the necessity of deceiving the deceiver; she did not shrink from his gaze, but asked him to advance her a sum of money necessary for the expences of her voyage, and she would embark with the first ship that could put her on her way to Ireland, as she was becoming every day

more and more anxious to return to her friends and her home.

“Anxiety on any account is wrong,” replied Burke, reprovingly, “and ought not to be indulged; patience and submission becomes dependant creatures, atoms of dust, worms in the sight of Infinite Wisdom. Weak erring mortals fret and complain, because they do not see that out of mortification and disappointment springs their eternal felicity. I am now pressed for time,” continued the dissimulating priest; “when I return, which will be in a few days, I will consider your request, and whether I cannot so arrange my affairs, as to give you my personal protection, till you are placed in perfect safety.” Telling her that Manon had received his orders to pay her every necessary attention during his absence, he took his leave.

To Miss Lambart, one of the most ingenuous of human beings, the task of dissimulation was particularly irksome; the suppression of her feelings had been painfully oppressive, and in the perturbation of her spirits, she passed into the gallery, a place she seldom visited, that divided her

apartments from the part of the house occupied by Mr. Burke and his household; as she stood near one of the windows, she saw the priest mount his horse, and after speaking a few words to Manon, who had held the bridle, depart. For some moments Miss Lambart remained gazing into the street, and envying the merry countenances and apparent gaiety of the passers by, who seemed to smile as if their hearts had no touch of care. While contrasting her own forlorn situation with those who lived in the midst of beloved relatives and warmly-attached friends, Janet burst into the gallery, with her eyes wildly staring, and her face red as the wattles of a turkey-cock. Miss Lambart saw, from her inflamed countenance, that something unpleasant had occurred, and she fearfully asked—"What has happened, Janet, to displease you?"

"Displease!" repeated Janet, in an angry tone, "I may well be displeased, ma'am; it is enough to try the patience of a saint. Displeased indeed! I may well be in a passion; that old Jesabel,

Manon!—oh, I wish I had my will of her, I would teach her——”

“For pity sake tell me,” said Miss Lambart, distressed and frightened, “tell me at once what has happened? What has Manon done to you, Janet, to make you forget the respect due to me, by giving way to the indulgence of such ill-humour in my presence?”

“No, my dear mistress, my dear lady, I shall never forget the respect I owe to you; but indeed it was on your account I got into this passion—I was just stepping out to buy the pencil and the drawing-paper, as you ordered me, when, lo and behold, as I am a sinner, I found the door locked! the street-door, ma’am! You may well look astonished; but it is the truth, I assure you; and when I called to Manon, and made signs to her to open the door, the cross old cat turned away, muttering a parcel of gibberish, that I could not understand one word of, only non, non, which I suppose means no; and when I stamped my foot, and tried to force the door open, she crammed a piece of paper into my hand; I tried to read it, but it is

all Hebrew Greek to me—I can make nothing at all of it.”

“What have you done with the paper?” asked Miss Lambart.

“Hear it is, ma’am. Dear me, how I have twisted and crumpled it!” smoothing it between her fingers; “but perhaps, ma’am, you will be able to make it out.”

Miss Lambart took the paper, and, to her consternation, read:—

“MANON,

“It is my command, that during the time of my absence, you do not permit Miss Lambart, or Janet her servant, to pass out to the street, on any pretence whatever; and I command you not to give them the key of the orangery, or to suffer them to walk by the river side, as it is my strict order that they shall confine their walks to the garden and orangery, and not to pass beyond, till my return. Remember, Manon, that I am your confessor and master, and that it is your duty to obey my commands.

“ERASMUS BURKE.”

Miss Lambart having translated the above to Janet, with a look of angelic mildness and patience, said—"Heaven's will be done!"

"This is the devil's will," replied Janet; "and though I never did see his cloven foot, I am sure that father Burke, as they call him, is Satan himself. And so you are made a prisoner; ma'am. I guessed as much; and it was that," continued Janet, "put me in such a passion; a lady like you to be under the control of that wicked priest! But Heaven will never let him proceed in his devil's doings: first he says it is a sin to go to our church, as if it could be a sin to say one's prayers any where; then it is a sin to eat flesh on this day and the other day; and now it is a sin to walk in the street, or by the river side. Oh, my dear, dear mistress, what will this wicked priest do next?"

"Force me into a convent; that I am well aware is his intention."

Janet shrieked.—"To make a nun of you!" exclaimed she—"to cut off all your beautiful hair, and shut you up from the sight of men! the barbarous cruel wretch!"

Miss Lambart sighed heavily.

"And I suppose," resumed Janet, "he means to make a nun of me; but I will shew him a trick worth two of that. What, ma'am, shut us up from all the world, except their own fusty old nuns, and ugly monks and friars? I will go and pound, and shake the street door down, before I suffer that cross-grained Manon to make prisoners of us. I will shriek murder through the window; do pray, ma'am, let me; and sure some of these French mounseers will take pity upon us, and——"

"Do not attempt so desperate a course, Janet," said Miss Lambart: "not being of the same religion as themselves, we should meet neither compassion nor assistance from them. No—being what they call heretics, the people would approve rather than condemn the proceedings of their priest: and even if we were set at liberty, what would become of us, strangers, and without money?"

"I will die," returned Janet, "before they shall force me into a convent."

"As yet," replied Miss Lambart, mourn-

fully, "I see no alternative. But do not yield yourself up to despair; the same Omnipotent arm that preserved us from perishing in the waves, will, I humbly trust, watch over and protect us in this new calamity. Come with me, Janet, to my chamber, and let us pray together for deliverance from the power so unjustly exercised over us."

Janet followed her almost heart-broken mistress, wondering how she could bear hardships and ill-usage with such sweetness of temper and such patience. Wiping the big tears from her cheeks, she mentally vowed Mr. Burke should find it no easy task to force her young lady and herself into a convent, and make them turn nuns.

At dinner-time, Miss Lambart asked Nanette if she had been made acquainted with Mr. Burke's command to her mother, to make prisoners of them during the time he was absent?

"Yes, lady," said Nanette; "and I have quarrelled with my mother for accepting the office of jailor; but you know, lady, I have a key that opens the door of

the orangery, and you can walk when she is gone to bed; and then, after a sultry day, the air from the river will be delightful and refreshing."

"Alas!" replied Miss Lambart, weeping, "I care little for my own privations; but that my poor Jaquet should be made a prisoner as well as myself, is a tyrannous exertion of power I did not suppose Mr. Burke, in his zeal for making converts, would have exercised; on her account I am indeed much grieved, because her temper is naturally warm and impatient, and she will feel the control and restrictions of a stranger very severely."

"Do not weep, lady," said Nanette; "pray try to be cheerful; Philippe will surely be here to-night, and he will contrive some means to get you away from this prison; I never liked living in this great old-fashioned mansion, and now I hate it more than ever: do take comfort, lady, for I am certain Philippe will assist you to escape from the power of this wicked master of mine."

"Are there any Irish or English families of distinction residing at Nice?"

asked Miss Lambart. "By applying for their interference, I might be delivered from the persecution I endure, and obtain the means to return to my own country."

"I am sure I cannot tell," replied Nanette; "I have hardly any acquaintance in Nice: my mother never lets me go out, but just for a walk on the terrace after vespers on a Sunday, or just to spend an hour or two with my sister Lucile: to be sure, I see a number of fine folks walking on the terrace, ladies and gentlemen; but they may be Hollanders or Spaniards, for any thing I know: but perhaps Philippe can tell, though he does not live at Nice, and is only here now and then."

Living at a distance, Miss Lambart thought there was no depending on his keeping his appointment, from which he might be detained by the weather, or some mischance; and with a foreboding of disappointment, she inquired—"Where does Philippe live?"

"At Drappo, a village some few miles from Nice," replied Nanette. "Philippe's mother, lady, is alive, and he stays with her, to take care of the olive-ground and

the rice field, or she could not manage the business herself. Her eldest son, Thomaso, is married to my sister Lucile, and he is provided for; so after the death of the old woman, the cottage and the land will come to Philippe. And who knows," continued Nanette, smiling, "but I may live at Drappo myself some day."

"You are a kind-hearted girl," said Miss Lambart, "and I hope will be happy, live where you may."

"If I have the luck to marry Philippe, it will be all my own fault if I am not happy," resumed Nanette, "for he is always merry and good-tempered, and though he is a heretic, I dare say he will not make a worse husband on that account."

This opinion Miss Lambart strengthened, by observing, kindness of disposition and honest principles were not confined to any particular sect.

After Nanette had removed the dinner-things, Miss Lambart repaired to the orangery, where, seated under a tree loaded with fruit and blossoms, she revolved in her own mind the conduct it would be proper to pursue at Mr. Burke's return, of

whose designs it would no longer be possible to affect ignorance. Persuasion and entreaty with him, she was certain would avail her nothing, and resistance, alas! helpless as she was, what resistance could she oppose to determined villany? her hope of avoiding the menaced evil of being forced into a convent, rested entirely on the assistance Philippe, Nanette's lover, could afford her; and how far he might be able, or willing to serve her, she had yet to learn. Her heart sunk, as she recollected her poverty, and that she had no bribe to offer him, or remuneration wherewith to reward his services. At that moment her memory recurred to her chain, and she resolved to pick some of the diamonds from that, rather than want the means to fly from a place where she had been so cruelly deceived, and where she was surrounded with peril worse to her apprehension than death.

The evening was sultry, and Janet, who was dreadfully afraid of thunder, begged her lady to return to the house, for she was sure a storm was coming on, by the look of the sky.

Miss Lambart knew that trees attracted lightning; warned by Janet, she rose from her seat, and had scarcely left the shade of the bergamot-tree, under which she had sat, when she saw it struck with lightning, the trunk split from top to bottom, and the luxuriant branches and beautiful fruit scorched and scattered in every direction. Janet ran screaming to the house, followed by Miss Lambart, who sat, during the long dismal hours of evening, watching the blue lightning, and listening to the loud peals of thunder, which seemed to shake the walls of the mansion, and threaten to bury its inhabitants beneath the ruins. She now gave up the hope of seeing Philippe that night, for she supposed the heavy thunder showers, that every now and then poured from the overcharged clouds in torrents, would prevent his keeping his appointment with Nanette. It was a vain attempt to reason Janet out of her terrors, and many tedious hours, Miss Lambart had not only to bear the misery of her own melancholy reflections, but the groans and cries of Janet, who piteously complained of her hard fate, in having

escaped being drowned at sea, only to perish in a storm on land.

At the time of sunset, the fierceness of the storm began to subside; the thunder was heard less frequently, and at a greater distance. Janet, who had been lying on the floor with her head buried in the cushion of a chair, ventured to look up, and when the moon threw her bright beams in at the Gothic window, the sky was clear, the air calm and cool, and the rain-drops glittered on the trees like pendant diamonds.—“Dear me,” said Janet, fretfully, “what an odd thing that these French marmasels never drink tea! how reviving a good cup of strong hyson would be after one’s fright!”

Miss Lambart thought of Ireland, and her ever-beloved and regretted parent, the baroness Wandesford, who always took tea of an evening, and was pleased to see her make it; but she repressed her own sorrowful feelings, out of regard to Janet, who was already sufficiently querulous, and often downright clamorous, in lamenting her privations, and needed no stimulation to her complaints. Nanette,

at the usual hour, brought in the customary meal of bread, fruit, and thin wine. To Miss Lambart's doubt whether Philippe would not be deterred from coming that evening, after such a fearful storm and such heavy rain, she replied, with a smile, "Philippe is used to such storms, lady; he thinks nothing of thunder and rain; he will be sure to come." But Miss Lambart was not assured by Nanette's confidence in her lover's promise, for she knew that Nanette wished to see him, and she knew also that what the heart wishes to be true, love bids it believe.

"At midnight Philippe will certainly be here, lady," said Nanette, as she left the room. Grief and fear had so wearied Janet, that she soon began to nod, and it was not long before she sunk back in her chair, in happy forgetfulness of all her troubles. Seated near the window, Miss Lambart watched the moon, the brightness of which was now and then shadowed by a passing cloud, and she remembered and repeated the impressive thought of the poet—

"Methinks, if you would know
 How visitations of calamity
 Affect the pious soul, 'tis shewn you there!
 Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky,
 Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
 The rolling moon! I watched it as it came,
 And deemed the deep opaque would blot her beams:
 But melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
 In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
 Her orb with richer beauties than her own;
 Then passing, leaves her in her light serene."

"It is consoling to my mind, to think that such may be the termination of my calamities," said Miss Lambart; "yes, I will put my trust in Heaven—I will hope that my present troubles will pass away like summer clouds, and that I shall yet enjoy the brightness of felicity."

Footsteps in the balcony, and a tap at the window, caused Miss Lambart to rouse Janet, who, between sleeping and waking, with her eyes half shut, admitted Nanette and her lover, whom she afterwards said was a tall, well-made, good-looking young man.

Philippe had indeed so prepossessing a countenance, that when Nanette introduced him, Miss Lambart felt assured that she might trust him; and she was about to send Janet to the bedchamber, for the

letters she had prepared for Ireland, when Nanette said—"I have told Philippe, lady, more than I mentioned to you; but he thinks you should be informed, that I heard Mr. Burke tell my mother that he was tired of your obstinacy, and should waste no more time in arguing with you, and endeavouring to convince you of your errors, but would bring back persons with him from our Lady of Tears, who would treat you with less lenity—who should take you away with them without further delay; and he had no doubt the severities of the convent would soon compel you to renounce your heresy, and you would be glad to be permitted to take the veil."

"Heaven be my guard!" said Miss Lambart, her check and lips blanched with fear—"and deliver me out of the hands of this most wicked priest!"

"And from the power of all priests, lady," rejoined Philippe, "for a great many of them are no better than wolves in sheep's clothing."

"Yes," said Nanette, "Philippe speaks the truth, lady; for Mr. Burke, though he pretends to have no other motive than the

good of your soul, wou^{ld} give himself little trouble about what became of it, if you was a poor body. Only last Sunday, he preached against people caring for the riches of the world, which he called dross and dirt; and with my own ears I heard him tell father Gregorie that you were immensely rich, but he would have the disposal of your wealth, for he would soon compel you to bestow it upon him, to endow a monastery, of which he would be the superior."

"In that he will assuredly be mistaken," replied Miss Lambart; "for if I die unmarried, the greater part of my estates become the property of a relation, who, I am well convinced, would never relinquish them to Mr. Burke; and till I am of age, they are vested in the power of my guardians; so that even if he secures my person, he will still be far from realizing his ambitious scheme through my means; for I have not the power to alter the will of my deceased mother."

"Having proceeded so far, even the knowledge that your estates are not at your disposal, would not release you from

the power of Burke," observed Philippe; "having compelled you to take the veil, your fortune would become his property, as long as you live, and the crafty priest would not relinquish present possession, which will enable him to provide for the future."

"Alas! alas!" said Miss Lambart, "I am encompassed with evil: must I be a sacrifice to this man's avarice and ambition?—is there no means of escape?"

"Yes, lady," replied Philippe, "I came here to propose the means: if you will condescend to accept the protection of our humble cottage, my mother will gladly shelter you; we are only peasants, simple, but honest people; we have but little in our power to offer, but that little we will cheerfully exert for your accommodation, and in providing for you the best our retired village will produce."

"I most gratefully, most thankfully accept your offer," said Miss Lambart; "and will, if Heaven permit me to hear from my family, amply reward you for the protection I so much require. But when—

how, worthy young man—how shall I escape from hence?”

Nanette has a key of the orangery, lady,” replied Philippe; “and to-morrow night, at this hour, I will have a boat stationed nearly opposite, and my brother and myself will be at hand, to receive and row you up the Paglion to my mother’s cottage.”

“Thanks—ten thousand thanks!” said Miss Lambart, her countenance brightening with the glad hope of escape; “I will be in readiness; and may Heaven smile upon and prosper your humane intention to serve an orphan, who has been wickedly forced from her home and country—who having escaped the snare of one villain, has unhappily fallen into that of another, who, under the cloak of religion, would perpetrate a crime of magnitude, equal to murder!”

Philippe promised to be at the orangery door exactly as the citadel clock sounded the hour of midnight, when he would knock gently, to let her know all was ready for her departure.

When Nanette and Philippe were gone, Miss Lambart informed Janet of their

happy prospect of deliverance from the power of their enemy Burke. At first she was nearly wild with joy, but in a little time she became suspicious of Nanette's integrity of intention.—“Philippe,” she said, “might be an agent of Burke's, for all his honest looks and smooth tongue, who, to avoid the disgrace of forcing them away from his house, had employed Nanette and her sweetheart to decoy them to some lone place, and there deliver them to the very persons who were to take them to the convent.” Full of this notion, she cried, wrung her hands, and worked herself into such an agony, as terrified Miss Lambart, and almost prevailed upon her to believe that Nanette and Philippe were actually aiding the scheme of the priest, and had no intention to promote or assist their escape. But a few hours sleep, and a bright morning, brought calmness and hope to the mind of Janet, who, finding her mistress hesitate to confide in the promises of Philippe, said—“They might as well trust themselves to him, for even if he betrayed and deceived them, they should be no worse off than in remaining

where they were, and it was possible they might meet assistance on the road; for to be sure, among the French mounseers, there must be some good people."

' The truth of Janet's observation, that they should be no worse off in going than remaining, if Philippe did prove treacherous, decided Miss Lambart; and she spent the greatest part of the day on her knees, supplicating the direction and support of Heaven, and she felt her mind calm and full of confidence; while Janet's impatience for the hour of their departure was expressed in spiteful and contemptuous remarks on the scanty and mean furniture of the apartments, and the coarse unsavory meals served up every day, festivals as well as fasts.—"The vile wicked hypocrite, the deceitful sinner," said Janet, "had two elegant apartments at Doneraile Castle for his own use; and he always sat at table with the earl and countess of Vandeleur, let them have ever so many visitors; and he eat and drank of the nicest and best; and he had a bed fit for a king to lie upon; and his study was furnished with crimson silk damask. Though I was

but a child at the time, I remember nothing was thought too good for Mr. Burke, and every servant, and every thing in the castle, was at his command. I recollect though, that all the servants hated him, for he was as proud as the old one himself; and never spoke a kind word, or gave so much as a smile, to any body; and here are you, ma'am, the niece of the countess of Vandeleur, the richest heiress, and of the grandest family in all Ireland, obliged to live in back-rooms, to put up with wormeaten chairs, with curtains dropping to pieces with old age, to lie on a hard mattress, and to eat what the very dogs at home would turn up their noses at."

"I have no quarrel with the apartments, or the time-worn furniture, Janet," said Miss Lambart; "neither do I complain of the serving of my table; had the master of the mansion only acted up to what he professed, all had been well; but let us hope we shall never again put his hospitality to trial."

"I pray to Heaven we may never clap our eyes upon his frosty face, either in

this house "or any where else," said Janet.

"Amen to that prayer, with all my spirit!" responded Miss Lambart.

"I mortally hate the sight of all foreign counseers and masmasels," resumed Janet; "they always bring that ugly yellow-faced wretch, Lemain, to my thoughts: and here comes Nanette, looking as deceitful as the——"

"There you are mistaken," said Miss Lambart; "I never saw a more artless countenance than Nanette's; and if she proves deceitful, I will never trust in the expression of a face again." •

"In three hours more, lady, you will be gone, and I shall never, no, never see you again;" at this thought a tear glittered in Nanette's blue eye; "but I will pray for your happiness, lady," continued she; "and when you are far away, I will hope that you will sometimes bestow a thought on the humble girl, whose heart felt sore to see a great lady like you so hardly treated."

"Yes, Nanette, be assured I will remember you," replied Miss Lambart; "and I grieve that I have now no testimony of

my gratitude, to offer you ; but you well know how poor Mr. Burke has kept me, and that I have never had a louis-d'or at my command, since I have been under his roof. At present, Nanette, I have no remembrance to give you ; but when I can communicate with my family, be assured I will not forget how greatly I stand indebted to your kindness."

" Indeed, indeed, dear lady," said Nanette, " I neither ask, nor wish, nor expect reward. I know I should hate to be shut up in a convent, and to live among nuns ; and I should not like to be forced to change my religion ; and so, after all, I have only done what I should have wished somebody to do by me, if I had been in your case : but, dear lady, pardon my boldness—you can give me, if you please, what I should value more than gold."

" You are jesting, Nanette ; alas ! child, I have nothing to give."

" Yes, lady, one of those beautiful dark tangles that play upon your cheek, if you would honour me so much."

Miss Lambart immediately complied

with her request, and presenting the glossy ringlet to her, said—"Keep it, Nanette, till I can send you something better worth preserving."

Nanette kissed the white hand of Miss Lambart, and *thanking her for her condescension*, placed the ringlet in her bosom, promising to preserve it as long as she lived; she then retired, saying—"She would return as soon as her mother was asleep, of which she always gave notice by snoring aloud."

Janet had no preparation to make for her mistress or herself; a small bundle held the change of linen absolutely necessary to take with them; and when Nanette returned, Miss Lambart bade adieu to Mr. Burke's mansion, hoping and praying she might never be obliged to return to it again.

It was a beautiful night; the moon shone with yellow lustre; and as they passed through the orangery, the soft cool breeze was loaded with the rich perfume of the orange and bergamot blossoms.—"This is a most lovely country," said Miss Lambart; "and, under happier circumstances, I should be sorry to leave it."

"The orange and the olive trees, and the rice, do not they grow in your country, lady?" asked Nanette.

"No," replied Miss Lambart; "these luxuries we purchase from other climates; but we have warm, generous, and noble hearts, in my country, Nanette; and though the air is cold, and the soil produces neither oranges, rice, nor olives, I prefer my native Ireland to any country in the world."

"To be sure, that is quite natural," said Nanette; "and though I am neither rich, nor yet very happy, yet I would not like to leave the country where I was born and bred."

They had now reached the door of the orangery, where they had not waited many minutes, before the citadel bell proclaimed the hour of midnight. Immediately as the bell ceased, a low knock announced the punctuality of Philippe. Nanette unlocked the door, and stepping out, Miss Lambart beheld the boat, and Thommaso, the husband of Nanette's sister, who was to assist in steering it up the river.

Janet dreaded the water, for her suffer-

ings on board the *Grampus*, and her narrow escape from death, were still fresh in her memory; and she entered the boat with fear and trembling, declaring, if she could have her will, she would sooner walk five hundred miles, than trust herself upon the water.

Miss Lambart kissed the cheek of the weeping Nanette, and renewed the promise she had before given, that she should hear from her.

"The Virgin and the saints preserve you, dear lady!" said the sobbing Nanette, as Miss Lambart placed her hand in that of Philippe, saying—"Now I commit myself to your protection."

"You shall find me worthy of your confidence, lady," replied he, assisting her into the boat, and spreading a cloak for her to sit upon beside Janet, who with every movement of the helm gave herself up for lost, though the air was mild and calm, the water smooth, and the moon so bright, that could she have banished the idea of treachery from her mind, Miss Lambart would have greatly enjoyed her midnight sail up the river Paglion.

The two brothers, Thommaso and Philippe, were of merry tempers, and diverted themselves with picturing the rage and disappointment of the priest, when he returned and found the birds flown, for which he had been providing a cage.—“I warrant,” said Thommaso, “his anger against Manon for not having kept a better watch over them, will know no bounds; he will inflict sore penances upon the old woman; perhaps he will order her to wear horse hair next her skin, and to eat but one meal a-day, and that only bread and water; I remember how he used to punish my poor Lucile for speaking to me, whom he called a reprobate, a son of perdition, and a vile heretic; but all he could do or say had no effect, for Lucile married me in spite of his excommunicating her, and I never yet heard her say she repented taking a heretic husband.”

“The old hypocrite will shortly excommunicate Nanette,” replied Philippe, laughing; “but she will not grieve much, for she is not above half a Catholic.”

This conversation, trifling in itself, gave Miss Lambart the cheering assurance that

she had no reason to doubt the fidelity of the persons who had offered her protection, for had they been in the interest of the priest, or employed by him, they would not have spoken of him in the way they did, and jested at his expence, calling him a sanctified-looking hypocrite. Her mind being more composed, she listened with pleasure to the mellow voices of the brothers, who sang with taste and feeling—

“ Were I the bird with painted wing
That sits beneath yon myrtle spray,
How blithe on balmy air I’d spring!
How gaily pour my jocund lay,
And echo wake on hill & grove,
To warble back my notes of love!

“ My verdant couch I’d easily leave
To hail the blush of rosy day;
Then o’er the meads, till dewy eve,
In sportive circles wing my way,
And echo wake in wood and grove,
To warble back my notes of love.

“ But, ah! while captive I remain,
And meet from Meda only scorn,
Of her and fate I must complain,
At dewy eve and rosy morn;
While echo still in wood and grove,
Will murmur back my sighs of love.”

The cheerful conversation and delightful singing of the young men, made the time pass much more rapidly than Miss

Lambart expected, who had experienced neither fatigue nor illness since she entered the boat. Before the sun had risen, the morning breeze wafted to the river the perfume borne from the blossoms of the bergamot and orange groves that studded its banks; and Miss Lambart beheld, with the eye of taste, the beautiful chain of mountains that rose in the distance, the rich and luxuriant plantations of olive and mulberry, hedged in with thorny opuntia and flowering myrtles, and the bright green rice fields, irrigated by the overflowing of the Paglion, when swollen by a rush of waters from its native mountains.

Janet, who had little taste for the beauties of nature, and would have preferred a potatoe-ground in Ireland, with a view of the Liffey, to the finest prospect in all Piedmont, was heartily glad when Thomaso, pointing with his finger to a tuft of acacias, informed Miss Lambart that his mother's cottage was only a short distance beyond them, and they would see it in a few minutes. This being explained to Janet, her eyes were bent in eager gaze towards

the spot pointed out by Thommaso, till she beheld the blue curling smoke above the tops of the acacias. When the cottage met her sight, she exclaimed, in joyful accents—"How glad I shall be to set my foot upon dry land again! I dare say I look as old as my mother with the fright I have undergone."

"Not last night surely," said Miss Lambart; "there has happened nothing to alarm you last night."

"Indeed, ma'am," replied Janet, "the very sight of water alarms me; and to think of being all night in such a cockleshell of a thing as this boat! Well, Mercy be praised! I ought to be glad and thankful to find myself alive, after being in such danger."

The young men steered the boat into a little cove, where Thommaso leaped on shore, and ran forward to apprize and prepare his mother for the guests she was to receive, while Philippe assisted Miss Lambart and Janet to land.

On their way to the cottage, they were met by Monica, to whom the brothers, particularly Philippe, bore so strong a re-

semblance, that Miss Lambart, at a single glance, recognised her for their mother. She was still a fine woman; time had passed lightly over her, and spared a countenance that still boasted the freshness of health, and no contemptible share of beauty.

The cleanliness and order of Monica's cottage compensated for the plainness of its furniture; even Janet admired the delicate whiteness of the coarse cloth she spread upon the table, to which she invited Miss Lambart to refresh herself with curds, cream, rice-cakes, and fresh-gathered fruit. The long abstinence of Miss Lambart and Janet made this repast most acceptable; with smiles of genuine hospitality, Monica recommended them to eat heartily, for they were truly welcome, while she went to prepare for them clean though humble pallets, on which to repose their wearied limbs, after the fatigue of a sleepless night.

While enjoying the sleep of which they stood so much in need, Philippe narrated to his mother as much as he knew of the history of her guests, particularly of the cruel persecution Miss Lambart had suffered, on account of her religion, from father

Burke, who had deceitfully and cunningly offered her an asylum in his house, for the wicked purpose of making a nun of her, and getting her great estates into his possession. The compassionate Monica shed tears at the distressful tale of the young lady's troubles; and praising Philippe for the assistance himself and Thommaso had rendered her, she promised, with much sincerity and kindness, to afford the sweet young creature the protection of her roof, and every comfort she could procure for her, till she could hear from her own grand home.

Thommaso having slept an hour or two, and appeased his appetite with a large slice of fat Turin bacon, departed for Nice, promising to bring the earliest intelligence he could obtain from Nanette, of all that took place after the escape of the young lady and her servant.

The tranquillity of Monica's cottage, delightfully situated at a short distance from the village of Drappo, would have been delightful to Miss Lambart, could she have found means to forward her letters to the post-house at Turin; but fear-

ful of employing a stranger, she anxiously waited till the olives were sent for by the merchant at Turin, when Philippe was to go thither to deliver the fruit, and receive payment. Philippe, the merry, good-tempered Philippe, remained at home to prepare the olives, of which they had that year an abundant crop for exportation; and when the labour of the day was over, in the cool of the evening, he attended Miss Lambart, now habited as a Piedmontese in a white jacket, and her long glossy hair confined in a silk net, to shew her the romantic dells and natural grottoes on the shore of the Paglion, and to gather for her the rich and beautiful flowers, which she amused herself with drying, in the hope of taking them with her to her own country. .

Though Janet could not understand the language of Monica, she soon comprehended her signs, and made herself useful in arranging the cottage, and assisting in the culinary business, declaring, at the same time, she was very sorry she could not chat with the old body, because she had taken a monstrous liking to her, which

was a marvellous thing, for she had always hated French foreigners, and she could not think, now it was all over, how she had ever consented to go off with Lemain; but to a certainty she must have been bewitched.

A fortnight had nearly elapsed, when Thommaso unexpectedly arrived at the cottage, and informed Miss Lambart that her enemy the priest had returned to Nice; that in his violent rage at hearing of her escape, he had foamed at the mouth, gnashed his teeth, rolled his eyes, and said such horrible things, that he had terrified Mannon into fits, and made her so dangerously ill, that her life was despaired of. Thommaso farther stated, that Burke had caused all the ships in the harbour to undergo strict search, on pretence that a nun had eloped from her convent; and that Nanette, who had come in for her share of the disappointed priest's anger, had heard him depute the emissaries from our Lady of Tears, who had accompanied him to Nice, to make search and inquiry in all the villages round the country.

"Alas! then there is no longer safety

for me here," said Miss Lambart, terrified at Thommaso's intelligence; "and whither to direct my steps I know not."

"I have thought of a place of safety for you," replied Monica: "do not weep, sweet lady: I wonder how it could slip my memory, that monsieur St. Albe is of your own country and of your own faith; he resides at a magnificent casa, on the other side of the Col di Tende, and thither shall Philippe conduct you; once safe under the signeur's protection, you will have nothing to fear from this malignant priest, for monsieur St. Albe is rich and powerful, and has influence with all the great ones in the land, both in church and state."

"But are there no females in his family whose protection I can solicit? is the signeur married?" asked Miss Lambart.

"Yes, dear lady, he has a wife, one of the most amiable and charitable of women," replied Monica; "and I blame my own stupidity that I should have kept you here at my poor cottage, when I ought to have remembered you would have been a most welcome guest at the casa St. Albe."

Janet was almost wild with fear when

she learned that Burke was returned; she could not profit by the patient resignation, and pious confidence in Providence, that cheered and supported her mistress. Bewailing her hard fate, she compared herself to the wandering Jew, who she said was driven from place to place, and found no rest any where; and to the dove sent forth from Noah's ark in search of dry land, that fluttered and flew about, but could find no green branch to perch upon.—“And this is the case with me,” cried Janet; “I am driven about the world from pillar to post, worse than the wandering Jew, or Noah's dove.”

“Poor girl! I pity you, with all my heart,” said Monica, observing her weep, and rock herself in her seat, a habit Janet had when she was vexed, or in grief; “I pity you sincerely; but you must have patience, and wait the will of Providence: we have all of us, rich and poor, our troubles and sorrows in this life; I have had my share, and can speak from sad experience. But you should let the example of your sweet lady teach you resignation; you never hear her murmur or complain,

though she looks so weakly and delicate, and was born and brought up in grandeur, and till very lately never knew hardship but by name."

Janet understood but very few words of what Monica said, but she guessed her meaning, and somewhat angrily muttered—"It is easy enough for people to give advice; I am sure I care but little about myself—it is for my mistress I am most concerned, for I am strong and able, and it does not signify about me; but I expect these frights, and this hurrying from place to place, will be the death of her; and then what is to become of me, I wonder, who do not know so much of your French lingo as to be able to ask for a cup of cold water, or a morsel of rice cake, to keep me from starving?"

"It will be best," observed Philippe, "that we begin our journey to-night, that we may rest during the heat of the day; for neither carriage nor mule can be procured here, and we must proceed on foot."

"On foot!" exclaimed Janet. "Well to be sure, we shall have fine blistered feet; but after all, that will be better than

risking one's life in a boat : I do not mind walking."

"But the dear young lady, Philippe," rejoined Monica, "how will she be able to bear the fatigue? the passes of the Col di Tende are full of peril, on many accounts; the tourmente wind—the avalanche—the wolves—and even more dangerous than these, the brigands, all which must be avoided, by going round to Sospello, where there is a posado."

"True," replied Philippe; "and there it will be better to remain, till the lady feels able to proceed, and possibly we may procure mules for the remainder of the journey."

"Be not concerned for me, my friends," said Miss Lambart; "my health, thanks to your care, is perfectly restored; believe me, I fear not to encounter any fatigue that will place me beyond the power, and secure me from the persecutions, of the dreaded Burke."

"I will hasten to finish packing the olives I have gathered," rejoined Philippe; "those that are ready Thommaso can take away with him, and deliver to the mer-

chant who has agreed for their purchase."

Thommaso having freighted his boat, pursued his way back to Nice.

Philippe used all his speed to complete his task in the olive ground by sunset; but in returning from his labour, he twisted his foot, and with much pain and difficulty limped into the cottage; in a few minutes, his foot and ankle became inflamed, and swoln to a frightful size.—"It will be well to-morrow," said Philippe; but the morrow brought him no relief, though his mother applied fomentations and poultices of emollient and sanative herbs.

Philippe's accident was a new affliction to Miss Lambart; she felt pity for his sufferings, which she saw he endeavoured to conceal, and she trembled lest it should occasion a delay that would discover her retreat to Burke. While heart-sick with renewed apprehension, a neighbour, who had been to Nice, brought a billet from Thommaso; it contained only a few words, but those few were of deep importance, for they gave information that Burke, having by some means gained intelligence of the fugitives, intended making a search

through the village of Drappo in person, having obtained, or forged, an order from the cardinal Solerno, to seek after, and bring back to the convent of our Lady of Tears, two run-away nuns.

"I must depart this very night," said Miss Lambart, "or fall again into the hands of this savage-hearted priest."

"Alas! alas, lady!" replied Monica, "Philippe is not able to go with you—he cannot put his foot to the ground."

"I will depart alone," said Miss Lambart; "Heaven be my guide! I can meet no peril more dreadful to my imagination than being again subjected to the power of that bad man; this night will I depart alone."

"No, not alone," sobbed Janet, "not alone; I will follow you, my dear, dear lady, to the farthest end of the world."

Miss Lambart threw her arms round Janet's neck, and wept for some time with uncontrolled emotion; her tears were mingled gratitude and sorrow; the faithful attachment evinced by Janet was consolation to her heart, while she grieved at the dismal prospect of danger and fatigue

she had to encounter for her sake, which, had it been possible, she would gladly have spared her.

Becoming a little composed, Miss Lambert bade Janet rouse up her spirits.—“We must be gone this very night,” resumed she, “and with Providence for our guide, and such instruction respecting the road as Monica can give us, or remain to be dragged hence to a convent.”

“I would rather perish on the mountains,” said Janet, “than be shut up in a convent, and be made a nun.”

Mr. Percy was shortly convinced that the earl of Vandeleur had no intention of resenting the freedom he had taken with the countess; on the contrary, the earl sought his company, and when Percy declined the invitations he gave him to dine at his house, his lordship laughed, and said—“I perceive you and the countess have fallen out; she told me something about it—I forget what; but that is nothing at all; if she does not choose to sit at table with you, she can dine alone—that is a matter of perfect indifference to me, though it appears to give you uneasiness. Pshaw.

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man! this *petit brulé* will soon pass off; she will pardon you for thinking her less than a goddess, and you will be more friendly than ever."

Thus urged, Percy again almost lived at the earl of Vandeleur's mansion; but the countess was far from being as placable as the earl supposed. Percy had presumed to think lightly of her virtue, and she cherished resentment and contempt, for she believed him to be the mean tool of her husband, employed by him to effect her disgrace, and emancipate him from the marriage, which she well knew had been altogether compulsory on the part of the earl, who, previous to the discovery made by his mother at Doncraile Castle, had offered her a handsome yearly income to relinquish all claim to his hand.

Indignant at her own mortifying suspicions and recollections, the countess haughtily refused to accept the apology offered by Percy, through the medium of her lord, who affected to laugh, and treated the affair as a mere jest, and not of consequence sufficient to be resented seriously. The countess chose to think otherwise,

and peremptorily declined all future acquaintance with a man who had dared to take a liberty with her person.

The earl of Vandeleur had obtained intelligence that three males and two females had been preserved from the wreck of the *Grampus* schooner, which had unfortunately foundered on her way to Havre de Grace, and that these persons had been humanely taken on board a merchantman bound to Nice. This account was so circumstantially given, as to mention that the females who had so providentially escaped a watery grave, were a young lady and her servant, and his lordship was convinced that these females were Miss Lambart and Janet; and he now every day expected to hear from Lemain, who having lost every thing he possessed by the sinking of the schooner, must, he was certain, be greatly in want of money to enable him to proceed with his charge to Paris: but no letter or intelligence whatever arriving from the agent of his villany, he became restless and disturbed. If Miss Lambart had contrived to liberate herself from Lemain's surveillance and control, she would

have found means to inform the baroness of her exact situation; but the evident sorrow and unceasing inquiries of the baroness, gave proof positive that she was still in utterance ignorance respecting what had befallen the child of her affection.

Protracted suspense so irritated the nerves, and distracted the mind of the earl of Vandeleur, that he had recourse to the bottle, to drown and deaden the uneasy feelings, the anxieties and reproaches, of his heart. When heated with wine, he frequently challenged Percy to play piquet, a game to which he was partial, and at which the crafty gamester generally let him win, to encourage in him a passion for play, and a confidence in his own superior skill. This conduct succeeded as he desired, till one night, Percy having twice allowed himself to be capotted, the earl, triumphant in success, proposed their going to the club-house, that he might, while fortune inclined to favour him, win back the money he had lost, and which he had so often sworn he would not entirely relinquish, till he had made an effort to win it back again.

This was exactly the excited state Percy had so long wished, and waited to work the earl up to. Well knowing that opposition only increased the determined obstinacy of his temper, he pretended to be occupied with the cards, till the earl again asked him if he would go; the wily tempter then affected to dissuade him from running the hazard of losing another large sum, in addition to that already gone; but persuasion and argument failed, as he was certain would be the case, to alter the earl's resolve to visit the club-house immediately; and with great seeming unwillingness, and a shew of purely complying with his request, Percy accompanied him to the rendezvous of vice.

Lord Vandeleur eagerly seized a dice-box, and was allowed for some time, by signs which passed between Percy and his infamous confederates, to win the bets he made, and the sums he played for. Elated with his continued success, he turned to Percy, and said—"I told you Fortune was in the humour to be propitious; and while she is in good temper, I will bet

any of you a thousand pounds that I throw thirty-six three times, running."

The bet was at once accepted by Percy, who presently won the earl's stake — "Double or quits," exclaimed the earl, chagrined at his loss.

"With all my heart," said Percy, rattling the dice-box, while a flush of determined villany blazed in his eye and settled on his cheek.

A gentleman who had been playing at "*rouge et noir*," and had been fleeced of all the money he had about him, having had sense enough to decline pursuing ill-luck any farther, came and stood at the end of the table, where the earl of Vandeleur, with the fury of a madman, was shaking the dice-box, and making ruinous bets.

The gentleman, whose name was Roache, having silently watched the game for a few moments, suddenly darted forward, and seized the dice-box, which Percy violently and vehemently struggled to retain. — "You are cheated and robbed, my lord Vandeleur; look to your purse," said Mr. Roache; "pay none of your bets—the dice against which you are playing, are loaded"

Percy, enraged at being detected, gave Mr. Roache the lie, who forcibly wrenched the dice-box from the clutch of Percy, and handed it to the earl. The open accusation, and resolute conduct of Mr. Roache, roused him to examine the dice, and his lordship found that his friend and companion, the gentlemanly Mr. Percy, had resorted to fraudulent means to strip him of his money.

"Contemptible scoundrel!" said the earl, surveying Percy with a look of scorn, "I have turned a deaf ear to the reports that met me every where; your conduct, treacherous as it is mean and base, has now confirmed the truth, and——"

"Report says," interrupted Percy, "that the earl of Vandeleur invited Cyril Percy to his house, for his own base purposes, to forward his intention of getting rid of a wife he hates. Scoundrel," repeated he, with a satanical sneer, "is a term that more properly belongs to your lordship, who contrived your wife's dishonour."

"Had you taken her," said the earl, "you would have conferred an obligation

on me; but my money I have a value for, and cannot so readily consent to lose; and before we part, I shall compel you to refund the sums you and your friends, all honourable men, have robbed me of."

"The money was fairly won," replied Percy, "and not a stiver shall be given back."

"Liar! cheat! robber!" exclaimed the earl, furiously seizing Percy by the collar, and violently shaking him, "I will spare the hangman the office of executing justice on you."

Percy struck the earl a blow on the face, which caused the blood to flow in torrents from his nose, which he returned by knocking Percy down.

One of Percy's confederates, assisting him to rise, advised that the earl of Vandeleur and him should decide their quarrel like gentlemen; a private room and a brace of pistols would soon settle their disputes.

"A highwayman is more a gentleman than he is," replied the earl; "but in consideration of his having been a visitor at my house, I will give him an opportunity

to prove that he is not a coward as well as a robber."

Mr. Roache tried to convince the earl that it would be more proper to give Percy into the hands of justice, than to endanger his life with him, who certainly had no right to expect to be treated as a gentleman.

But unhappily this prudent and well-meant advice was rejected by the earl, who replied, "Sir, I have considered and treated this villain as my friend and companion, and on that account, to satisfy my own feelings, I will give him a chance to escape, and hide his ignominy in a distant country: confess," continued his lordship, addressing Percy, "that you have cheated me, and refund the money you have pilaged me of this night; apologize for the blow you dealt me, and I will suffer you to live."

Percy laughed derisively. — "Proud boaster!" said he, "I despise your lenity; deliver me, if you think proper, into the hands of justice; my conduct will bear scrutinizing better than your own—where is Miss Lambart? my conscience is not

loaded with the abduction or death of any heiress, and when I shall produce——”

“You have no evidence to produce against me,” interrupted his lordship, his countenance changing, even his lips turning pale; “refund my money, and begone; I am content to let you live.”

“At the hazard of my life, I will maintain my right,” said Percy; “I will not refund the money I have won, and I will proclaim you to the world for what you are, a black-hearted designing villain.”

Again Mr Roache interposed, for with the rage of a tiger lord Vandeleur flew upon Percy, and but for his interference, would have strangled him. With gigantic strength, the earl pushed aside those who endeavoured to force his hand from Percy's collar, and, in spite of the resistance made to his intention, he dragged him from the club-room, to a private apartment, where he loudly vociferated for pistols. These being at length brought, he deliberately loaded them in the presence of Mr. Roache, the waiter who attended the room, and two of Percy's confederates.

"Now, villain, take your choice," said the earl, laying the pistols before Percy, who immediately took up the one next him, and without waiting to settle the distance, or farther parley, aimed at the head of lord Vandeleur. The ball whizzed through his hair, and lodged in the opposite wainscot.

This fresh act of villany increased the rage of the earl, who exclaimed, "Cheat! robber! murderer! you have missed your mark—I take a surer aim." As he spoke, he fired with unerring hand. The ball perforated the brain of Percy, who, with a convulsive bound, sprang upwards, and instantly fell, to rise and speak no more.

Lord Vandeleur was instantly sobered; his frame trembled, and sinking into a chair, he asked, "Is he wounded?"

"To death," replied Mr. Roache, who, while the rest of the party gathered round the lifeless body of Percy, hurried the now unresisting earl from the house.

"Percy deserved the death he has met," said the earl, "but I wish he had died by some other hand than mine; from this

hour I forswear gaming, for it has led me to commit murder."

"And me," replied Mr. Roache, "to rob an amiable wife and infant son of the property that would have supported them in affluence; my affairs," continued he, "are in so desperate a state, that I shall be obliged to reside abroad, while my remaining property is put to nurse: this has a passion for gaming brought me to; and if I may presume to offer advice to your lordship, it would be to quit Dublin, till this unlucky affair is blown over, which will excite no surprise and little grief, the character of Percy being so detested and notorious; the manner of his death will be considered as the consequent termination of his vicious life."

The earl of Vandeleur's regret for the fatal deed he had committed was neither deep nor lasting; he consoled himself with the belief he had removed a pest from society; he thought he had conferred an actual obligation on Mrs. Percy, by releasing her from a marriage that had been productive of only loss and misery to her; he considered himself entitled to Miss Des-

mond's thanks, for having put an end to all affinity with a person so abhorred ; and when his lordship recalled to memory the hints that had fallen from Percy, respecting Miss Lambart, he rejoiced that he was silenced for ever, and had no longer power to bring proofs, or raise suspicions against him. Thus the horrible crime of murder became, in the earl's idea, a meritorious act, for which he deserved praise rather than condemnation, and which would afford him a pretence for going abroad, and ascertaining what had become of Lemain, and the fate of Miss Lambart, whether she had perished with the *Grampus*, which he began to fear was really the case, as no intelligence respecting her had been received.—“Suspense is the worst of torture,” said the earl; “I will go to Nice at once, and if I find that Ada perished, I care not how soon my own existence terminates.”

The proud unfeeling countess of Vandeleur heard that Percy had fallen by the hand of her husband with perfect indifference, but not without a secret regret

that she had lost all the *éclat* which would have been hers, had their quarrel been about her, instead of a gaming transaction : nor was this all her regret, if the earl, whom she positively hated, had fallen, what a fortunate emancipation it would have been for her ! how beautiful she would have looked in weeds ! what a joyful widow she should have been ! But while utterly unconcerned and regardless of the death of Percy, the countess, considering her husband a murderer, felt a horror in his presence, that made her gladly relinquish the desire of visiting Paris, and content herself with remaining in Ireland, while her lord became for a time an exile from his country.

Mrs. Percy's mind had been kept in continual agitation, by the reports that, in spite of the kind concealment of her friends, reached her, respecting the profligate conduct of her husband : she had been much grieved and disappointed at his ungrateful and insolent rejection of Mr. Kinsale's kind proposal to obtain him a situation abroad ; and she had long been in fearful expectation, that some fatal event would

terminate his wicked career: so that when she heard of his death, though greatly shocked at the remembrance of his atheistical opinions, and the suddenness of his cutting off, she was obliged to acquiesce with Mrs. Rochford, who said, though his connections might lament his unprepared state, they had reason to be thankful that the wretched man had no longer the power to disgrace or annoy them.

The body of Percy remained some days at the club-house unburied, his associates refusing to interfere respecting, or to be at any expence, for his funeral, though they had stripped his person of his purse and watch, and taken the ring from his finger.

These circumstances having reached the ear of lord Monheghan, he gave orders for the interment of the corpse, defraying from his own purse the expences of a private funeral, at the same time so liberally conducted, that the wretched Percy, who was born a gentleman, was buried according to his rank. This generous and humane conduct made a deep impression on the heart of the amiable Emily Desmond, who, full of grateful sensibility, promised to reward

her noble lover with her hand, as soon as propriety allowed her to lay aside the mourning, which, out of respect to her sister, she found herself obliged to wear for a few months; for Emily was not hypocrite enough to pretend sorrow for a man who had proved so bad a husband, and so treacherous a friend.—“My sister,” said Emily Desmond, “is yet very young; she has not seen twenty-three summers; she will now, I trust, see many years of happiness.”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Rochford, “Isabella’s mind, purified by sorrow, will renounce all self-dependance; she will become sensible that it is necessary to ask and seek direction and support, from that omnipotent Being who sees fit to punish our errors with affliction and calamity, and who wonderfully ‘out of evil bringeth good.’”

“Even at the moment that I rejoice at my sister’s release,” said Emily, “I shudder to think that Percy died as he lived—a wretched unbeliever. May Heaven have mercy on his soul!”

Greatly as the conduct of the earl of Vandeleur was censured in private, he ex-

perienced no public expression of disgust or condemnation; and when his friends, as they called themselves, were apprized that he was going to the Continent, they affected to regret, that having merely fought a duel with a man of villainous character, should necessitate a nobleman to go into exile: thus crime is considered according to the rank of the person who commits it; and that which would stamp eternal infamy on a poor man, glances lightly on a rich one, and leaves no cicatrice.

*"Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear,
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks
Arm'd in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."*

When the earl of Vandeleur announced his departure to the countess, he expressed a hope that she would not be so entirely engrossed by company and amusements, as to make her forget and neglect her son. —“Remember, madam,” said he, “lord Conway is heir to the ancient earldom of Vandeleur; and remember also, that however indifferent you may feel towards him, he is dearer to me than any other being on earth.”

“Indeed!” replied the countess; “then

you are certain Miss Lambart is dead : you are not going in search of her ; and is it actually having dispatched Percy to the other world sends you abroad ?”

These questions informed the earl that she suspected he had other reasons for absenting himself from Ireland than the apprehension of being brought to trial for shooting Percy ; but without remark or reply to her interrogations, he observed, should her ladyship have any communications to make, letters addressed to his bankers at Paris, Messieurs Felix and Etienne De Buke, would be forwarded to him wherever he might be. His lordship then coldly bade her adieu, and repaired to the library, where the nurse was waiting with lord Conway.

Depraved as was the heart and principles of the earl of Vandeleur, he loved his infant son with the affection of a father ; to the nurse he gave a charge, that if death or any mischance deprived the boy of the protection of his mother, to take him instantly to the baroness Wandesford, to whom he had already written to receive him. The caresses of the child, who knew

and loved him, strongly affected the earl, who was little susceptible of tender emotions; and when he pressed his parting kiss on the rosy lips of the lovely smiling boy, he wished he was old enough to be the companion of his travels.

Though the countess of Vandeleur was absolutely unconcerned at the untimely end of Percy, yet knowing he had met his death from the hand of her husband, increased her dislike; and they never met but she fancied the blood of Percy was on his hands. Eminently handsome as the earl of Vandeleur was allowed to be, her ladyship never gave a thought to his person—his wealth and rank were his sole attractions in her eyes; and as long as she could enjoy the advantages arising from these, she was happy to be rid of the presence of a person she detested, who, to his other crimes, had now added the fearful sin of murder: she was tired too of the humdrum life she led—neither receiving company at home, nor going abroad in search of amusement, without which life was no life to her; and she heard his lordship's intention of going abroad with feel-

ings similar to those a prisoner feels, who, after long years of confinement, has a hope given him of emancipation.

• When the countess was informed that the packet had sailed with a fair wind, that conveyed the earl of Vandeleur from Dublin, she protested she wished him a pleasant voyage, and sincerely hoped that he might never return, for an eternal separation would be no diminution of her happiness.

Three days after the departure of her lord, the countess of Vandeleur issued cards for a masquerade: she recollected, with gladness, that she had now no rival to dispute with her the palm of elegance and fashion; the countess dowager of Vandeleur being quietly entombed with her right noble and illustrious ancestors, she was certain there was no person in Dublin could pretend to vie with her in taste and knowledge of the contrivance, arrangement, and management, of that most dull and *elite* amusement, a masquerade, to make it go off with eclat.

Having no competition to apprehend, the countess of Vandeleur gave orders for

every part of her entertainment to be nouvelle, and to be conducted on the most expensive and magnificent scale.

Lady Johnstone, when she received tickets for the projected masquerade, declared to her daughters that she positively considered the countess of Vandeleur, to say the very best of her, a most imprudent woman; and that opening her doors to company, and giving an entertainment, when the family had so recently been visited by such heavy afflictions and calamities, and at a time when the earl, her husband, was under the necessity of exiling himself from his country, was the certain evidence of a most unfeeling heart, as well as a violation of all delicacy and decorum.

"Then I suppose," said Miss Johnstone, sullenly, "you have decided not to accept the invitation, mamma, as you so greatly disapprove the conduct of the countess?"

"The countess must be accountable for her own actions, Miss Johnstone," replied her ladyship; "and if our friends, the Gorans, the Myricks, and the Connors go,

we have no business to be so fastidious as to decline her ladyship's invitation, particularly as we are sure to meet a number of men of rank at her house; and really I shall be extremely glad to get you both well established in life, for your sisters, Emma and Frances, are now of an age to be brought out. Heigh-ho! it is shocking to have four unmarried daughters upon one's hands."

"Indeed it is," said Letitia, echoing her mother's sigh.

Notwithstanding the unfeeling gaiety of the countess of Vandeleur, and her intended masquerade being censured by every one of her acquaintance, there was none that declined her invitation, not even Mrs. Goran, who declared the conduct of lady Vandeleur was infamous; and that for her part, she never saw her, without fancying the ghosts of Wilmot Darel and Cyril Percy were in attendance beside her; but this horrible idea did not prevent Mrs. Goran from promising the Johnstones to make one of their group of Italian peasants at the masquerade.

But while the countess was censured

and condemned by her acquaintance, there never was more bustle among artists of every description, who were employed all day and all night in preparing decorations and making dresses for the masquerade, which was expected to be the most splendid entertainment of the sort ever given in Dublin.

The countess had determined on appearing, in the course of the evening, in the costume of three nations, Spanish, Polish, and Swiss; and never perhaps did a school miss more impatiently long to wear a new frock, than she did to exhibit her person in these rich and elegant dresses, to the admiring and envious eyes of her guests.

At length the important evening arrived, and nothing could exceed the splendid appearance of the apartments through which the company passed to the ball-room; they were decorated with transparent views, taken from the Adriatic, the Manzanares, the Ganges, and the Niger; with statues, casts, and models, of marble, ivory, and bronze; with buhl clocks; with tables of verde antique, and curious ornaments of lapis lazuli: the walls were hung

with rich and fantastic draperies, beneath which were tastefully disposed, in antique vases, fruit-trees and flowering shrubs, the odour of which perfumed the apartments.

At an early hour the company began to assemble; and veiled nuns and fat friars, flower-girls and orange-women, beggars and chimney-sweepers, quack-doctors and jugglers, sultanas and slaves, Turks, Jews, pedlars, and Quakers, male and female, formed various picturesque groups; and while sounds of melody were heard from a full band, who occupied a temporary orchestra erected in the ball-room, uttered to each other the commonplace nonsense of—"Who are you?"—"Vastly witty, upon my honour!"—"Do you know me?"

When all the company had assembled, the countess of Vandeleur, in the habit of a Swiss girl, appeared in the ball-room without a mask, and remembering the grace and affability for which the dowager countess had been so famous, she paid her compliments with all possible courtesy to her numerous guests. Having danced with a group of Swiss peasants a kind of national galliard, she left the company form-

ing sets for cotillions, and retired to change her dress, through a side door that communicated with the library, and led to a corridor, at the extremity of which was a flight of stairs that conducted to her dressing-room.

In the library, to her astonishment, she perceived two gentlemen in dominoes, masked, to whom she bowed as she passed in her way to the opposite door; one of them advanced, and placing himself before her, slowly raised his mask, and she beheld the pale interesting countenance of Wilmot Darel. Uttering a shriek of horror, she would have rushed into the corridor; but, stationed at the open door, stood the other domino, and she encountered, his large dark eyes fixed upon her, the blood-stained face of Percy!

Uttering loud shrieks of frantic terror, that echoed through the ball-room, the countess fell to the ground, where the company, that had been gaily dancing, found her in strong convulsions, which resisted the application of the usual remedies.

Among the crowd assembled round her, various causes were assigned for the fits of

the countess; some good-naturedly observed, it was nothing more than a malicious trick, to disappoint the company of the pleasure they had promised themselves; others declared their belief that her twistings and contortions were only artful manœuvres to display her person in various attitudes, to excite the admiration of the gentlemen.

Mrs. Goran spitefully remarked to lady Johnstone—"I believe she is as much in convulsions as I am; I perceived she looked very enviously at Miss Letitia Johnstone, when sir Edgar Barry asked her to dance with him. I dare say these fits are designed to attract his attention."

"The countess of Vandeleur is a very dangerous woman," replied lady Johnstone; "but I will take care sir Edgar Barry shall be acquainted with her real character."

The countess of Vandeleur was removed to her chamber, still unable to speak and account for her sudden seizure, and the terrific shrieks that had so discomposed her guests, who, greatly offended and disappointed, left the scene of promised hila-

rity and feasting, lamenting that it would be considered indecorous to remain and pursue their amusements, in a mansion where the queen of the revels was declared to be so dangerously ill, as to render it a matter of doubt whether she would survive till morning.

The next day, lady Vandeleur recovered her speech, but she was quite mad, and said such horrible things respecting the spectres she had seen, that her attendants were afraid to remain near her, lest they also should be visited, during the midnight hours of watching, by the ghosts of Wilmot Darel and Cyril Percy, whose names she unceasingly uttered.

Having heard the physician say the countess was actually a lunatic, and that he considered her case hopeless, the nurse, according to the instructions given her by lord Vandeleur previous to his departure, took her charge, the infant lord Conway, to the baroness of Wandesford, who humanely took the babe under her protection, considering him as much an orphan as if his parents had been actually dead; and though herself in deep affliction on Miss Lam-

bart's account, the venerable lady instantly repaired to the mansion of lord Vandeleur, where having heard the physician's opinion respecting the countess, she requested the attendance of all the faculty in the city, who having held a consultation, pronounced the case insanity, and gave their advice that the countess should be removed to some quiet and retired place, where a total change of habits and living might be tried, which, if any means could succeed, were most likely to restore her senses.

The baroness immediately wrote to the earl of Vandeleur, informing him of the dreadful malady that had seized the countess—that she had complied with his request respecting lord Conway, who was safe and well under her protection—that she was about to shut up his Dublin mansion, to send his servants to Doneraile Castle, and to remove herself, with the countess of Vandeleur and the child, to Lisburn Abbey, where she should most anxiously expect to hear from him.

END OF VOL. IV.

